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COMFORT

*The Key to Happiness and Success
in over a Million and a Quarter Homes*

DEVOTED TO ART, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND THE HOME CIRCLE

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COMFORT

The Key to

Happiness and Success in over
A Million and a Quarter Homes.

In which are combined and consolidated
SUNSHINE, PEOPLE'S LITERARY COMPANION, and THE NATIONAL
FARMER & HOME MAGAZINE.

Devoted to
Art, Literature, Science, and the Home Circle.

Its Motto Is "Onward and Upward."

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Crumbs of Comfort

The mother of all graces is Christian good will. We can do more good by being good than in any other way.

We cannot do evil to others without doing it to ourselves.

None preaches better than the ant, and she says nothing.

There are too few of us who will own ourselves in a mistake.

Works of true merit are very seldom popular in their own day.

Miserable is the life of him who wishes rather to be feared than loved.

What we truly and earnestly aspire to be, that, in some sense, we are.

Men can only learn to rise by considering that which he cannot surmount.

There are thousands hacking at the branches of evil to one who is striking at the root.

Haughty people seem to have, like the dwarfs, the stature of a child and the face of a man.

All see, and most admire, the glare which hovers around the external happiness of elevated office.

It is pride which fills the world with so much harshness and severity. We are as rigorous to offenses as if we had never offended.

Public feeling is apt to side with the persecuted, and the modern martyr is quite as likely to be smothered with roses as with coals.

A helping word to one in trouble is often like a switch on a railroad track—but one inch between wreck and smooth-rolling prosperity.

There is not a man in the world but something improves in his soul from the moment he loves—and that though his love be vulgar—Masterlinck.

Man's nature is nobly animal, nobly spiritual—coherently and irrevocably so. Neither part of it may, but at its peril, expel, despise, or defy the other.

If gratitude is due from children to their earthly parents, how much more is the gratitude of the great family of man due to our Father in heaven?

With every exertion the best of men can do but a moderate amount of good; but it seems in the power of the most contemptible individual to do the greatest mischief.

Understanding that no human being is wholly good or wholly base, we learn that true knowledge of mankind which induces us to expect little and forgive much.

A good man and a wise man may at times be angry with the world, at times grieved for it. But be sure no man was ever discontented with the world if he did his duty by it.

You may name the wild beast; the fire in the forest will cease when all the wood is burned; but you cannot arrest the progress of that cruel word you spoke carelessly yesterday or this morning.

Current Topics

"Fighting Bob" Evans was retired from active service Aug. 16th, completing 48 years of service in the United States navy.

Sweden is sending to the United States for some of her sons who have forsaken her and have made a success of careers in this country.

Ainsworth R. Spofford, librarian of the Congressional Library at Washington from 1864 to 1897, and later chief assistant librarian, died Aug. 11th, aged 84 years.

In connection with the death of Grover Cleveland it is interesting to note that only twice before in the history of the Nation has the United States been without a living ex-President.

The publishing department of the Christian Endeavorers at Boston did a business of \$66,579 during 1907-08, of which amount a little over \$6,800 was turned over to the society for its general expenses.

A noted Belgian bacteriologist, Dr. Leon Bertrand, claims that he has discovered a much more powerful serum as a cure for pneumonia than now in use. It is a bactericidal, not an antitoxical agent.

The cruiser-battleship the "Indomitable," one of the "Dreadnought" type of cruisers, built for the English navy, holds the transatlantic record by covering the distance from land to land at an average speed of 25.13 knots and for four hours in the early part of the voyage she made 26.4. The feat was accomplished on her return with the Prince of Wales from the Quebec celebration.

United States Senator William Boyd Allison died Aug. 4th. He began his services as a national legislator in 1863, when he took his seat as a member of the House of Representatives. After serving eight years he was elected to the United States Senate. Had he lived to the end of the term which he was holding at the time of his death he would have served his state thirty-six consecutive years in the Senate.

Alfred Clarke, a New Yorker by birth, but a resident of Paris for a number of years has had a vault constructed in the cellar of the Paris Opera House, in which have been placed hermetically sealed leaden casks containing a number of records of the voices of present day singers as well as some orchestral pieces. The idea is to preserve these records for posterity that the voices of the leading singers of the day may be heard by people who were born many years after their death.

Good Deeds and Kind Words from the Friends of the Shut-ins

From among the many letters recently received containing subscriptions to the credit of COMFORT'S Shut-in Club we print the following as fairly expressive of the prevailing sentiment of all:

From a Maine Subscriber

Northeast Harbor, Maine, June 29, 1908.
COMFORT, Augusta, Maine:
Enclosed please find \$1.00 for three subscriptions to COMFORT at 20 cents each for one year, and to extend my subscription for two years from date of expiration for 25 cents. No premium required. Please use balance for charity.

Your sympathizing friend for the Shut-ins.

MRS. M. A. PERRY.

COMFORT'S Charities are what Interests Her

Beaverton, Oregon, June 28, 1908.

MR. W. H. GANNETT:
Dear Sir—Several years ago I received a copy of COMFORT. The department, the "Shut-ins' Corner," and the appeals from the Shut-ins interested me right away. I have been a subscriber ever since. In fact, that is what I take the magazine for—is to keep in touch with those poor unfortunate that are never free from pain and suffering, and do what I can to help them. I send you two subscriptions for COMFORT, forty cents, and wish success and good luck to COMFORT and its Editor.

Yours respectfully,

GEORGINA THOMPSON.

Gives the Subscriptions to His Friends

Alvarado, Texas, June 22, 1908.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:
I enclosed find \$1.00 for subscriptions to COMFORT. To be credited to the invalid Wheel Chair Club. Please send COMFORT to the following persons if they are not already subscribers: * * * If there were more men like you, Uncle Charlie, this world would be a much better old world. Trusting God's choicest blessings may be yours, and may you live long and continue the good work.

Yours truly,

A READER.

Thinks COMFORT is Rightly Named

Edgerton, Ohio, July 17, 1908.

EDITOR COMFORT:
It is with pleasure that I send you \$1.20 to pay for six sub-

scriptions to COMFORT to be sent to the enclosed list of names, to help in the great, noble work you are doing for your unfortunate brothers and sisters.

COMFORT! What a great word—and it is just the right name for your magazine. It is a comfort to learn through your paper how one man is doing what he can to help suffering humanity. What comfort to read the glorious work our dear, patient Uncle Charlie is doing. It is a comfort to go into homes where COMFORT has been and hear the words of praise.

You ask us to tell you what part of the paper we like best. It is all good, very good; but I think the best is the noble work our dear Editor and our suffering Uncle Charlie are doing. It is a grand and noble work, and only God will or can reward you.

I am glad you give us readers a chance to help in this great work and I intend to try and send subscribers every month. If I cannot send more than one, I will do that. I send you six this time, which please credit to a Wheel Chair. May God bless you in your great work and let you live long to continue it. It is the sincere wish of one of the COMFORT cousins.

MRS. J. H. STEVENS.

Help from an Old Subscriber

Goodells, Mich., July 11, 1908.

DEAR SIR—Enclosed please find one dollar to pay for five subscriptions to COMFORT to help earn a Wheel Chair for some unfortunate Shut-in. I pray that the good work may go on. I am a subscriber of your nice paper for years.

Respectfully,

MRS. GEO. ANDREWS.

Wants All to Help

Joliet, N. D., June 27, 1908.

COMFORT MAGAZINE:
I have one new subscriber to count on some two hundred and fifty subscriptions which will bring some poor sufferer a Wheel Chair. If the offer is continued another month I think I can add more subscriptions. Hoping that a great number of Sisters and Cousins will send in names. I remain a great sympathizer with your work.

MRS. CLAUDE WELLS.

A COMFORT Wheel Chair Gratefully Received

This chair was sent early in June but was delayed en route so it did not reach Mr. Cole until the last of July.

DEAR PUBLISHER OF COMFORT:
I received the Wheel Chair July 30. It is a splendid chair, and I think you and COMFORT readers from the bottom of my heart. God bless you all! COMFORT is doing a noble work for the sick, maimed and crippled, and God's choicest blessings will surely rest upon you all, and I want all COMFORT workers to accept my heartfelt thanks and gratitude for this splendid gift. You have conferred a great blessing on me, and you can't realize what the gift of this chair means to me an unfortunate cripple. God bless you all. Your grateful friend,

EDWARD E. COLE (League No. 19,256).

Told on the Stoop

Concerning Gold

"You wouldn't need a barn to put your gold crop in if you raised all there was raised last year," said a man who didn't look much like a farmer. "There were only about 674 tons of it and it could have been put in a room ten feet square and nine high. Not a very big pile, is it? Still, it was worth about four hundred million dollars, figuring on \$20 an ounce. All the gold mined in the world since the discovery of America amounts to about 21,424 tons, worth about fifteen billion dollars. One peculiarity of the gold production is that five sixths of all produced is mined by the Anglo-Saxon race. I guess the white man likes it better than anybody else does. I guess he needs it more in his business, too."

Paying Literature

"The people who write books make money when they do make it, but most of them don't," said the author who looked as if he didn't. "Hall Caine is said to get half a million dollars a year from his books; Mrs. Humphry Ward makes from \$30,000 to \$60,000 on a single novel; Mrs. Burnett made \$25,000 out of 'Little Lord Fauntleroy' as a book, and five times as much as a play; Winston Churchill makes about \$100,000 a year; Robert W. Chambers has made, so far, on his 'The Fighting Chance,' \$50,000, and he gets \$1,000 each for his short stories; Mrs. Wharton, Marion Crawford, Owen Wister, Kate Douglas Wiggin and several others make \$25,000 a year or more. If most get a thousand on a book they are doing well."

A Wise Precaution

"I always cut the leaves of a book that comes into my possession," said the man with a literary cast of countenance, "and I did not laugh as some of my friends did when we read the other day of a man who had been so busy getting rich that he had no time to read, and when he filled the library in his new palace with books, he hired two or three girls to come and cut all the leaves in them to convey the impression that he knew literature as well as money. No matter whether I read a book or not, I cut the leaves. It is a compliment to the author that I always pay—especially if the book happens to be an author's copy, as are a good many of the books I have. I remember

how embarrassed my wife once was by the oversight, and I never want to see anybody suffer so again. It was before we were married and we had just begun to take notice of each other. That is a very sensitive period in the human existence, I may say, if any of you have never been through it. Well, about that time I had written a small book of poems and, of course, gave her a copy. She really admired my talents—she wasn't much of a judge of literary merit, you will understand, and never read verses and was no critic at all that—but she was proud of me and the fact that I had written a book, a kind of glory that seems to go well with people who are not in the literary circle. You know how it is yourselves, when you happen to meet anybody who has written a book. Anyway, sometime after she had received the book, I was calling one evening and there was another girl present, one who did know something about books, and had rather a sarcastic tongue. My book was lying on the table, and my girl was praising it extravagantly and recommending it highly, the other girl not having read it. It was hidden under some papers and none of us saw it so close at hand, until the other girl discovered it. She grabbed it at once and began turning the leaves. Not a dozen of them had been cut. 'Oh, Katie,' she laughed nastily, 'how you must have enjoyed reading your friend's book. Just look at this,' and she showed leaf after leaf as tight together as when they came from the binder's hands. By Jove, I never saw anybody so embarrassed as my girl was, and I never did know just how she explained matters because I was about as much embarrassed myself, and wanted to throttle the other girl, confound her. You see my girl and I hadn't quite got to the point of thoroughly understanding each other. Nowdays when I write a book, for I still have to do it or go hungry, she religiously cuts the leaves, but I don't think the compliment to the author extends much further than that. She praises me just the same as ever and believes in my books and she doesn't propose to have anybody get any proof to the contrary."

Our Forest Industry

"Every man in this country is interested in the preservation of our forests from waste, and every man who owns land should see to it that every acre not otherwise engaged should

The Old Sand Hill

BY JIM CONNER

At th' end of th' windiest, crookedest path
That ever your eyes did see;
Back of th' corn fields an' pumpkin patch
Close be a big pine tree;
Is th' old sand hill where we used to play,
Me, Zeke an' little Joe,
With th' rest of th' boys that lived 'long th'
In th' days long ago, long ago.

There we'd meet in th' mornin', 'twas Saturday
most,
'Cause there was no tennin' school,
An' we'd fetch 'long our lunch, an' a bottle o'
milk
That we'd put in th' spring to keep cool.
They were happy days then, at th' old sand
hill.

How quickly th' time would flow,
As we gambled, an' dowsayed, an' done all sich
things,
In th' days long ago, long ago.

We'd build bridges an' tunnels, an' castles so
high

That we couldn't reach any more,
Then to see who was quickest in diggin' a hole,
We'd dig 'til our hands were sore.
But what did we care if our hands were all
skinned,

Me, Zeke an' little Joe,
Or th' rest of th' boys that lived 'long th' shore
road,
In th' days long ago, long ago.

We thought nothin' a nothin' but frolic an' fun,
From one week's end to t'other,
An' we'd long for th' time when school was out,
To go to th' sand hill together.
They were happy days then, at th' old sand hill,
When our hearts with youth were aglow,
An' I feel I could nigh give th' rest o' my life,
For a day long ago, long ago.

be set out in good timber trees. There should be no waste land if it will raise timber. According to authorities our timber supply will be exhausted within fifty years unless we do something to protect it, and make arrangements for future supply. Every civilized country almost is ahead of us in this matter though few of them have as much forest area as we do. We have 160 million acres of national forests while France and Germany together have only fourteen and a half million acres. But they spend eleven million of dollars a year on theirs, and get back thirty millions, while we spend a million and a half and last year got back only a paltry \$130,000. We are learning, however, and every year we are progressing in the knowledge of forest preservation and utilization. But it should not be a national matter entirely and on public lands. Every farmer in the country almost has land which would produce timber if the farmer were wise enough to look after his timber crop as he does his other crops. Along every stream trees should be made to grow, and the farmer who cuts away valuable trees because their shade injures his corn or wheat, is making a serious mistake. If he will set out walnut trees they will be worth fifty times an acre what he would lose in grain or hay, and other timber in proportion. Most farmers seem to think that timber was put on land to be cut off of it, and that the land will produce only one crop. He is ignorant and it is time he were learning better. Or if he cannot learn, then it is up to him to see that his children learn. Fifty years is not a very long time, and if fifty years ago the fathers of the present farmers had filled in all their spare land with walnut, poplar and other good timber there is scarcely a farmer today who wouldn't be thousands of dollars better off than he is at no cost to himself and at a general betterment of the whole country. Now is the time for the farmers and land owners to wake up and get to tree planting."

The Nation's Need

"More than anything else in this country now," said the man who looked like a most sensible person, "we need good roads and we seem to be slower about getting them than any of the other good things we acquire. Public sentiment should be educated, and I am pleased to remark that the subject is being taken up in our public schools and private institutions of learning. When we get after the children we begin at the foundation of things, where we should have begun when we first began to extend our population. Congress is also becoming interested and at the last session thirty bills were introduced for the development of good roads. Nothing was done with them that should have been done, but the statesmen are talking about them and they will get there by and by. There are now more than two millions of miles of roads in this country, only eight per cent., or 160,000 miles of which are what are real roads, good for travel, winter or summer. Think of that will you, and bear in mind, as you all know, what a saving it would be to every farmer and country business man if there were good roads everywhere. Ninety per cent. of all the products of the country are hauled long or short distances by wagon, and wagons have been in use from the beginning, but how little has been done to render their travel easy and economic. The average haul over wagon roads is eight miles and the cost is 25 cents a ton mile. Good roads would cut this to ten cents and it is estimated that on corn alone over twelve million dollars a year would be saved, while on wheat ten millions would be saved, and five on cotton. It would cost ten billions of dollars to put all our roads into first-class condition, say \$5,000 a mile, but good roads can be made for much less than that,—an many places for as low as \$500 a mile, and some at \$100. But even these small amounts are not spent on our greatest necessity and many parts of the country are practically inaccessible during the bad roads season. We can't afford to spend ten billions now on roads, but if we had begun the work, a hundred years ago and kept it up with it as the country grew, we would be more than ten billions richer now and would have the roads for future generations.

"Some help may be expected from the government, as the extension of the free rural delivery system makes, at least, fair roads an absolute necessity. These rural routes now cover some 925,000 miles of roads and if Uncle Sam makes these mailways of his into good roads it will not only help a great deal for immediate use, but will be an example that is bound to be followed by the people of every county in which there is a rural delivery. New York state will spend fifty millions on road improvement, and the less rich states should do as much in proportion. We'll get there by and by, but it is mighty slow going."

Charlie's Fortune

By Oliver Optic

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Job Seagrain owes Squire Peter Shiffetree and the latter refuses to trust Job and attaches his house. Job's wife objects to a mortgage. His boat is worth five hundred dollars. The squire demands to know why Charlie Seagrain does not work and help his father and mother out of trouble. Charlie's eyes flash. It is Squire Peter who tells him rum, and then willing to take from his father everything he has. Job appeals to Charlie to be kinder easy. Mrs. Betsy Ann Seagrain asks an explanation and the squire briefly states the situation. Mrs. Seagrain pours vials of wrath on the squire's head and moved to sudden anger shakes poor Job. Charlie interposes. He won't have any more knocking about. Charlie and his father go away. They will pay off the bill in a few days. Charlie knows where there are oysters. He hoists the mainsail and the Betsy Ann stands off from the shore. Job protests. It won't do. Charlie advises him to assert his manhood. Job promises he will drink no more. They run down to the "Heads and Horns," where there is a bed of oysters. Left alone, he recalls a fearful storm, the dull boom of a gun, the storm swept beach, a boat with a little child lashed in it, the baby's cry for mamma, his wife's fondness for children and the name given the little boy. When Charlie ceases to be a child, Mrs. Seagrain ceases to be a loving woman. Job and Charlie work two nights and secure one hundred bushels of oysters. Job thinks they better head for the creek. Charlie laughingly tells him he is afraid of Betsy Ann. He takes Charlie's advice and postpones the battle. Timothy Twiterton visits Job on the Betsy Ann. He is anxious to buy the clothes, a nightgown and shawl. Charlie wore when he was shipwrecked. He offers twenty dollars, and insinuates Job will make more than he can raise. He can have them if he keeps Job out of this scrape. A company wants the land and offers Squire Peter a thousand dollars for it. Tim offers to raise fifty or sixty dollars and exacts a promise from Job not to tell to anyone. Job asserts his manhood. He takes the bundle to Tim. That night Job and Charlie sail for New York. There is a collision and the Betsy Ann sinks. Charlie rescues Fanny Lynmore, the adopted daughter of the owner of the yacht. Mr. Lynmore will make good Job Seagrain's loss. Fanny Lynmore is introduced to Charlie. Her mother invites him to their home. Job and Charlie sail for home in the new craft. "The Belle of the Bay." Job surprises Squire Peter. He pays the debt and costs and refuses to sell his place.

Mr. Twiterton endeavors to strengthen the opinion of the firm as to his ability. He discovers an error. Mr. Blastwood, a member of the firm, admits he made the mistake. Mr. Twiterton invites Seth Muggleton, the porter, to drink beer and questions him as to Mr. Vanderwent's wife and lost child. He is going to write a story, "Saved from the Sea." The "Gladwin" sails from Europe and is never heard from. What is the boy's name and Mr. Twiterton piles his questions until the beer overpowers the old man. A few hours later Mr. Twiterton and Seth go home; they receive a cool reception from Mrs. Twiterton. Mr. Blastwood calls to see Mr. Twiterton. The cash is short and Mr. Twiterton is watched with suspicion. Seth Muggleton dies suddenly. Mr. Twiterton is sent to Staten Island to inform Mr. Vanderwent and Mr. Lynmore of the old porter's death. He incenses both men by his manner. The next morning he receives a notice that his services are no longer required. Mr. Twiterton, Mr. Blastwood and Mr. Vanderwent that he is Charles Vanderwent, Jr. He is advised to state the argument to Mr. Vanderwent.

"Squire Peter" buys up Job Seagrain's old bills. Charlie Seagrain examines and finds them outlaid. Job pays the balance and will not sell the place less than thirty-five hundred, and then only for that day. Job and Charlie sail for New York. Bright and early Mr. Lynmore's are surprised to find Mr. Twiterton there.

Mr. Twiterton visits Mr. Vanderwent. Pointing to a portrait he recognizes, by a shawl, the first Mrs. Vanderwent as his mother. Mr. Vanderwent doubts his story. Mr. Twiterton is prepared to produce the shawl and makes the statement "G. V. J. as it is I worked on the night-dress." He shows the shawl and night-dress to Mr. Vanderwent, and tells the story of his shipwreck and rescue by Tom Twiterton. He produces a written narrative. Reluctantly Mr. Vanderwent acknowledges him as his son. He wants him to be a merchant, and he is allowed to take his old place, as Cornelius Vanderwent, Jr. He is surprised to meet Job Seagrain at Mr. Lynmore's home. Mr. Lynmore tells Job of Tim's newly found father—of the evidence in the shawl and night-dress, and Job understands why Tim was so anxious to secure them, and when alone with Tim asks him who Charlie is. Charlie secures a position in the store and Cornelius is jealous of the favors shown him. New Year's day Mr. Lynmore gives Charlie a one hundred dollar bill. He shows it to his fellow clerks and lays it down. Mr. Blastwood sends him on an errand. Charlie buys books. Mr. Blastwood puzzles over his cash—a hundred dollar bill is missing. Cornelius insists that every bill of that denomination be looked up. Charlie insists and the cashier goes to the bookstore with Charlie.

CHAPTER XV. (CONTINUED.)

"I T was a hundred dollar bill that you paid—was it?" asked the bookkeeper. "It was," replied Charlie. "I have but one and this must be it," added the man of accounts, as he tossed the bill across the desk. The sudden emotion that he exhibited was observed by Charlie. He laid it on the desk and pointed to a cross made with a blue lead pencil on one corner.

"Do you mean to say that is the bill that you lost?" demanded Charlie, with a flushed face.

"I do. I can swear to it—and there is the mark that I placed on every bill I took today larger than a five," replied the cashier, pointing to the cross again.

"I don't understand it," said Charlie, amazed at the result of the investigation.

The cashier counted out a hundred dollars from his pocket, which he exchanged for the bill. "We must return to the store, Charlie," said the cashier; "but—"

He paused.

"You were going to say something."

"Things look bad for you, and perhaps you will conclude to leave me before we reach the store."

"I will not," protested the young man, his cheek coloring more deeply than before. "You can take hold of my hand, if you please; but I will not run away. I did not steal the bill."

The cashier took hold of Charlie's wrist—he grasped it very tightly, too—and they returned to the store.

CHAPTER XVI.

JOB SEAGRAIN VISITS THE CITY.

The cashier grasped Charlie's wrist very tightly, as they walked back to the store. He was evidently determined that no want of zeal on his part should defeat the ends of justice; but his prisoner was as little inclined to tamper with the blind goddess as he was himself; and so there was no conflict between them. Charlie was silent on the way but he was thinking all the time and trying to understand how it could be that the bill sent to him in an envelope by Mr. Lynmore should be the one that disappeared from the cashier's drawer. He recalled all the circumstances. He had proudly shown the bill to several of his fellow clerks, including the cashier, when they were telling what presents they had received. He had left it on his desk for a moment, when Mr. Blastwood called him; but this fact seemed to be of no consequence to him just now. When they reached the door of the store, the cashier released his hold on the prisoner, and followed him into the central office.

"Did you find it?" laughed Mr. Blastwood.

"I am sorry to say that I did, sir," replied the cashier, glancing at Charlie.

"You did!" exclaimed the financial partner.

"Here is the bill, and here is my mark," added the cashier, producing the note, and pointing to the mark.

"Impossible!" ejaculated Mr. Cornelius, whose eyes opened wide enough to represent a pair of saucers.

"How's this, Charlie?" asked Mr. Blastwood, quietly.

"I don't know, sir. I am as much astonished as you can be," replied the entry clerk.

"Is that the bill given you by Mr. Lynmore to buy your books?"

"I supposed that it was, but it appears now that it was not."

"Certainly, Mr. Seagrain had a hundred dollar bill this morning," said the Vanderwent.

A half dozen clerks were willing to testify on this point, but the fact was admitted.

"Don't you know whether this bill is the one that you received from Mr. Lynmore?" asked Mr. Blastwood.

"It looks like it."

"Don't you know what bank your bill was on?"

"No sir, I only looked at the figures on it, and I did not notice anything peculiar about it," replied Charlie.

"Have you any other hundred bill about you?"

"No sir."

"Open your wallet, there may be some mistake about it."

Charlie produced his wallet and the cashier examined its contents. It contained several small bills, but none of the denomination in question.

"I don't understand it," said the Vanderwent.

"I have known Mr. Seagrain for years, and I know that he is perfectly honest."

"Was the bill that Mr. Lynmore gave you out of your possession any time, Charlie?" asked Mr. Blastwood.

"It was not in anyone else's possession."

"You did not attempt to get it changed, did you?"

No, sir, but I left it on my desk for a mo-

Another Wheel Chair to Another Shut-in Sent Out by COMFORT

DEAR READERS:

In our August number I had the pleasure of announcing the distribution by COMFORT of four invalid's Wheel Chairs for the relief of poor, unfortunate, worthy sufferers. There were really five chairs sent out instead of four. Two of them, earned by COMFORT'S League of Cousins under the auspices of Uncle Charlie, went in June to Luther T. McFarland and Lizzie Brooks. The other three were sent in June and July to Mrs. Annie Ingler, Lowell, Mass., Edward E. Cole, West Pierpont, N. Y., and Miss Ranella Lee, Dunn, N. Carolina, in accordance with my offer in June COMFORT to give a Wheel Chair for each and every 250 new yearly subscriptions at 20 cents each sent in by persons requesting the same to be credited to the Wheel Chair Club instead of claiming a premium for themselves.

As I stated in my August letter, I sent out the first Wheel Chair on faith before the first 250 subscriptions had come in, and I have kept sending them out faster than the subscriptions called for. I was one chair ahead of your subscriptions when our August number went to press on July 20, and since then I have sent another Wheel Chair to Phila Sibbets of Russell, N. Y., whose acknowledgment will appear in COMFORT in due time. This is only one Wheel Chair earned between July 20 and August 20. It seems too bad, as it ought and might have been more if some of you had been a little more active. While I was disappointed at the result, I am not in the least discouraged, because I know that that was a time of year when people generally take the least interest in reading, subscribing and canvassing for papers and magazines. I shall keep my offer before you and shall keep on pushing this good work just so long as you continue to show your interest by sending in new subscriptions to be credited to the Wheel Chair Club. If you have any doubts about the good work that is being done just read this heartfelt letter from a grateful shut-in who has been

Rescued from a Mattress Grave by COMFORT'S League of Cousins After Nineteen Years of Suffering.

Dear Uncle Charlie and Cousins:

I have received the invalid wheel chair that you so kindly shipped me. The chair is all right, grand, and is a perfect Godsend to me. Uncle, I wish you could only know how grateful I feel to you and your great family for my lovely chair. My friends all come in to see my chair, and I and they are so proud that I have got a chair at last and can leave the mattress grave on which I have been imprisoned for nineteen years, and can once more see the trees, the flowers and God's sunshine, of which I have been deprived for nearly a quarter of a century. I have no one to thank for my chair but Uncle Charlie's big family. I can rest so comfortably in my chair, and can wheel it around the room myself. Sister helped me onto my chair just as soon as brother got it unpacked. Rest assured I was one poor happy shut-in for once. I forgot all my troubles. I will do all I can to help you in your good work. God uphold and bless you and all the cousins; may you live long and may your days be happy. With deep gratitude to you and all for your noble work, believe me, your grateful sister and friend.

LIZZIE BROOKS.

Who is there among COMFORT readers who would care to be deprived of God's sunshine for nearly a quarter of a century.

Now that the lassitude of summer is passing, and with the advent of the invigorating fall weather, I look for a substantial increase in the Wheel Chair Club subscriptions during the coming month and hope to report better results in our October number.

Don't disappoint my hope. All take hold with a will. Everybody lend a helping hand, as everybody can.

You see the actual good results already obtained. The only trouble is the results are not large enough, and that need be no trouble at all, if you will only try and do what you can. Certainly each and every reader of COMFORT can send in at least one new subscription to go to the Wheel Chair Club, even if you cannot do as well as those whose good, encouraging letters (only a few out of many received) we print in this number. Read them, and you will feel their inspiring influence to labor for a great and noble cause.

Be not satisfied, and do not cease from striving, until you have done your best. Your duty calls for nothing less, and angels can do no more.

Words fail to express my heartfelt thanks to those who have helped the cause by their subscriptions, or my gratitude for their kind letters of encouragement and approval.

As distance deprives me of the pleasure of meeting you face to face, your good letters serve as next best in making your personal acquaintance; and be assured, that although the limitation of time and space compels me to answer your letters in this general way, I never fail to read every one and to appreciate them all.

With sincere thanks,

W. H. GANNETT, Publisher of COMFORT.

ment. I laid it down, and when you called me I let it remain where it was."

"Who was near you?" asked a partner.

"No one but Mr. Vanderwent," added Charlie, indicating Cornelius Jr.

"When was that?" asked the Vanderwent.

The new entry clerk explained when it was.

"I knew nothing about it, I did not see that bill," protested Cornelius with considerable energy.

"I don't know that you did, you were busy over your salesbook," added Charlie. "I only went to the door of your office Mr. Blastwood. You told me to go down Broadway with a draft. I did not leave the bill but for a moment, and when I returned to the desk it lay just where I had put it. I picked it up and put it in my wallet. I didn't see it again till I took it out to pay for the books."

"Are you sure that the bill that you took from the desk is the one you paid for the books?"

"Very sure, for I did not take it out again till I did so at the bookseller's."

"It's very strange," mused Mr. Blastwood.

"It's beyond my comprehension," added Mr. Vanderwent.

"This cannot be the bill given you by Mr. Lynmore," continued the partner.

"I don't know whether it is or not, it looks like it; and that is all that I can say."

"Are you certain that you took this bill today," asked Mr. Blastwood of the cashier.

"I am; I remember that blot over the cashier's name; and there is my mark on it. I put it on every bill that went into the back compartment of my drawer. I am willing to swear to the bill."

"If this is the bill from the cashier's drawer, where is the one that Mr. Lynmore gave you, Charlie?"

"I don't know, sir," replied the entry clerk, promptly.

"It is possible that you have made some mistake," suggested Mr. Blastwood.

"Have you any other wallet or pocketbook?" asked Cornelius, rather officiously, the partner thought.

"Nothing that I keep money in," replied Charlie. "I have a diary."

"This is all nonsense. Of course neither my father nor Mr. Lynmore would permit this thing to go any farther," added the Vanderwent with apparent impatience. "Mr. Seagrain is above suspicion, and Mr. Lynmore is under very great obligations to him. I think the matter had better be dropped where it is."

"I don't want you to drop it," said Charlie. "I did not take the bill that the cashier lost, and I desire to have the matter followed up. You can look at my diary, and I will turn my pockets out."

The young man thrust his hand into the breast pocket of his coat for the diary, but it was not there.

"Probably it is in my over-coat pocket. I generally keep it there, when I am in the store," he added; and he went to the wardrobe and brought out the garment.

Taking the diary from the breast pocket of the overcoat, he handed it to Mr. Blastwood without opening it.

"Did you wear your overcoat when you went out with the draft this forenoon?" asked the partner, as he took the diary.

"No, sir."

"I will open this diary, because you wish me to do so, Charlie," added Mr. Blastwood, snuffing the action to the word. "Is there any money in it?"

"No, sir, I never keep money in it, as I said before."

"What is this?" said the partner, with a start, as he took a bank bill from the pocket of the diary.

He unfolded it. It was a hundred dollar bill. It looked very much like the one that the cashier had lost, but it lacked the blot by the signature of the bank officer. Charlie's face was very red, and his heart leaped up in his throat; but he said nothing.

"It is possible!" exclaimed Mr. Cornelius, holding up both hands in amazement.

Can you explain this, Charlie?" asked Mr.

"Did you ever have any trouble with him?"

"No, sir."

"Do you know of any reason why he should injure you?"

"None whatever."

"Has your father had any trouble with him?"

"Never on the contrary, he is under very great obligations to him."

"How old are you, Charlie?" asked Mr. Blastwood, with a lurking smile in the corner of his mouth.

"Seventeen, sir."

"You saved the life of Mr. Lynmore's adopted daughter?" mused the partner.

"I don't know that I did, though I did what I could for her when she was in the water; but I don't want to be white washed for anything of that sort," added Charlie, indignantly.

"Does Cornelius go to Mr. Lynmore's house very often?"

"I don't know how often."

"Do you go often?"

"Once a week."

"Cornelius goes oftener than that?"

"I generally see him when I go."

"I hear that Miss Fanny is very fond of you."

"O me? No, sir! If she is, I don't know it."

protested Charlie, blushing deeply. "We are good friends, that is all."

"That's enough for the present. I am afraid you are in Cornelius's way."

"In his way?"

"In a word, that Miss Fanny likes you better than she does him."

"I don't know about that."

"I do, Charlie, and between ourselves, I commend her taste."

"But what has all this got to do with the hundred-dollar bill?"

"If you should prove to be a thief, Mr. Lynmore would not care to see you at his house any more. Of course Miss Fanny is grateful to you for saving her life and Cornelius prefers that you should not go there."

"What difference can it make to him?" asked Charlie, innocently.

"Probably none; but, doubtless, he thinks it would. I don't blame him for liking the young lady, as I know he does, for I have seen enough of her in the office to convince me of that. Strong as the case looks against you, Charlie, I do not believe that you took that bill."

"Thank you, sir, you are very kind, but you do me no more than justice," replied Charlie.

"Now, look at the other side. It was Cornelius that insisted that the bookseller's store should be visited; and it was he who asked if you had any other wallet or pocketbook."

I don't know in what manner, but I believe he is at the bottom of this mischief. I will go up to Mr. Lynmore's with you, Charlie."

"You are very kind, sir. I expected to be sent to the Tombs."

"Not yet, I don't believe in Cornelius, if he is Mr. Vanderwent's son," added Mr. Blastwood, as he put on his overcoat, and placed the two hundred-dollar bills which he had brought out of the office in his wallet.

"I hope you don't intend to proceed against Mr. Seagrain," said Cornelius to the partner, as they entered the middle office.

"I shall consult Mr. Lynmore," replied Mr. Blastwood, coldly.

Of course, Mr. Lynmore was astonished when the story was told to him, at a later hour, in his library, though he was willing to accept his partner's explanation, which, however, did not include the theory, that Miss Fanny was at the bottom of the matter. It would be very unpleasant for Charlie to go back to the counting-room with the odium of a crime attached to him, and while Mr. Blastwood was investigating the matter, he was allowed to spend a week at Osip. He went there the next morning; Job had just moved into his own house in Great Cove. It was newly and neatly furnished, and Betsy Ann was positively happy. Charlie frankly stated the reason why he was allowed a vacation at that busy time.

"Mr. Blastwood thinks that I have an enemy in the store," he continued, after he had related the story of the two bank bills.

"Who is it?" asked Job, his mouth agape with wonder and sympathy.

"He thinks it is Mr. Cornelius, or Tim Twiterton that was. But I told him I had never had any trouble with him, and that you were under great obligations to him."

"Tim Twiterton!" exclaimed Job. "What's he got agin you?"

"Nothing that I know," replied Charlie. "I have always treated him well. He is Mr. Vanderwent's son now, and I have been very respectful to him."

"His son?" ejaculated the old man, wrathfully. "He won't be his son much longer, if he don't behave."

"What do you mean, governor?" demanded Charlie, astonished.

"I mean that we ain't goin' to stand any nonsense from him, if he is Mr. Vanderwent's son. I'm goin' to New York tomorrow, and I mean to look into this business."

"I hope you won't meddle with it, governor."

"I'm only goin' to have a talk with Tim Twiterton."

"Mr. Vanderwent, Jr., you mean?"

"Well, perhaps, I do," sneered Job; and it was plain to Betsy Ann that the old man's wrath was kindled.

The next morning after breakfast Job was shaved clean and dressed in his best clothes. His wife offered no objection to his proposed visit to the city, for Job was now "the man of the house," and Betsy Ann respected him accordingly. The old man had built his house, furnished it nicely, and had money in the bank. She was proud of her "little man" now. The old man went to the city. He had often visited the store, and he made his way to the counting-room. Mr. Lynmore happened to be there, and he was shown into the private office of the senior partner. Mr. Blastwood was called in, and told precisely the same story he had from Charlie.

"He will come out as bright as pure gold, Mr. Seagrain," said the senior partner.

"I know he will, if he has fair play," said Job, as he left the office.

Mr. Cornelius was in the middle office, and as the old man walked up to him, his eyes were like two coals of fire.

"Tim Twiterton, I want to see you."

"That's not my name, but I will see you," replied the Vanderwent, who saw that the old man was not to be trifled with.

"Don't talk to me about your name. Shall I say what I have got to say here?"

"No—no; I will go out with you," and Mr. Cornelius put on his overcoat and hat, and led the way into the street and then to the beer shop where he had taken poor Seth Muggleton.

"Take a seat, Job," he added, as he entered a stall.

The old man seated himself on one side of the table, and the Vanderwent on the other.

"I want to know—" Job began.

"Stop a moment. What will you drink?"

"Nothin' at all!" replied the old man, sharply.

"You know I don't drink nothin' now."

"Take a glass of beer."

"Not a drop!"

Mr. Cornelius used all his eloquence to persuade Job to indulge but he was as firm as a rock; and then he ordered beer for himself.

"I want to know what you have agin Charlie?" demanded the oysterman.

"Nothing in the world, certainly. He is one of my best friends," protested the Vanderwent.

"I ain't the old fool you take me for, Tim Twiterton."

"I don't think that you are an old fool, or anything of the sort. I have the highest regard and respect for you."

"Taint no use, Tim Twiterton."

"Don't call me by that name."

"That's your name! If nobody else knows it, I do; and I'm goin' to break somethin' before I get through."

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 18.)

IN & AROUND The HOME

CONDUCTED BY MRS. WHEELER WILKINSON

Terms Used in Crochet

Ch. chain; ch. st. chain stitch; s. c. single crochet; d. c. double crochet (thread over once); tr. c. treble crochet (thread over twice); dtr. double treble crochet (thread over three times); l. c. long crochet; r. st. roll stitch; l. loop; p. picot; r. p. roll picot; sl. st. slip stitch; k. st. knot stitch; sts. stitches; blk. block; sps. spaces; * stars mean that the directions given between them should be repeated as indicated before proceeding.

Terms Used in Knitting

K. knit plain; o. over; o. 2, over twice; n. narrow 2 stitches together; p. purl, meaning an inversion of stitches; sl. slip a stitch; tog. together; sl. and b., slip and bind; stars and parenthesis indicate repetition.

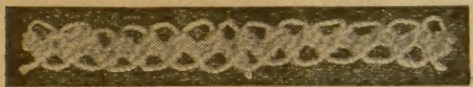
Terms Used in Tatting

D. s. double stitch; p. picot; l. p. long picot; ch. chain; d. k. double knot; pkt. picot and knot together. * indicates a repetition.

Hairpin Lace Work

THIS design is an attractive and original way of working braid on a hairpin. Several yards of this should first be finished before attempting to work out the pattern here illustrated or a similar one. For the benefit of our readers who are not familiar with this work we give the following directions:

Select a strong, long, smooth wire hairpin. * Make a loop in your thread and slip one prong of the pin into it, holding it so that when turning the pin over from right to left the thread will be around the opposite prong. Now place crochet hook beneath the thread at bottom of pin, catch thread and draw it under, forming a loop. Next pass hook through the top (or the thread next to you) of the loop on the first prong and catch thread, forming a loop, making two on hook.



HAIRPIN BRAID.

Now pass the hook over all the work and catch thread and draw through the two loops, leaving only one on hook. Remove hook, turn hairpin from right to left, toward you *. Place hook in loop and catch the thread and draw it through the loop, leaving but one loop on hook, and proceed from * to *.

The narrow design shows the braid which can be made of white or cream mercerized cotton and any color crochet silk.

When several yards of this are finished and your design selected, fasten right side down on oil cloth, and proceed as with any lace. Any of the Battenberg stitches can be used for filling in and also the small crocheted rings which come ready for this work.

Yokes, collar, cuffs and bands for children's dresses can all be made in this way, and if well made will outlast the garment with which it is trimmed.

Drawnwork Insertions

Clover Leaf Insertion

Take a piece of linen or lawn the width desired, leave one half inch for hem, making a hem one quarter inch wide, draw seven eighths inch, hemstitch each edge taking about six threads, then knot six or eight strands together in the middle, go over it again knotting three, two and one thread after carrying all the threads across, darn a leaf as shown in illustration.



CLOVER LEAF.

Fan Insertion

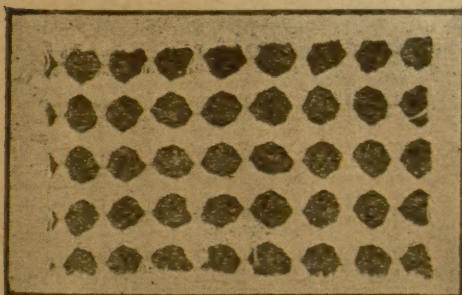
While this design is more elaborate and intricate the foundation threads are run as in the clover leaf pattern and the measurements are the same, the difference being in the design. The insertion can be utilized for anything the fancy suggests, or the pattern can be used for the border of a centerpiece.



FAN INSERTION.

All-over Drawnwork

Suitable for yokes are especially dainty for children's dresses. Draw the threads each



ALL-OVER DRAWNWORK.

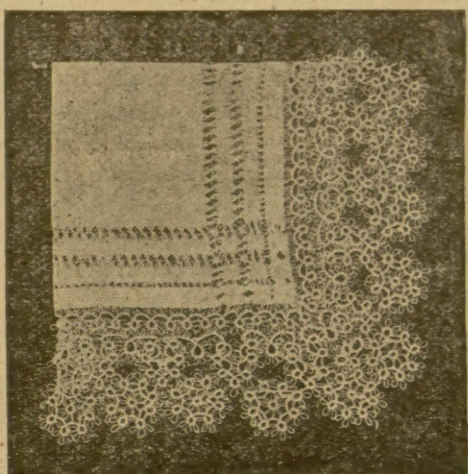
way, leaving little squares. Then cross threads each way, knotting in the center of each opening and tying each group of threads as crossed. MABEL WILLIAMS.

Directions for Tatted Handkerchief

Use 60 or 70 thread. First row around handkerchief is made with two threads. With shuttle make ring of three d. s., p., 3 d. s., p., 3 d. s., p., 3 d. s., p., 3 d. s.,

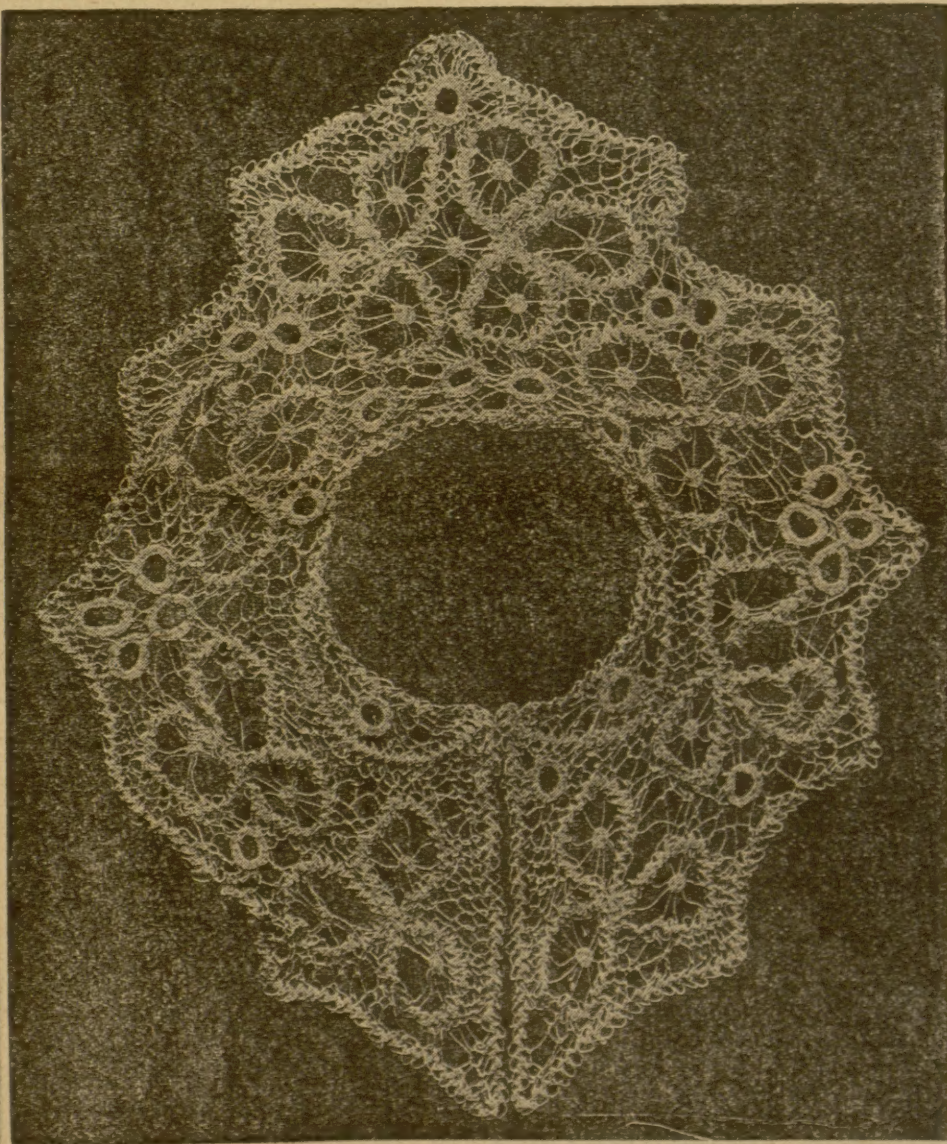
p., 3 d. s., draw up. Then take the extra thread and join, make 3 d. s., p., 3 d. s., p., 3 d. s., p., 3 d. s. Make another ring like the first joining at the first picot.

2nd row.—3 d. s., p., 3 d. s., p., 3 d. s., join to



TATTED HANDKERCHIEF.

middle picot of first row of rings, 3 d. s., p., 3 d. s., join to middle stitch of next ring, 3 d. s., p., 3 d. s., p., 3 d. s. (This with the extra thread.) Then with shuttle thread make ring like first rings. With second thread 3 d. s., p., 3 d. s., p., 3 d. s., p., 3 d. s., another ring, join-



HAIRPIN LACE COLLAR OR YOKE.

Sent in by Mrs. Thos. Marsh.

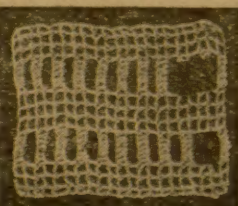
ing at first p. With second thread 3 d. s., p., 3 d. s., p., 3 d. s., p., 3 d. s. Another ring. With second thread 3 d. s., ring, 3 d. s., ring, 3 d. s., join to middle picot on opposite side, ring. With second thread 3 d. s., p., 3 d. s., join middle p. on opposite side, ring, 3 d. s., join corresponding p. on opposite side, 3 d. s., p., 3 d. s., join middle p. in upper row of rings, 3 d. s., p., 3 d. s., join middle p. in next ring, 3 d. s., p., 3 d. s., p. Next with shuttle thread make ring with 3 d. s., p., nine times, ending with 3 d. s., joining at the third p. the middle p. in second ring of leaf. * 3rd row.—Make wheels of the two threads, using for the center a ring made by eight p. separated by 2 d. s. The rings are made like the first rings, then with second thread make 3 d. s. and join p. in middle ring * till eight rings are made and joined. Tie threads. HELEN G. WATERS.

Crocheted Beading

This will be found most useful especially for children's clothes and is strong and durable.

Make a ch. of thirty-five, turn.

1st row.—1 d. c. in 5th st., ch. 2, 1 d. c. in 8th st., ch. 2, 1 d. c. in 11th st., 6 d. c., ch. 2, 1 d. c. in 19th st., ch. 2, 1 d. c. in 21st st., ch. 2, 1 d. c. in 23rd st., 6 d. c., ch. 2, 1 d. c. in 31st st., ch. 2, 1 d. c. in 33rd st., ch. 2, 1 d. c. in 35th st., ch. 5 and turn.



CROCHETED BEADING.

2nd row.—D. c. in the 1st d. c., ch. 2, 1 d. c., ch. 2, 1 d. c., ch. 6, 1 d. c., ch. 2, 1 d. c., ch. 2, 1 d. c., ch. 6, 1 d. c., ch. 2, 1 d. c., ch. 2, 1 d. c., ch. 5 and turn.

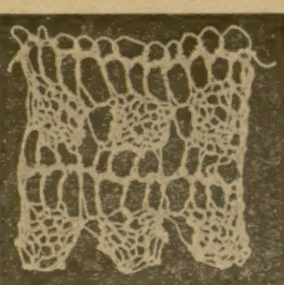
3rd row.—Like the first.

4th row.—Like the second.

MAE C. COOPER.

Knitted Edge

Cast on 12 stitches, knit across plain, throw



KNITTED EDGE.

This edge is substantial and suitable for children's underclothes.

MRS. CALLISTER BOLAN.

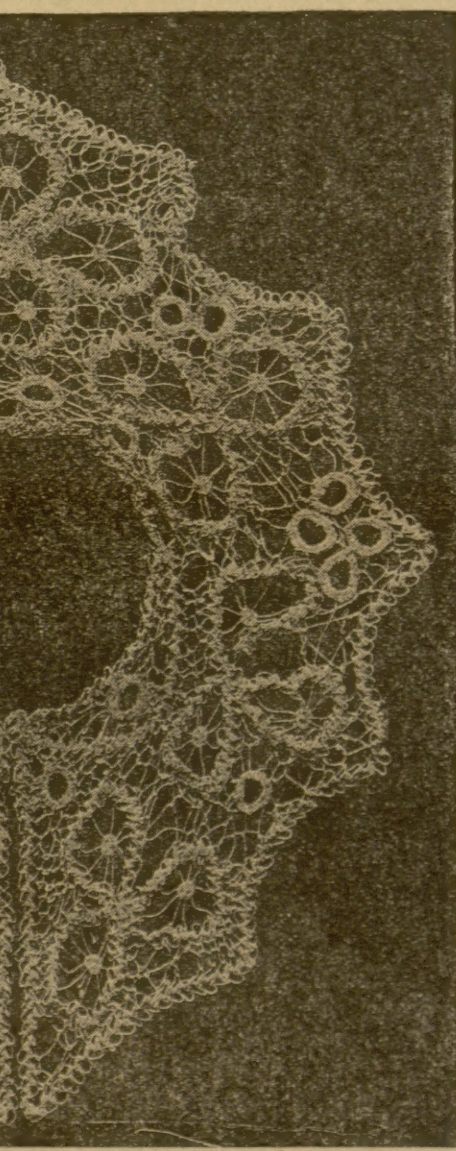
Doily with Crocheted Edge

To make this doily it will require sixty-four wheels made as follows: Wrap No. 24 thread around a lead pencil fifteen times, sl. the thread off very carefully and fill the circle with 28 trs., or enough to make the wheels lie flat and break thread off.

Now tack 25 rings together to form a circle. Tie thread in first wheel and ch. 3, fasten in next wheel, ch. 3, fasten, ch. 3, fasten, ch. 3, fasten and fasten to next wheel and so on, going the entire length, turn.

2nd row.—Ch. 3, fasten in top of 3 ch., ch. 3, fasten in next three ch., ch. 3 and fasten in 3 ch. of next wheel, continue the entire length, turn.

3rd row.—Ch. 3 fasten in top of 3 ch., ch. 3 and fasten in 3 ch. of next wheel and continue. This completes the side that goes next the linen center.



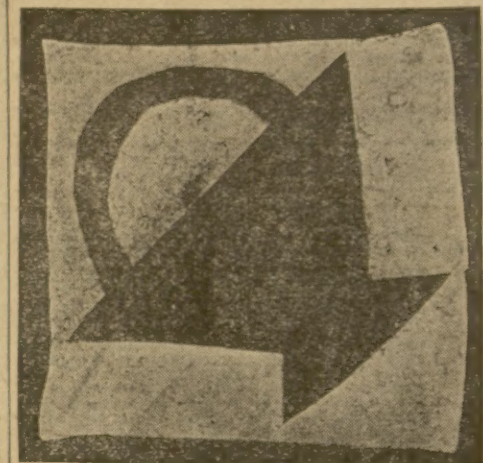
DOILY WITH CROCHETED EDGE.

Now with a needle and fine thread tack the remaining thirty-nine wheels together in groups of three, forming thirteen points, tack these to the 6 ch. all around. Now tie thread between the two shells on ch. 5, fasten in first

wheel, on the side, ch. 4 fasten, ch. 4 fasten, ch. 4 fasten, ch. 4 and fasten in side of next wheel, ch. 4 fasten, 5 times, ch. 4 fasten in next wheel and ch. 4 fasten 3 times, ch. 4 and fasten between the two shells, continue this way around all the points. Without turning make 1 d., 5 tr., 1 d. under 4 ch. all around and this completes the doily except a small linen center. This pattern is easy to make and is very pretty when finished. MINNIE O. COOK.

Fruit Basket Quilt Block

This block should measure when complete ten by ten inches. The large triangle is seven



FRUIT BASKET QUILT BLOCK.

by ten inches; the smaller one six by four and one half inches. The pieces on the sides, two and one half by six inches, the basket at top eight and one half inches, at bottom two and three seventh inches, lower part five and one half by 2 inches. There are seven pieces in block. MISS EMILIE GEHRLEINBAUB.

Fan Scallop

Chain of fifteen stitches. 1st row.—1 d. c. in 5th st. of ch., ch. 1, sl. 4, 10 d. c. in 5th st., ch. 1, sl. 4, 12 d. c. in next, ch. 3, turn.

2nd row.—1 d. c. in each of the 12 d. c., ch. 1, 10 d. c. in 10 d. c., ch. 1, 2 d. c. in d. c., ch. 3, turn.



FAN SCALLOP.

3rd row.—1 d. c. in d. c., ch. 1, shell of 10 d. c. in 5th sp., ch. 1, d. c. in 1st st. of scallop, ch. 1, 1 d. c. in next and repeat to end of row, ch. 3, turn.

4th row.—4 d. c. in each sp. between next 9 d. c., ch. 2, 1 d. c. in last d. c. of scallop, ch. 1, 10 d. c. in next 10 d. c., ch. 1, 2 d. c. in last two. Repeat to the desired length.

MRS. H. OLIPHANT.

Bandana Kimona

Very useful and attractive kimonas can be made by using six bandana handkerchiefs. These should be sewed together over and over



BANDANA KIMONA.

and placed in such a position that the six corners will meet in the center at the neck. Two handkerchiefs are allowed for the back, two for the front and one for each sleeve. The handkerchief forming the sleeve on each side should be tacked at the lower edge for an inch or so to hold it in place under the arms. The front can be fastened by fancy pins and the neck either cut out or the corners turned back to form a little collar.

Cool, pretty kimonas can also be made in much the same way by cutting a square out of any material, two and one eighth yards of goods thirty-six inches or one and one half yards forty-four inches wide will be needed. Plain, dotted or figured muslins trimmed with bands of plain lawn are very attractive and a narrow lace full in the neck makes a dainty finish.

Embroidered Chemise

The one here illustrated is made of long cloth with a pointed embroidered yoke. After the yoke is finished the fullness is arranged in tiny tucks to the lower edge. For the shoulder straps two inch wide wash ribbon is the best, or one could put on a fancy beading and run ribbon in of any delicate color.

For underwear the hand-somest effect is obtained with the eyelet embroidery which also wears and launders well. Such garments are dainty and durable having no lace or thin trimmings to be worn out by washing and necessitating the retrimming.



EMBROIDERED CHEMISE.



Points to Remember

Always write on one side of the paper only and leave space between the lines.

Write recipes, hints and requests on separate paper instead of including them in the letters.

Mail all letters at least THREE MONTHS before the issue for which they are intended.

Always give your correct name and address, as no letter will be published excepting over it. This enables the sisters to write directly to each other.

Do not write us for samples or patterns of the fancy work which have appeared. When publishing any particular piece of work, we give the plainest possible directions for making and usually illustrate it. It is absolutely useless for you to write for more information, or for samples, or patterns of anything unless stated that they can be supplied.

As it has come to our notice that sisters have been asking certain sums for information and patterns that should have been furnished free, we here give notice that no charge should be made or money asked for any offers of assistance or information which have or will appear in any letters here published; should there be, kindly notify us, and the offender will be denied the further use of these columns. As this department is run solely to afford an opportunity for the mutual exchange of ideas, recipes, and helpful information, we do not intend it to be used by anyone for a commercial purpose.

Do not send us exchange notices; we have no exchange column, and cannot publish them.

Do not ask us to publish letters referring to money in any way, such as requesting donations or offering articles for sale. Much as we sympathize with the suffering and unfortunate it is impossible to do this as we would be flooded with similar requests.

Do not request souvenir postals unless you have complied with the conditions which entitle you to such a notice. See offer.

All subscribers are cordially invited to write to this department and all stand a good chance of having their letters appear, whether they are old or new members. As our space is limited, naturally the most interesting helpful letters are selected.

Write fully of your views and ideas, yourself and home surroundings, "give as freely as ye receive," but if your first letter does not appear, do not feel utterly discouraged. Remember the old adage, "if at first you don't succeed, try again."

Address all letters for this department to Mrs. WILKINSON, care COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

I can scarcely remember when I did not read COMFORT. It is just "running over" with good things. I am a Virginia girl. Our family consists of papa, mamma, one brother and six sisters, ten of us in all. Papa is a farmer and merchant, as is often the case in small places. We are Methodist and have a splendid S. S. library and Sunday school. Otterville, the name of our little town, will be found on the map, about half way between Roanoke and Lynchburg. On the northeast is a large stream known as North Otter creek, while on the south are two. Big and Little Otter. There is very little difference in the size of them and really I believe Little Otter is considered the most dangerous in freshets or after a heavy rainfall. The three form Otter river and directly west and in plain sight, our noted Peaks of Otter rise to an altitude of 3,339 feet. So you see we are surrounded by Otters, what more suitable name could be suggested than Otterville? On the peaks are many interesting places, such as "Top Rock," "Lover's Rock," the "Needles Eye" and so on through the list. Beside it, and in bold contrast, is the Flat Top mountain just peeping over the top of Suck mountain, a range of the Blue Ridge system, while in another direction we view Apple Orchard Mountain, which is twenty-five feet higher than the Peaks, and also a most delightful place to visit. There you find The Devil's Marbleyard, Dead-end, The Falls, etc., beside all the game you desire and in Sun Stone, near by, all the trout you are looking for. People go up there during the summer months and camp for weeks at a time. From the Peaks may be seen Lynchburg, Bedford City, Buchanan and numerous smaller towns and villages. The surrounding country, mountains, valleys and glades as seen from there will linger long in the memories of all who go there. Many people from all over our United States and even from foreign lands visit there every summer. There is a hotel at the foot of the Peaks where tourists may cure a few days' lodgings. A short distance this side of that is another and a very beautiful place. The most valuable farming lands in the state are found here in Bedford county which is noted for its tobacco. Wheat, corn, hay, oats, etc., are raised in large quantities and nearly all vegetables thrive here. Cattle and sheep raising is also an important item.

I am five feet, three inches tall, weigh about one hundred pounds and have dark brown hair and blue eyes. I am passionately fond of reading and music. I am also a devotee of embroidery. I like all of it, but I believe the French and Wallachian are my favorites. I do a quantity of drawnwork too. I wonder how many of the sisters are collecting souvenir post cards? I am and have quite a nice little "collection" I think. I am very proud of them, especially of places of interest. There is nothing else just like them. To me they are "a joy forever."

I see so many useful suggestions that I send a few, hoping they will prove to be of value. For those of you who are making scrap books here is a good paste that I use and like better than mucilage for it doesn't discolor the paper. To one quart of water add three-fourths of an ounce of alum. Dissolve and when cold add flour to make it the consistency of cream, then bring it to a boil stirring all the while. Add a little powdered resin and a few cloves before boiling and it will keep twelve months and when dry may be softened with water.

If pestered with moles in your flower beds or garden, cut apples or potatoes in places about the size of a pea, roll in arsenic or strychnine, then make several small holes where the moles run and drop one or more pieces in each hole. In a short while the moles will disappear.

Blisters on the feet occasioned by walking are cured by drawing a needleful of worsted thread through them; clip it off at both ends and leave it till the skin peels away.

A poultice of onions applied morn, noon and night for three or four days will cure a felon, no matter how bad the case, lancing will be unnecessary if the poultice is applied. This is said to be a sure, safe and speedy remedy. Another simple one if applied when it first becomes painful, is to saturate a cloth in turpentine and sprinkle on a little salt, bind around the affected part. I know it to be good.

For earache take a little salt and tie it up in a bag, heat it quite hot and lay it on the ear, shifting every little bit. It will afford speedy relief.

Cups, saucers, etc., unless too badly broken can be mended with plaster of Paris. Have them clean and in place, then mix the plaster with water and apply along the broken edges (at once as it sets very rapidly and after that is no good), then fit together and compress till it sets or hardens. When collars on lamps become loose as they sometimes will, they may be fixed in the same manner. Before it gets perfectly dry take a knife blade and scrape off any that may be in the way of the burner.

A song I used to hear when a small child or rather the tune to it, keeps running through my mind. I wonder if any of you know the words? I don't know the name of it but a line or two is as follows:

"He turned to see the last sweet smile,
And his blind child was in Heaven."
I would like very much to have it. The "Ship That Never Returned" and "The West Virginia Hills." My aunt used to sing the latter years ago and mamma admired it so much I would like to learn the words. I will gladly pay postage and return favors any way I can.

MISS ANNIE MARSHALL, Bedford City, R. D. 1, Va.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

In the June issue of COMFORT I requested the first chapters of "Lady Isabel's Daughter." I supposed I might receive one or two answers, but I was very pleasantly surprised at the manner in which my request was met.

I have received piles of papers, letters and cards. I sent the stories as I promised, as long as my papers held out.

Quite a number sent me the papers, others wrote and offered to send them, if I were not already supplied, and still others wrote, asking other exchanges. Many were kind enough to ask no return of the favor. To every one who either sent me the papers, or offered to send them, I wish to extend my sincere thanks and especially the unknown friend, P. L. C. of Ravens, N. Y., who wrote such a cute little marginal note of greeting on one of the papers sent.

I would have been glad to respond to each one personally but soon found that I had neither the time nor postage to do so. So I take this method to thank all who have not otherwise heard from me. I certainly appreciate your kindness one and all. I find surprise me in the least for only truly noble women comprise our happy band of COMFORT sisters. I have never written to this page before, I am sorry to say, but next time, as the children are wont to say, I will do better. I have enjoyed every letter, however, and have derived wonderful comfort from many of them. But lest I wander too far away, I want to tell you about the dear patient invalid that you all so kindly wrote to. No doubt many of you have wondered why there was no answer forthcoming—and this is really the object of my letter. At the time the many letters reached my post-office at Peavy, she was in the sanitarium at Lafayette, Ala. The doctors were hopeful of relief for her from this operation. She was at the sanitarium for two weeks—and is now at home—in just a bit worse condition than before. She does not rest any at night. Her life is just a torturous existence. She has been an invalid for many, many years and told me that her one real happiness was in looking forward for death to relieve her. It has been my good fortune to know her personally and to be with her in her home. The last time I visited her has caused my heart to ache ever since, for she appeared perfectly hopeless. This will explain to you all why she has not answered your letters. She wishes to thank each and every one for the good letters—and a letter at any time or a nice interesting book would be appreciated by her.

MISS BELLE BOWDEN, Box 55, Midland, Ga.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

In April issue of COMFORT you all read a letter from Miss Annie Peavy, living at Peavy, Ala. So many of you dear, noble ones made haste to comply with her request for letters, and such a stream of dear messengers came quickly—but it did not surprise me in the least for only truly noble women comprise our happy band of COMFORT sisters. I have never written to this page before, I am sorry to say, but next time, as the children are wont to say, I will do better. I have enjoyed every letter, however, and have derived wonderful comfort from many of them. But lest I wander too far away, I want to tell you about the dear patient invalid that you all so kindly wrote to. No doubt many of you have wondered why there was no answer forthcoming—and this is really the object of my letter. At the time the many letters reached my post-office at Peavy, she was in the sanitarium at Lafayette, Ala. The doctors were hopeful of relief for her from this operation. She was at the sanitarium for two weeks—and is now at home—in just a bit worse condition than before. She does not rest any at night. Her life is just a torturous existence. She has been an invalid for many, many years and told me that her one real happiness was in looking forward for death to relieve her. It has been my good fortune to know her personally and to be with her in her home. The last time I visited her has caused my heart to ache ever since, for she appeared perfectly hopeless. This will explain to you all why she has not answered your letters. She wishes to thank each and every one for the good letters—and a letter at any time or a nice interesting book would be appreciated by her.

MISS BELLE BOWDEN, Box 55, Midland, Ga.

DEAR SISTERS:

I will divide a little of my time with you as I enjoy your letters. I have dark brown eyes and hair and my complexion is not very fair. I am twenty-seven years old, my height is five feet and five inches, and weight one hundred and twenty-five pounds. I was married Feb. 13th, 1902. We have two little boys. One five years old, the other fourteen months, and they are the life and sunshine of our humble little home.

We are poor financially but rich in love for each other, our children, our neighbors and last but not least, the God of all. My husband is not a minister but is a soldier of the cross and public worker for the Lord. We are both members of the Missionary Baptist church, but do not hinge our faith on creeds or denominations, but look directly to Christ, the great burden bearer who died for us and all the world.

Sisters let us meditate along these lines more in the future than we have in the past. Do you suppose that we mothers fully realize the great responsibility that rests upon us? We have these little ones to teach, to train, to raise. I would thank the sisters for any information they may gain and can give our training children.

MRS. ZETTA COTHRAN, Box 5, Wortham, R. D. 2, Texas.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

This paper has visited our home for three years and is always welcome.

I read the sisters' letters first. They are very interesting and helpful to young housekeepers. I live in the western part of the Blue Grass state; this is a very good farming country and land is high.

I am a farmer's wife and don't know of any thing but the joys of country life.

I have been married five years and our only baby girl is three months old; she is the pride and sunshine of our home. I think the old saying is true, "A home is not complete without children." I feel that I know you all and would like to meet you face to face.

Mrs. Llewellyn. I am going to make a mantle ornament like the one you described in the March number.

Mrs. Gosch. I tried your ginger and camphor last night with good success.

MRS. VERA L. BAIN, Ogden, Ky.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

I would like to enter your circle and have a chat with you this evening. I always feel comfortable and happy when reading these columns. My husband is an evangelist of the church of Christ and holds meetings wherever he is called. I go with him and lead the singing. He has preached in seven different states and has been pastor of churches in Iowa, Wisconsin and Missouri. He is always happiest when he is standing before a large audience and of course, I think he is the best preacher I ever heard and wish you all could hear him.

I am my husband's second wife and am twenty-five years old. He has one sweet little girl of twelve, named Grace, and we have a little blue-eyed boy, Dean, aged three.

My father and mother are also living, but four hundred miles separate us so sometimes I feel very lonesome and homesick. I have one sister of nine and a brother thirteen who loves music and is taking violin lessons. I am very fond of music, and sometimes teach when I have a little spare time.

Now a few words in regard to our home. My husband owns a farm of one hundred and sixty acres, eight miles from Bolivia the county seat of Polk Co., Mo. Bolivia is a fine town of twenty-two hundred inhabitants, there are five large churches, college, fine school buildings, two large flour mills, electric lights, railroad and a Court House recently finished. There is plenty of good land for sale here that would make fine farms, unimproved land, mostly timber can be had from six to ten dollars an acre. Improved farms from twenty to fifty dollars an acre. This is a good place for the poor men to get a start as crops are good and bring the best prices. It is also a healthy section, come out and be our neighbors. I am sure you would like it here, and we would have a good time.

MRS. ANNA BUTTERFIELD, Box 58, Halfway, R. D. 2, Mo.

DEAR SISTERS:

I am a reader of COMFORT and am interested in the sisters' letters. I saw a request for a remedy for dropsy. I will send a recipe which cured my son when he was eight years old. He is now twenty-three years old and it has never returned. Just get common Elder branches, scrape the bark off, then to a quart of Elder tea put a lump of salt peter the size of a quail's egg. Take a half cupful three or four times a day.

I am sixty-five years old and am the mother of eight children. I am in good health and can do as much work as a younger woman.

MRS. HANNAH MARTIN, Livonia, R. D. 1, Mo.

DEAR BROTHERS AND SISTERS:

Several letters have been written to COMFORT asking about Northwest Missouri. Our county is, in places of a rolling prairie nature, has rich soil and is a great corn country, and the small grain is raised. It is a great potato country, and fruit trees do splendidly. Anyone wishing to buy a home would not be disappointed. We have the best of water, moderate winters, and generally cool refreshing summers. The farmers outside of their farmwork feed cattle and hogs and ship them to Kansas City, which is about sixty miles from here, by rail. Land is not valued high considering its great productiveness from forty to sixty-five dollars per acre.

I will say to those sisters asking for silk and worsted pieces, I have just finished a silk and worsted quilt and have pieces left which I will gladly send to those who send address and stamp. Will comply with first request until the pieces are gone.

MRS. A. G. JONES, Kingston R. D. 2, Mo.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

It is a year since the appearance of my letter in this corner. I received letters from almost every state and truly enjoyed them, though I positively could not answer all. I sent patterns of the "Easter Lily" and other flowers, to those who sent stamped and self-addressed envelope and I trust they were all received.

Mrs. G. W. Snyder, Marchand, Ohio. You are a very dear lady for sending me a box with the different flowers, also patterns and directions. I didn't wish you to go to so much trouble, accept my hearty thanks for same.

Mrs. Ida M. Ware, Fawcettsop, Va. I received the seeds all right.

Mrs. Leo M. Parker, Sanderville, Miss. Yes, I received one letter also and sent same.

Mrs. Jennie Benight, Prairie, Ind. I see you take "Farm and Fireside" too. I wish to give a few suggestions and trust they will prove beneficial, to some at least, for my father got cured of rheumatism by taking a dose of Epsom salts every morning and the juice of two lemons twice a day in a glassful of sweetened water.

For sore throat I never knew anything better than to take honey freely, but elderberry jelly is most as good, try it and see.

MISS CLARA BLESS, Ottenheim, Box 171, (P. O., Waynesburg), Ky.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

I have been reading your letters and enjoyed them very much as I always do. I am sorry for the poor shut-ins and wish I could help them. I don't know what I should do in their place. It seems hard now to keep from complaining—keep patient under the little trials I have to bear. I wonder if any of you get nervous, as I do, when things get snarled up and I am tired enough to drop.

I have some very nice COMFORT correspondents, but some of those I liked very much have stopped writing to me. If any one would like to know more about guests please write to me I would like to tell them what I know about them. We have been having some cool weather for this place. The hills are quite green now; sheep and cattle find plenty to eat. In a short time the hills will be covered with wild flowers and the trees have put on their new green dress. If there are any lonely boys and girls who want to live right and become useful men and women I would like to hear from them, the one J. A. D. wrote about. God might save that poor woman's son yet if she'd trust in God. He has said for us to cast all our burdens upon Him. One of my neighbors tried to make a quilt of goat's hair and it crawls right through the cloth. Now if anyone can help her please write and tell me what to do. "True worth lies in being not in seeming. In doing each day that goes by some little good, not in dreaming of great things to be done by and by."

LOTTIE BRIGGS, Knowles, Cal.

DEAR SISTERS:

I am an old reader but a newcomer to this circle. The dear old COMFORT paper has been in our family for years and indeed seems like a dear helpmate. I have helped a few shut-ins according to possibilities and hope they will all fare better.

I would be pleased to hear from sisters who are interested in flowers and to obtain the botanical name of Flowering Almond, or what it is called in the catalogues of the florists. Anyone who has a night blooming cactus or can give me the address of someone who has one I will consider it a favor and will repay them for all trouble. I would also like to hear from someone who can tell me where to obtain the old-fashioned pinks our grandmothers used to have that smelled so fragrant and were so double and they used to be called June pinks. Trusting to obtain the information I so much desire and that you will all send in a two years' subscription as I am now doing. Just think two years of splendid reading only twenty-five cents. Now I will close with love to all the sisters and best wishes to COMFORT.

D. H. STOWE, Ballston Spa, R. D. 4, N. Y.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

I am visiting you again with a few lines to those who didn't receive replies to their letters. Some were so poorly written that I could not make out the name nor address. Several letters returned to me unclaimed. While on a trip recently my letters were lost and I am taking this means of getting word to you.

Miss Stewart, Mrs. Wm. Winsor, and Miss Maud Haley please send me your addresses, also Mrs. Smith. I should like to hear from more who have cameras.

I will give you my way of making pies in a hurry. When making crust bake several shells or empty crusts, if they puff up try shaping them in pan, pleating a few holes with fork, then turn over the bottom of pie tin and bake with pan upside down, then when company comes unexpectedly it only takes a few minutes to boil a filling, lemon, chocolate, cream or whatever you prefer and fill crust and you have a nice pie. Try it sisters.

MRS. MARIE KENNEDY, New Augusta, Ind.

MY DEAR EDITOR AND SISTERS:

I do enjoy our dear paper so much, my pen cannot express it, the letters are just fine and I dearly love to read them all.

Mrs. E. E. Thompson. You certainly are a dutiful housewife, I would love to receive a letter from you, or any of the sisters. I am twenty-two years old, am five feet, two inches tall and weigh one hundred and twenty-five pounds, have dark brown hair and dark blue eyes.

Mrs. W. L. Coffee. I did enjoy your letter; when I was a little girl of eleven, we used to sing that hymn in Sunday school. I often sing it here at home.

Mrs. Julia E. Littleton. Let me say, that I do sympathize with you; your letter brought tears to my eyes. I am so glad that I have my dear mother yet. I would love to receive a letter from you.

May the dear Lord bless the dear shut-ins, is my humble prayer.

ANNA BARNDT, Allentown, R. D. 2, Pa.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

I sincerely thank the many sisters who kindly and readily responded to my request. I received

many sweet, interesting letters and a few were mingled with sorrow and pleasure but all were kind.

One dear lady from Illinois sent me some medicine for my head, others sent valuable remedies that I mean to try, others sent beautiful post cards, I also appreciated the letters from those who wrote extending their sympathy, each letter gave me comfort and encouragement.

To the ones who continue to send me the religious reading matter I thank you all very much. I've found it very interesting and enjoy reading it much.

I answered some of the letters and would have been glad to have answered all of them but my purse would hardly allow me so much for postage, and too, I have been ill, although there are several to whom I will write later, but the answer here most do for most all whom I have not answered. I wish to be just and fair to everyone and I will only ask your patience.

To those who ask me about Okla., I am sorry to say I've been here such a short time it is impossible for me to tell you anything of importance about it, and especially relative to the homestead and farming affairs I know nothing of real importance to tell you at present. If I chance to glean anything later on, that I think will justify your request I will be sure to write you.

I've read many papers that I thought were truly interesting, but I must say our little paper COMFORT surpasses them all. Our Sisters' Corner reminds me of a great, happy family reunion.

Just a few words to the dear shut-ins. Be cheerful and always look upon the sunny side of life, the dear Saviour has a reason for doing everything that he does. If we will just bear our suffering on-earth with patience and trust Him, in the hereafter these same dark days may return in days of bliss and true happiness. Will be very glad to hear from any of the shut-ins occasionally. I'll be sure to answer.

"Angel hands oh, guide us ever

As we murmur here below,

May we join in closer union,

When the storms of life are o'er."

May God help us to know each other better when the mist has rolled away.

Again I want to thank all for their kindness in remembering me.

MRS. PAULINE HAYDEN, Box 144, Tecumseh, Okla.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

I have been a reader of COMFORT for many years but have never written before because I didn't think I knew anything that would be of interest or a help to the sisters. A friend visiting us from the East last summer told us of a cure for a goiter.

Take a live frog, have someone hold it by the hind legs and let it crawl all over the swelling on your neck then put it alive a foot or so in the ground under the eaves of the house and the goiter will in due time disappear.

Not a very pleasant treatment is it? But who of us wouldn't do most anything in hopes of getting relief when suffering untold agonies as some do who are afflicted with a goiter. My friend said she supposed that a person should have "faith to believe," in order for this to effect a cure but she is so positive that it is a sure cure as she herself cured a young lady this last winter and knew of two others being cured in that way. Now if any of the sisters are thus afflicted I hope they will have nerve enough to apply the frog, then write and tell us about it. I wore a piece of the lead that comes as lining in big tea boxes, on my goiter for quite a long time and it certainly took it down so it is hardly noticeable now and gives me no trouble whatever. I would be pleased to receive letters from any who care to write.

MISS MABEL REED, 846 E. Cimarron St., Colorado Springs, Colo.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

I have long wanted to write to tell you how much I think of COMFORT. I like it better than any paper published. Many years ago a friend let me have her copies but I never subscribed for it until over a year ago. It seems like an old friend to me. I live in a large city but am lonesome. I keep house and care for my mother who is a hopeless invalid. It is indeed very seldom that I go out of doors. I can never leave her for a moment, unless some reliable person is with her.

Mrs. Laura Shortridge. I thank you for the beautiful card which you sent. In my collection I had none from Minnesota and I appreciate it very much. I sent cards to many sisters and shut-ins. I wonder if they received them. I shall be glad to hear from any of the sisters and will answer.

MRS. LOUISE FITZGERALD, 36 Fowler St., Chicago, Ill.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

I know of so many things that have benefited me and my family that it seems selfish for me to not let the readers of COMFORT know of them. Do the mothers know that elder blow tea is one of the best medicines for little ones. It is an almost unfailing remedy for any kind of bowel trouble, it is a regulator and harmless—steep down strong and bathe the gums often while teething, it is better than lancing. The green bark of elder simmered with sweet cream until it turns to oil is the best remedy for burns I ever knew, it is very healing for all sores, chafing and will cure some forms of piles. If anyone is troubled with protruding piles if they will send me a stamp I can tell them what will give permanent relief. Here is a formula for a cholera medicine that is good for many kinds of stomach trouble. Peppermint, camphor, laudanum, lapsicum, rhubarb, equal parts, dose ten to fifteen drops. One of my neighbors says she wouldn't do without this if she had to pay ten dollars a bottle.

Have any of the sisters ever heard of a pill that cures asthma? There is one that is said to cure.

Anyone having silk and worsted pieces to exchange for fancy work let me know, write first. When I get blue and think I am miserable, I read the letters from the shut-ins in COMFORT and thank a kind providence that I'm no worse off. Long live COMFORT.

ALICE M. SANDERS, Hubbardston, Mich.

DEAR SISTERS:

I want to tell you how I started my pansies. I planted seeds in a box in the house. I had some seed left and strewed that on the bed out doors, after warm weather came the little plants grew faster and better than those in the box in the house. When those were large enough to transplant I arranged them so as to have a larger space to grow. They blossom when just little plants and all the summer through and the best of all is if you cover the bed with leaves or straw they will stay all winter and early the next spring their sweet faces begin to peep out of the dry leaves. Don't uncover until all danger of frost is over or else they may get chilled and won't blossom so plentifully. The beauty of it is there are all colors, and every day you look at the bed you find there is a new one and say, "I have never seen such a pretty one before," and you don't get tired so quickly of them. I hope some of the sisters will try and make a bed like mine, and if they care to know anything more about it, please write me and I will be glad to give them any information. I also have beautiful dahlias, from white to the darkest velvety red; we have a wind mill on one side of the lawn, and to hide its ugly long frame, I planted a dahlia on all four corners and the dark red grew so high that it was a lovely sight to see, besides the rods were a nice support for the plants. If any of the sisters wish for dahlia bulbs please write and I will be glad to send them some, I have almost all colors.

As I have seen several requests for a remedy for goiter, I thought some of the sisters would like to know this simple cure. Make a lotion entirely of common salt, strong enough to swim an egg. Every night upon going to rest apply a thick handkerchief made quite wet with this.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 9.)



LEAGUE RULES: To be a comfort to one's parents. To protect the weak and aged. To be kind to dumb animals. To love our country and protect its flag.

COMFORT for one year and admittance to the League of Cousins for only 25 cents. Join at once. Everybody welcome.

CONDUCTED BY UNCLE CHARLIE

I HAVE had an extension built on my lap this month. You know I have a very large lap, the largest one in the world. One knee reaches into Alaska, the other down to Florida. This gives you all a chance to get aboard, and if you do not a board please see that there are no nails in it. We have so many cousins in Cuba and Porto Rico, and also so many in the Philippines, that I have had to have my legs pulled, not the first time in my life either, by a long shot. One knee now extends to the Philippines and another to Cuba and Porto Rico. This extension was made necessary by the vast growth of our glorious family of girls, women and other things. Of course you can't expect me to have as high an opinion of the other things as of the ladies, as I am one of the other things myself, and the more I see of my sex the more I think of the gentler sex. If it were not for the feminine members of the C. L. O. C. we would not get a spoke in a wheel chair, let alone an entire chair. It is the women who are always the pioneers in works of mercy, and deeds of love. Wherever the skirts rustle, there you will find civilization, and church spires ascending heavenward. All that I hope and pray is, that I may live long enough, to see every good woman in this country have a vote.

Summer now is practically a thing of the past, and we are on the threshold of fall. Toby is past the threshold, as he took his annual fall downstairs this morning.

The value of the farm crop this year, according to Uncle Sam's figures is eight billion dollars. COMFORT's readers have at least got their books on half this sum to my certain knowledge. Now that you have four of the eight billion dollars reclining in your inside pockets (according to Uncle Sam's figuring, and the old gentleman always figures right), there is no excuse for your pleading poverty this winter. Some of these days I am going to read you a lecture about the sinfulness of pleading poverty. I know at least a dozen men, going around pleading poverty, and talking hard times, who have big farms, fine houses, cattle, horses, and every kind of stock, and farm implements, and bank balances of twenty or thirty thousand dollars, who do not owe a cent, and yet to hear them talk, you would think they were on the high road to the poorhouse, and did not have a dollar in the world, nor a place to lay their heads. Always remember if you have health, home, and land, you have wealth. If you have not, it is your own fault. Do not get into the habit of talking poverty, unless you are stuck in a city slum unable to get work, or marooned in the back woods, too ill and helpless to do work if you had it. Remember God Almighty has given you crops to the value of eight billion dollars this year. There is not cash enough in the world to buy the United States' crop for 1908, so do not talk poverty. Now gird on the armor of endeavor, put on your hustling shoes, and bring in some members to the C. L. O. C. so that we can secure some wheel chairs. We did not earn one in June nor July, and neither did we earn one in August, in fact you did not earn half a one. It is a great disappointment to me to find that nearly thirty thousand members of the C. L. O. C. cannot among them bring in a thousand new members a month, so that we could win a chair. I wanted to double our league membership by November first, but I am afraid we shall run from fifteen to eighteen thousand at least short of the fifty thousand required. Now will you get a wiggle on you? Remember God has given you eight billions of dollars this year, and at least ten per cent. of that ought to be given back to the Creator who gave it to you for such work as we are doing for Him through this League. I want you to make a record this month, for as I told you in August, the anniversary of my birthday falls on the 25th of September. Most of you send me hair brushes for birthday presents, something, and Billy kicks about eating them as he says the hair brushes tickle his appetite and make him laugh inwardly. So run around, get five subscriptions, and win a copy of Uncle Charlie's Poems, which is, according to the press of the United States the best book of side splitting verse ever published.

Remember, we have some magnificent new League buttons. They are simply swell. If you want our best button, instead of sending five cents, send ten cents for League membership, and you will get the swellest button you ever saw. Now, my dears, if you will struggle down comfortably in my lap, we will investigate the dandiest bunch of letters you ever read.

COGAN STATION, R. D. No. 1, PA.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE: I am five feet, two inches tall, weigh one hundred and thirty-five pounds, have brown hair, blue eyes, and a light complexion. I was eighteen years old on last St. Patrick's day.

I am living in the country with my grandma and uncle, on a farm of about eighty acres. Our house is situated on a hill and we have a very good view of the country round about us. Looking south we can see nearly five miles of country on the Pennsylvania hills. We have a song entitled "The Pennsylvania Hills," it is a very pretty song. Here are the words, and if you can put a tune to it, I want to hear you sing it some time.

Oh! The Pennsylvania Hills, where my childhood days were spent, Where I often wandered lonely, and the future tried to cast; Many are the visions bright which the future ne'er fulfills, And how sunny were the day dreams on the Pennsylvania Hills. Oh! The Pennsylvania Hills how unchanged they seem to stand, With their summits pointing skyward to the great Almighty hand. Many changes I can see which my heart with sadness fills, But no change can be noticed on the Pennsylvania Hills.

We live about seven miles north of Williamsport. My parents are both living in Williamsport and also my only brother. I would rather live in the country. I have been here for the last four years. I am fond of pets. We have a pet cat here that will sit up for its meals, also a dog that will do lots of tricks. I am raising a little calf, I call her Beauty and she deserves her name too. If you were, I wish you would tell me how you liked it. I lived in the bituminous coal regions for nearly three years with my parents. I visited the mines quite often and enjoyed it very much.

I lost my button, will you tell me how I can get another one? I felt very sorry when I lost it. Hoping to hear from the cousins and see this in print, MATTIE C. WESLEY (No. 15,490.)

Mattie, I am very much interested in your letter. I think your Pennsylvania Hills poem is very fine, especially the first part where you say,

"Oh, the Pennsylvania hills where my childhood days were spent, Where I often wandered lonely, and the future tried to cast."

I think these lines are beautiful, and the way you have made "spent" rhyme with "cast" shows poetic talent of the very highest order. The second verse brings back memories to me. I was on the Pennsylvania Hills once. I bought a ten cent cigar, and put down a two dollar bill to pay for it. I waited for my change, but got none. The man said that no change could be noticed on the Pennsylvania hills. He was quite right, I never had a chance to notice mine. You say:

"Oh the Pennsylvania Hills, how unchanged they seem to stand." It is a mighty good thing for you, Mattie, that they do stand unchanged, for if they took to moving around, there would be trouble for you all right. When you have hills, it is always best to have them stand still, movable hills are worse than a nuisance. Now you have told me about the Pennsylvania Hills, I will tell you something about the New York Hills. There were four of them, and they lived in the next flat to me. There was Jim Hill, Tom Hill, Bill Hill, and Samuel Hill, and I want to say right here that your Pennsylvania Hills could never hold a candle to this particular bunch of New York Hills. These Hills did not stand still, they were movable. When I used to go past their door, the whole bunch would run out and sit on me. It is customary to Hills for far then. I know it is customary to Hills with the New York Hills, I don't want to drop into poetry, or break into music over anything in the hill line. I am glad that your cat will sit up for her meals. It would be pretty hard if you always had to feed her in bed. Yes, I was in a coal mine once. I was walking along the street and fell down a coal cellar, and broke three legs and five arms, and was dragged out more alive than dead. I hid the map for a million dollars, for keeping the lid of his coal cellar off, but the Judge gave me six months for stealing coal. No more coal mines for mine. Five cents and a stamped addressed envelope will secure you a new button.

NEWLAND, VA.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE: I received my button and membership card and thank you ever so much for them. I am a little girl, nine years old, beautiful, I have blue eyes and fair complexion. My mother and father died when I was a little infant and my aunt took me and cared for me. I have three sisters and all of them have different homes. I am the youngest of the flock. I can milk sweep wash cook iron and make up beds. I live on a nice farm with a big house, a hundred yards from church and about the same distance from school. We raise cattle, horses, hogs and turkeys and some chickens to feed the hawks and crows on. You don't have anything like that where you live do you uncle? Well, as this is the first time I ever had the pleasure of writing to Uncle Charlie, I think I better close. By, by, with love and best wishes to uncle and all the cousins. Your sincerely niece, BLANCHIE F. BOWEN (No. 23,644.)

Blanche, yours is a wonderful letter for a little girl of your tender years. Little girls can do many wonderful things, and I am glad to find you are no exception to the rule. If you can milk sweep wash cook iron and make up beds, you certainly are a bed expert and a milk expert. I would give all I possess in this world, and that is seventeen cents, if I could only see you milk a bed. I never knew that beds gave milk before, though I have often heard that spring beds gave water. I wish you would kindly give us an accurate description of that wonderful bed of yours which gives milk. Is it a feather, hair, excelsior, or felt bed? How many quarts of milk does this particular bed give, and how many times a day do you milk it? There must be a fortune in a milking bed. You also mention that you can cook beds. I have no doubt of this as I had to burn Billy the Goat's mattress the other day, and it certainly was well cooked before we got it through with it. Billy the Goat wanted to eat it stuffing, ticking and all, but I was afraid if he ate the ticking, he would go around ticking, and that would get on my nerves. Another thing I thought that if he swallowed the bed, he would not only go around ticking but he would tick as well, and I would not like to endanger Billy's health. We do have a few old crows up here, Blanche, but they do not attack chickens. They usually confine themselves to attacking poor weak, unprotected, bald-headed old guys like myself. Persevere, Blanche and you don't entirely exhaust your energies in milking that bed.

KNOWLES, N. MEX.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE: Will you be so kind as to open the door, and let another little Mexico girl get a peep at your poor bald head? I am thirteen years old, four feet, eleven inches tall, and weigh ninety-eight pounds. I have long golden hair, large gray eyes, and a fair complexion.

Knowles is a small little village in the eastern part of New Mexico. It has three stores, one hotel, post office, real estate, and a two roomed schoolhouse. I go to school at Knowles, am in the sixth grade. I am striving to get an education. When school is out we move to the ranch, fifteen miles from Knowles. I like ranch life fine.

I belong to the Baptist church. Joined when twelve. I enjoy religion very much. We have church and Sunday school every Sunday. My mother teaches the Junior class. Uncle Charlie, you asked what the cousins thought of the idea of winning wheels chairs. I think that would be fine. Believe we could win them. There are so many crippled folks in the world, they would appreciate them so much. Will do all I can in helping the afflicted.

Uncle Charlie, I have been having a fine time riding a bronc bureau this evening. You ought to have seen me. I rode it bare back. It almost threw me off, but it didn't quite do it. I would like a post card party, will answer all cards. EDITH C. BLACKWELL.

Edith I am glad to let you have a peep at my bald head. I trust that the sight of it caused you a world of happiness. I have given it an extra polish this morning, as we are giving a fly ball on it this night. All the flies for miles around are coming to hold a fly social on the polished roof of my cranium. Billy the Goat will provide the music. I charge each fly ten cents a skate.

I am glad you are striving to get an education, and I hope you will get it. I am very much interested in the church you belong to, but must say it is an entirely new one to me. Who started the Baptist church? I have been trying to pronounce it as you have written it, and I wish you could see my face when I am doing it. One little girl wrote the other day and said she belonged to the Baptist church. Perhaps that is a branch of your organization. Toby says he thinks you mean the Baptist Church, but I don't think so, for I am quite sure that no young lady

would be a member of a church for so many years without being able to spell the name of that church correctly. I am glad you enjoy religion. Remember religion consists in deeds, and you are judged by what you do outside the church a great deal more than by what you do in it. About a third of the people who go to church, go to see what kind of hats and clothes the other two thirds are wearing. If you asked the majority of the people when they got home from church to give you an outline of the sermon, or tell you where the text was taken from, they could not do it, but if you asked them what kind of a hat Mrs. Jones wore, or whether Mrs. Smith's princess gown was hooked up the back, or tied across the feet you would get the answer so quick, it would make your head swim. Some people are very religious on Sunday, then they put their religion, with their Sunday suits in moth balls for the balance of the week. Make your religion last all the week, all the month, all the year, do not trot it out only on Sunday, with your best clothes.

Now we have got to the most striking part of your letter. You inform us that you have been riding a bronc bureau. Honestly, Edith, you have me staggered. Have the horses in New Mexico turned into bureaus? I hope not. I should think if a bureau pranced around all its drawers would fall out, and its contents would be spilled all over creation. How do you feed a bronc bureau? Open the middle drawer, and stuff a bushel of oats inside? I will bet, a well-fed bronc bureau can do some tail bucking. I would not care to sit a bronc bureau bare back, not for many minutes at least. Do the bronc bureaus run wild over the mountains of New Mexico, or did you import this one from Sears Roebuck's factory. I suppose you ride to the "Baptist" Church on Sunday on a bronc bureau. Cousins write to Edith, and find out all about this new animal locomotive. I have heard of a bronc burro, but never of a bronc bureau.

COLUSA, CAL., March 25, 1908.

MY DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE AND COUSINS: I am five feet, three inches tall, weigh just a hundred pounds. My complexion is light. I am twenty-two years of age and wear glasses. I do not think I am what is called handsome, but mamma tells me, "Handsome is as handsome does," and I try to follow that rule.

I have only my mother and we are like two sisters. We are always together. I am an only child.

I think, as you do, Uncle Charlie, that all who want to join this little COMFORT corner (and it is not so little, either) should tell their age. I lose all interest in the letters, when I do not know how old the person is, who wrote them. I do not see what there is to be ashamed of in telling one's age.

Colusa is the county seat of Colusa county. It is a beautiful little town, of two thousand inhabitants and is situated on the west side of the Sacramento river. The streets are broad and well shaded with walnut, locust, orange, lemon, and some oak trees. We have a pretty, new Carnegie free public library, which has a capacity of ten thousand books, two public schools, and a high school, two banks, seven grocery stores, three dry-goods stores, three drug stores, three candy stores, two book stores, one crockery store, two jewelry stores, one racket store, one men's clothing store, three hardware stores, three cigar stores, two meat markets, two bakeries, two millinery stores, two hotels, two newspapers (a daily and a weekly), a foundry, a flour mill, two garages, and I am sorry to say, eighteen saloons, but we are trying to close them and hope to succeed soon. We have one Roman Catholic church and five Protestant churches, counting the one for colored people.

We are soon to have a new hall of records, to cost about forty-five thousand dollars.

A little over a year ago, the progressive element of the county, organized a "League of Commerce." They hired a secretary, late from Chicago, to advertise the wonderful lands of Colusa county and the products grown. I was selected as assistant secretary. Last November, the secretary resigned and I was chosen acting secretary, and have been holding the position ever since. You will see, at the heading of this letter, Uncle Charlie, that we chose the four leaf clover with a "Q" in the center of each leaf, as our emblem and the county has become widely known, as "The County of Good Luck." Now my dear uncle and cousins, see what an "extinguished" niece and cousin you will have, if I am allowed to make one of the family.

God bless you and the good work you are doing. May you live long, to keep it up, is the prayer of Your loving niece, ISABEL WHITNEY.

Isabel, your letter is beautifully typed, on swell stationery. I am very much interested in Colusa, and more especially in you. I am glad you have lemon trees on your street. I wish we had them in Augusta, Maine then I could spend all my time handing lemons to the bewhiskered aborigines of this section. I am greatly interested in the stores you have in your city. I notice you only have one men's clothing store to seven grocery stores. It is evident from this that the inside of your city pay more attention to the inside of the body than the outside. Eighteen saloons to one clothing store! Great Heavens! what a proportion. It is evident that the gentlemen of Colusa spend so much time liquoring up, that they have very little money left for clothing. I am kind of worried about your new hall of records as I fear some of your citizens may want to put my record in it. The roof of that building will fall in if they do. There was great excitement in this town the other day. I ran down the middle of the street shouting that I had broken a record. As everybody in Maine is very proud of me, I don't think the whole city turned out to see what record I had broken. All the newspapers got out a special edition: "Uncle Charlie breaks another record." Then five thousand of our most distinguished Eskimos asked me to inform them what was the nature of my latest and most brilliant accomplishment, which had brought more fame to this annex of the North Pole. I said: "Gentlemen, don't get excited, the record I have broken is only a phonograph record." Then they threw stones at my chicken coop and went home in disgust. I hope Isabel when you get your hall of records built, that you will send me a bunch of the very latest. A few coin songs and some operatic selections will do for me, don't forget. So you had to go to Chicago to get a secretary to advertise the wonders of Colusa county. I suppose you could not find a local Ananias, who would jeopardize his soul sufficiently to do justice to your marvellous county.

I have always wondered where the individuals came from who composed these delicious dope booklets which boom the various sections beyond the Mississippi. Many a time after reading one of these booklets I have rushed off, expecting to butt into a paradise, a dream city, flourishing in a desert, surrounded by sage brush, prairie dogs and rattlesnakes. Isabel, I hope that you, as assistant secretary of Colusa county are not engaged in this nefarious business of making Ananias look like a common piker. You say you have two banks in your city. I presume they are the East and West banks of the Sacramento river? Am I right? I hope you will not get tired holding your position, Isabel. If you do, I will come and hold it for you. You are right, handsome is as handsome does, and you have done handsomely. TRYON, N. C.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE: Will you admit a young southern girl into your charming circle? I am five feet, five inches tall, weigh one hundred and thirty pounds, have black hair, blue eyes, and rather dark complexion. I am down here right at the line of South Carolina, it is a beautiful place, and is very warm.

The other day we could see snow on the high mountains all back North, and not a drop here in Tryon. Isn't it fun to be where the snow never falls?

Uncle, I do so wish you could come to Tryon and get out mouthful of my cooking. You would be so delighted to know you had a niece that can cook as I do. Everyone that comes to our house says I can make the best oyster soup of anyone, and bread, pies, and cakes are my chief delight. I can't never tell you all I have learned since I came down here.

My home is at Arden, N. C., and on the French Broad river. The loveliest place you ever saw. Last summer when I was at home we girls and boys would go fishing and take boat rides. One day I fell out.

Oh! I was frightened to death for a few minutes. I had to crawl out in the mud—I was a site. Now uncle, I want to tell you how much good your letter did me after I came down here. I was very much offended at a young man and had planned to do him some mischief. But when I read your letter I decided you were right, and that God did see every thing we did. I'm trying to follow the rules and hope all the cousins will do likewise. My button is a "darling," every time I look at it, I can't help but think of dear Uncle Charlie. With love to all the cousins and you uncle, your loving niece, CLAUDIA S. ISRAEL (No. 20,899).

Claudia, I am always charmed to welcome a southern girl into our sunny circle especially those who are good cooks. I just love good-cooks. Maria is an excellent cook, she cooks coffee splendidly when we have any. The trouble is she is a little careless in her cooking, and usually at dinner-time I dig my one sock out of the coffee pot, and my rubber shoe out of the stew. The only sauce we have on our table is sauce from the cook, and we get a good deal of that. You say you "cannot never tell" us all you have learned. There is the double negative again. I am very glad you escaped from drowning when you were boating on the French Broad river, but I don't understand what you mean when you say you crawled out of the mud and were a "site." What kind of a site were you, a town site or a house site? My dictionary says that a site is a plot of land for building on. I cannot imagine that you ever looked anything like a plot of land for building on, though if you were covered with mud, maybe you did look more like real estate than a human. If ever you do become a "site" Claudia, let me know, and I will come and build a dear little cottage right in the middle of your heart, and I will live there in peace and bliss with you forevermore. Isn't that poetic? I am glad my teachings have done you some good, and am exceedingly pleased to know you did that young man no bodily harm. You say you "planned" to do him some mischief. From this I infer that you are as good a carpenter as you are a cook. What was your idea in "planning" to do him some mischief? Were you going to soak him with a plane, or were you going to plane a piece of wood to swat him with? You will have to explain about the plane, and make it plain, as this matter must be cleared up. I should like to come to Tryon and try on one of your oyster stews, I think it would fit me fine. I have a great deal of sympathy for oysters, I have been in so many stews myself that I can pity them.

SUNNY HILL, LA.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE: I propose to touch upon my experience in going from the country to a city to earn my bread, and as I thought, to make a financial success, although the latter smirch proved false.

During my youth and until I was eighteen years of age, I lived on a farm and in the short intervals between each farming period, I attended school two miles from home, walking the distance every day, and returning at night to do the necessary chores and errands that accumulate around a country place. Well, this continued until I was eighteen, when I began to think I was a man, but alas! such was not the case. At this age I entered the city to take a short business course, attracted by an alluring advertisement of what students could earn in the business world after completing a course at this institution. So I went, and after several months of diligent study, I mastered bookkeeping. Then the struggle for a position began in earnest. I searched high and low for employment but failed to get any, finally, when almost in despair I secured employment with a small firm at very low wages. Now, I was sure of success, but to my horror I found that expenses were so high I could barely earn my bread, and then goaded to desperation by frequent quarrels with my employers, I gave up my position and returned to the farm; a poorer but a wiser man.

If any of the cousins would like to correspond, I most cordially invite you to write and will answer all letters, especially those from the fair sex.

With best wishes to all, I remain, your loving nephew, ROBT. M. BEELAND.

Robert, I am deeply interested in your letter, and I know the cousins will be also. I should like to get more letters like this, for letters of experience are always interesting. Do not be discouraged, your letter is nicely written, and you have both courage and character. Now as regards your experience in the city. Book-keeping at the best is a poorly paid business. There are hundreds of men walking around New York City today, fighting to get a chance at a bookkeeper's job at "ten" a week. So-called genteel positions are always eagerly sought after. Office work does not require any brilliant intellect, or any great amount of genius. The people who take it up are usually those who have not the manhood to learn a trade, nor the capital to start in business, or the brains to enter a profession. The man at the desk figures up the tens of thousands his boss has made in profits, but he is never able to figure out where the money is coming from to keep him out of the poorhouse, when he gets near the fifty year mark. I would not advise any boy to take up this line of work. The European bookkeeper is lucky if he can get \$10 a week. The New York bookkeeper begins at \$12 and after ten years of faithful service, gets \$25 and there, usually, he stops. You boys should learn trades. Bookkeepers are necessary, but they are not producers. The skilled mechanic, plasterer, brick layer, machinist, iron worker, mason, etc., these are the men that the world needs. Tens of thousands of young Englishmen, college men, have docked out to Canada, Northwest with the idea of making piles of money by office work. The majority of them have had to write pitiful letters home, begging for money to pay their passage back to Europe. The Northwest wants the man with the plow, not the man with the pen, the man with the pick and shovel, and the strong right arm, the man who can wield the axe, drive a team, raise stock, and turn the wilderness into a garden. It does not want pale-faced pen wielders with the veneer of gentility on them, who think manual labor beneath them. No man should ever leave the farm for the office desk. The office has a future, the office man as a rule has none, he will only be kicked out when he is old. I know a woman, living four miles from a city of twelve thousand people in Kentucky, who had one acre of ground plowed up on which she raised tomatoes. Though a semi-invalid, she drove into the city in a buggy, and made from \$5 to \$8 a day selling tomatoes. She wrote me and said: "I wonder how many people having salaried positions in offices get as much, and no one to boss me." Boys stay on the land. In the majority of cases you will have no one to fight with, and if you use brains and brawn, you will be your own boss, you will have the blue skies above you, the green fields about you, fresh air to breathe, milk, butter, eggs and poultry to eat, and rugged health and independence, something the salaried man in the city never has.

466 Oak St., NEW HAVEN, CONN., Jan. 22, 1908.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE: I have just finished reading one of the "Sis Hopkins" books, and say Charlie, for humor, you have them all beat a mile.

I am going with a girl now, and she's a peach, with pink and white complexion and brown eyes, and oh, such a smile! It would soften the heart of an Egyptian mummy. I work for the Winchester Arms Co. here, they ship arms to all parts of the world.

I am twenty years old, five feet, eight inches tall, and weigh one hundred and fifty pounds. I should be pleased to hear from all the cousins who care to write. Your cousin, FRANK MANNING.

Thank you Frank for your compliment. You are right, when it comes to fun, we have got all the other bunch skinned to death. However, they get the money and we get the laughs. I am glad your sweetheart has a nice smile. I trust it will be the smile that won't come off. My sweetheart's nice smile had been a "ten spelt", then they gave me the frozen heart and icy mit, and the sweet smile vanished up the flue. I am glad to hear you work for the Winchester Arms Company. Now that Leap Year is here and I am getting three or four hundred proposals a day (all of which I have accepted), I feel an ardent interest in having an arms factory for unless

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 10.)

ONLY A GIRL or, From Rags to Riches

By Fred Thorpe

Author of "The Silent City," "Frank, the Free Lance," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XXX.

THE WAY OF THE TRANSGRESSOR.

MRS. FAIRLEIGH stood as if rooted to the spot, gazing at the mysterious apparition. Her blood ran cold as she looked upon the ghastly features of the man in whose bosom she had buried the murderous knife, she trembled from head to foot a low moan issued from her pallid lips.

"The end is not yet," came in low, measured accents from its lips. "Do not think that your crime will go unpunished, or that the wealth you acquired by that fearful deed will bring you aught but misery."

Mrs. Fairleigh tottered forward a few steps, and fell to the floor unconscious.

The apparition did not melt into thin air as apparitions are said to do.

He advanced toward the prostrate woman with a firm, quite unghostlike step, muttering:

"Well, my dear, I fancy I gave you a scare that you won't get over in a hurry. Now, I come to see if I can find the papers. It's ten to one they're in your pocket—a woman always keeps anything that she doesn't want found in her pocket, and a pretty safe place it is, too."

Jerome Hurley—for it was he and not his ghost—bent over the woman.

A moment later an exclamation of disappointment escaped his lips.

"Not there. Well, then, to search elsewhere."

He approached a desk that stood near one of the windows.

But at that moment he was startled by the voice of Shirley Everton.

"I am certain that I heard something fall in this room."

Hurley quickly concealed himself behind a screen.

The next instant Everton entered the room, followed by Mrs. Fairleigh's maid.

"Mrs. Everton has fainted!" cried the girl, bending over her mistress.

"Would that she were dead!" muttered Everton between his set teeth.

The maid did not hear him, but Hurley did (for the millionaire stood beside the screen as she spoke), and he added beneath his breath:

"Amen to that, my boy!"

"Administer restoratives," ordered Everton as he turned to leave the room. "It is not likely that you will have any trouble in bringing her to consciousness, I think."

"No, it isn't," the girl muttered with a look at the face of her unconscious mistress that betokened anything but affection.

"Go and get a pitcher of water and dash it over her face; that'll wash off some of the paint and powder."

And she left the apartment.

"Humph!" reflected Hurley as he emerged from his place of concealment. I must make my escape before that girl gets back. I've failed tonight, but I'll succeed the next time."

He stepped to an open window overlooking the garden.

"The coast is clear," he muttered. "Here goes!"

In another moment he had reached the ground in safety; two minutes later he was hurrying down Madison Avenue.

When Mrs. Fairleigh had recovered she was questioned as to the cause of her fainting-fit by both her maid and Shirley Everton.

To all their inquiries she returned nervous, disconnected answers, and both saw that she was concealing something from them.

"Curse her!" muttered Shirley Everton, as he paced the floor of his library late that night.

"What have she and her fellow-conspirators made of me? A criminal, like themselves, a wretch who has lost even his own self-respect! Oh, that Fate would remove that woman from my path!"

The realization of his fervent wish was not far distant.

The career of the miserable woman was rapidly nearing its end.

All the next day Everton could see plainly that something of great importance to her had happened, of which he was not aware.

That evening the adventuress was seated at her desk, the "documents in the case"—Mrs. Mason's marriage certificate and the other papers—spread out before her.

Her face wore a gloomy, abstracted look.

"Can it be? Can the dead return to life to charge us with our crimes? I killed him, I heard his dying gasp, I saw his ghastly, upturned face; and he returns to torture me! Oh, is all this splendor worth the price it has cost me?"

"You do well to ask yourself that question, madam," said a low, deep voice behind her.

With a shriek Mrs. Fairleigh sprang to her feet and confronted her husband.

"Again?" she cried in a thrilling voice.

"Again," he replied, fixing his eyes upon her, "again, and again, and yet again. Henceforth you shall know no rest."

Both stood motionless.

There was a silence of a few moments, broken by a loud, shrill, blood-curdling laugh.

It issued from the lips of Mrs. Fairleigh.

Peal after peal of that maniacal laughter rang through the mansion.

"My God!" muttered Hurley, almost, panic-stricken, "she is mad!"

He seized the papers that lay upon the desk and leaped from the window. In a few moments he had effected his escape.

When the servants rushed into the room, alarmed by Mrs. Fairleigh's wild laughter, they found the wretched woman a raving maniac.

Assistance was called, and it was found necessary to employ the united strength of six men before a strait-jacket could be put upon the unfortunate creature.

Heaven could not have visited upon the heartless adventuress a more terrible punishment.

The physician—a specialist—who was called in, pronounced the case an incurable one.

Shirley Everton searched Mrs. Fairleigh's desk for the marriage certificate and the letters which he believed to be in her possession but of course he did not find them.

"She doubtless placed them in the hands of her fellow-conspirators," he said, gloomily. "I am tired from her persecutions, but the end is not yet. Those other wretches will not let me alone, and I am powerless to fight them. What shall I do?"

This question cost young Everton many an hour of anxious thought.

He was right; Mrs. Fairleigh's fellow-conspirators had no intention of letting him alone.

Jerome Hurley was a very busy man for a day or two after his wife's reason fled.

On the evening of the second day after the events just related, a rather distinguished looking elderly man entered the Bohemian resort in which we saw Hurley and his wife meet one

memorable evening and seated himself at a table.

He was somewhat English in appearance, wore his gray hair parted in the middle, affected "mutton-chop" whiskers, and was attired in the height of the prevailing style.

Having called for a "small bottle," he glanced at his watch.

"Just eight o'clock," he said. "It's time he was here. Ah, here he comes!"

CHAPTER XXXI.

"COLONEL BLAIR'S SCHEME."

The object of this exclamation was the young fellow who was flashily dressed; his face bearing the marks of recent dissipation.

Sanctuarying up to the table where the stranger sat, he said interrogatively:

"Colonel Blair?"

The first-comer inclined his head with a somewhat condescending smile.

"You are the writer of this note," pursued Harold, "requesting me to meet you at this place, and stating that you had something of importance to communicate?"

"I am," was the reply. "Be seated, sir. Walter, another glass."

Harold seated himself opposite the stranger and looked searchingly into his face.

Colonel Blair bore his gaze undimly.

"Well," he said at last with a good-humored smile, "you do not recognize me?"

"I never saw you before in my life," returned Harold.

The stranger laughed heartily.

"You are sure of that?"

"I am. I never forget a face."

"Yet you have seen mine often."

"Is it possible?"

"It is true."

"Your voice sounds familiar," said Harold, studying Colonel Blair's features intently.

"It ought to," laughed the colonel. "By the bye, have you seen our mutual friend Mrs. Fairleigh, lately?"

Harold started.

"You know her?"

"Quite as well as anyone living. But let us have an end of this nonsense. I see that my disguise is quite as effective as I could have desired. Dick Harold, I am the man whom you have known as Stanwix."

"Impossible!" cried Harold. "And yet—yes, I recognize you now! By Jove, your disguise is a miracle of art!"

"Yes, I flatter myself that it is."

"But why have you revealed it to me?"

"A natural question. I have every reason to distrust you, you think, and you wonder why I have placed myself in your hands. Well, it's a long story, but you shall hear. And now let me repeat my question; have you seen Mrs. Fairleigh lately?"

"No."

"You have heard nothing?"

"Nothing. What has happened?"

"Well, our fair friend has gone mad, that's all."

"Gone mad!" gasped Harold.

"Yes, she is incurably insane. It puts the game in my hands."

"The papers—where are they?" interrupted Harold.

"In my possession. Now I'll tell you just why I have taken you into my confidence. It is because you know so much about this confounded affair, because you have had your finger so deep in the pie. I knew that as soon as I began to bleed young Everton you would appear on the scene and attempt to bleed me, so I decided that before I began operations I would make a proposition to you."

"What proposition?"

"Just this. I mean to make a good thing out of this; I intend to strip young Everton of nearly all, and I will give you a clear fourth of all I get. Do you accept?"

"Yes," replied Harold promptly.

"You have decided wisely and without unnecessary delay. The bargain is sealed and settled then?"

"Yes; but where have you been all these weeks, Stanwix?"

"Colonel Blair, if you please."

"Colonel Blair, then."

"Well I've been laid up. The fair Mrs. Fairleigh made an attempt upon my life."

"The device?"

"Yes, she induced me to accompany her on a little ride in a coupe. While we were in the vehicle she stabbed me. Then she took a sum of money from my pocket and leaped from the carriage. A few minutes later the driver, noticing that the door was open, dismounted from his box to investigate matters. He found me just recovering consciousness. I comprehended the situation fully. I knew that I was dangerously, perhaps fatally, wounded, but I bound the driver to silence. I determined that if possible I would live to confound that miserable woman. I had the driver take me to a quiet place that I knew of, and there I was nursed back to life. My fate was, of course, a mystery to the woman who had attempted my life, but she believed me dead."

"Did you undecieve her?" asked Harold.

"No," replied his companion, with a cruel laugh. "I allowed her to believe that her crime had been a success; I appeared before her as my own ghost. It was that that drove her mad."

"Is it possible?" exclaimed Harold; "I believed her a woman of more strength of character."

"Few women have any strength of character," said "Colonel Blair"; "all are superstitious. But never mind her, we have something of more importance to think of; I have made you my partner in this speculation; now let us lay our plans."

"Everton's patience is nearly exhausted," interrupted Harold. "He has got to be handled carefully."

"True," said Hurley, "but I flatter myself that I can do it. Still he could not possibly defy us."

"But he might make things warm for us, all the same," said Harold.

"Leave all to me," said Hurley, "and be sure that it will be managed well. Your friend, Colonel Blair, is no novice in such matters."

After nearly an hour spent in a discussion of the situation the two plotters separated.

At about eight o'clock the next evening Tompkins, Shirley Everton's valet, came to his master with the information that two gentlemen were waiting to see him in the reception-room.

"One is Mr. Harold, who was called before, the other wouldn't give his name, sir."

The well-trained servant delivered his message with an air of shrewdness. He knew well enough that the visits of these mysterious strangers boded no good to his master; perhaps he guessed much more than Shirley Everton suspected.

"I will go down at once," said Everton without any display of emotion, and he left the room.

At the door of the reception-room he paused and coldly confronted his visitors.

"Ah, Mr. Everton, glad to see you looking so well," began Harold familiarly. "Permit me to introduce my friend, Colonel Algernon Blair, of the British army."

"If your friend is really an officer in the British army," said Everton, "he disgraces his uniform by being seen in the company of a scoundrel like you."

"My dear Mr. Everton," he said with a bland smile, "we are not here to exchange compliments, but to consummate a very important financial transaction. It behooves us to keep our heads cool."

"More blackmail, I suppose," said the millionaire.

"Some people would call it that, I believe," said Hurley, "and you may if you wish. I prefer to term it a delicate financial transaction. Mr. Everton, society is composed of two classes, the biter and the bitten. Unfortunately, you at present belong to the latter class. I am a member of the former, and as such I intend to do my work well."

"Undoubtedly you will," interposed Everton. "But may I request that you will state your business in as few words as possible?"

"I am a man of very few words myself," said Hurley, "and I cheerfully agree to your demand. I presume you have already guessed my business. It is in regard to the claims of one Madge Mason to the estate now held by you."

"Do you represent the young girl?" asked Everton.

"Do not, I represent only myself. Perhaps I did not express myself quite correctly. Miss Mason has made no claims, but she most assuredly would if she were possessed of the information which I could give her."

"Do you intend giving her that information?" asked Everton in the same quiet, measured tones.

"That will depend entirely upon you. Here, my dear Mr. Everton is the marriage certificate of the woman so long known as Mrs. Mason, but whose rightful name was Mrs. Shirley Everton. Here are the other papers, which were once before presented for your inspection by my young friend Harold here. What shall I do with them?"

"Will you surrender them to me?"

"Upon certain terms."

"What terms?"

"One million dollars, cash down—not a penny less. I have taken the trouble to make some inquiries about your affairs and I know that you can realize that amount in a very few days if you wish."

"You are right. But it is a large sum."

"Of course it is, but Algernon Blair never plays for low stakes. Remember, Mr. Everton, this is the last call. Pay me the million dollars and you shall have the papers; refuse and I will see what terms I can make with Miss Mason."

"I accept your terms," said Everton.

"Very good," returned Hurley, trying to conceal his exultation. "When will you be ready with the cash?"

"This is Tuesday evening; can you call Thursday afternoon at four?"

"Yes."

"Do so: I will be ready for you."

Hurley and Harold rose to take their leave.

"You have decided wisely, Mr. Everton," said the former. "On Thursday evening the skeleton in your closet will crumble to dust. Until that eventful night, *adieu*!"

"Yes," said Everton, a peculiar smile on his lips as the door closed behind his visitor; "on that evening the skeleton will disappear forever."

CHAPTER XXXII.

AND LAST.

Somehow the relations between Madge Mason and Ralph Straight became even more strained after her great success as an actress.

Ralph was colder and more distant in his manner toward the girl than he was to many strangers.

And now that Madge was a popular actress, in receipt of a large salary and with the brightest prospects, she seemed as far removed from him as a star in the blue firmament above.

He became moody and abstracted, it seemed to be a constant struggle to him to even keep up an interest in his work. His mother and sister were much troubled at this, and there was another who shed many a secret tear at her friend's seeming estrangement.

Need we say that this one was Madge?

But a change came at last. One evening Ralph returned from work with a radiant face.

Rushing with boyish impetuosity into the parlor where Madge was seated alone, he cried:

"I've glorious news! What do you think, Madge? Mr. Stanley called me into his private office today and said to me: 'Straight, you've been a faithful employe of this house for years, and I am going to show you that I appreciate your fidelity. I am an old man, I have no son, no heirs, and I am going to make you my partner.'"

"His partner," cried Madge, a flush of joy rising to her cheeks.

"Yes, Madge. He had the papers all made out, and I signed them. There are certain just conditions with which I must comply, but I am sure of an income of at least six thousand a year."

"Oh, Ralph, isn't that splendid!" And Madge clasped her hands in childish glee.

The young man took one of those little hands in his own.

"Do you know what thought makes me happiest of all, Madge?" he asked gently. "It is that this unexpected piece of good fortune bridges over the gulf between us."

Madge looked at him with wide-open eyes.

"I did not know that there was any gulf between us," she said.

"But I realized it, if you did not. You were, from a worldly standpoint, in a far better position than I; now we are equal, and I can ask you the question that has trembled on my lips these many weeks. You are too young to marry now, Madge, but when two years have passed, and the contract you have signed has expired, will you enter into another one with me?"

"Yes, Ralph," was Madge's answer, as her frank eyes sought those of her companion, "for I believe you to be the noblest, best man in the world."

For some time the young couple sat and discussed their future plans.

They were at last interrupted by Mrs. Straight, who entered the room in some excitement.

"Here's a letter for you Madge," she cried, "and it was brought by a servant in livery. 'He's waiting for an answer.'"

Madge hastily tore open the envelope and scanned the communication.

Then she handed it to Ralph.

"He read it carefully, then asked:

"Do you mean to go?"

"Yes, if you will go with me."

"I?"

"Yes, Ralph. It is a mysterious summons, but I do not fear to obey it if you are by my side."

"I will go, Madge; and I have a presentiment that this strange meeting will result in some great good to you."

At four o'clock Thursday afternoon the pseudo Colonel Blair and Richard Harold presented themselves at the Everton mansion.

They were met in the reception-room by Shirley Everton.

The millionaire's face was very pale, and wore an expression that somehow made Hurley, who was not without skill as a physiognomist, somewhat uneasy.

"You are prompt," said their host quietly.

"Be seated."

"We have no time to waste," said Hurley. "Are you ready with the money?"

"I am quite ready for you," replied Everton in the same calm, unmoved manner. "Be seated and let us talk this matter over."

Hurley and Harold seated themselves and the former said:

"I don't see the need of any more talk. Everything is understood."

"Yes," replied Everton, "everything is understood. But I wish to glance at the situation a moment."

"Oh," laughed Hurley, "everything is thoroughly understood, make no mistake about that. But go on, have your say."

"Years ago," began Shirley Everton—"many years before his marriage with my mother—my father married a woman whose purity, whose goodness were her only dowry."

"Very nicely put," interrupted Hurley, "but get to the point. I am not here to listen to your genealogical record."

"My father and his first wife, who was known as Mrs. Mason," continued Everton with unmoved countenance, "had one child, a girl. Her name was Madge."

"We know all that," interposed Hurley again. "Her name was Madge Mason, her father disowned her and discarded her mother. She is the rightful owner of this estate, but she doesn't know it. In order that she may never know it you have promised to pay me the sum of one million dollars, and I am here to collect the amount. And now that we have had the whole story, suppose you hand over the money."

"Wait a moment," said Everton, "there is one alternative."

"There is none," replied Hurley; "unless you are willing to surrender the entire fortune to your half sister, Madge Mason."

"I am willing to do that," replied Shirley.

Then, stepping quickly to the curtains that divided the room from the adjoining apartment, he said:

"Enter, if you please, Miss Mason. You have heard all; it was for that purpose that I summoned you to this house. For weeks I have been the victim of these wretches; they have tormented me to the point of desperation. At last a way of escaping them occurred to me; it was to surrender all to you. The fortune that I possess is yours by right, I give it to you freely."

The expression upon the faces of the different actors in our drama would have been a study for a painter.

Upon that of Hurley, baffled rage; upon Harold's, utter bewilderment.

Madge's countenance wore a look of mingled pity and surprise; and the face of Ralph—who had accompanied her—depicted only anger and disgust.

As for Everton, his face was illumined with an expression of almost sublime self-resignation.

"My life," he went on, "has been a failure. That it is so is partly due to myself, partly to those to whom I owe my existence. I am penniless, nameless. But the end is near."

As he spoke he suddenly drew a revolver from his pocket and pressed it against his forehead.

But before he could touch the trigger Madge sprang forward and wrested the weapon from his grasp.

"Suicide," she cried, fearlessly confronting him, "is the act of a coward. I will not believe that my brother is a coward."

She extended her hand; Shirley Everton grasped it.

The Pretty Girls' Club

Conducted by Katherine Booth

How to Have Beautiful Eyes

TO have bright healthy eyes is the wish of every woman's heart and yet so ignorant are they of the proper way to care for their eyes and protect them from injury, that the world is full of women (and men too for that matter) with lack luster, tired, faded-out eyes, and a pessimistic air.

Nothing makes one feel quite so forlorn and blue as to have a pair of optics busily engaged in causing you as much annoyance as possible and it doesn't help matters at all, to dig your fists into them so vigorously that when you do at last give them a chance to see the world it is a waltzing, shaky old world with great black spots dotted here and there, and then, by way of adding insult to injury, you exclaim, "Well I don't know what in the world is the matter with my eyes!" Yet you are the person who sits up late every night with a dim trembling light and a piece of elaborate sewing or perhaps you prefer the twilight and a good book and can see "quite well, really," long after sensible people have lighted the lamps. There are many weird and interesting ways of ruining your eyesight but the two methods described above are the most common.

Resting the eyes is a wonderful help. So few people in this busy world of ours ever think of giving their eyes a little "breathing spell" during the day. Try to get in the habit of resting your eyes just for a moment every few hours each day. Let your arms and body relax absolutely, close your eyes and think of something pleasant. When the minute is up you will find your eyes feeling almost like new.

You should also change the accommodation of your eyes frequently; when about your daily tasks occasionally lift your eyes from your work and look out of the window as far as you can see. The boys on the plains of the West are noted for their keenness of sight which is accounted for by the fact that their work necessitates changing the accommodation of their eyes many times during the day.

The state of your general health may be learned from the appearance of your eyelids. Dark circles and discolorations underneath the eyes may denote eyestrain, stomach trouble, blood changes or some female trouble, and the affected person should consult a good, reliable doctor at once and find out the why and wherefore. If your doctor should say your eyes need glasses, don't be obstinate and say you hate them and don't ever intend to wear them! If your eyes are tired out and fail to wear glasses. If your eyes are not in a very bad state you may find it will be only necessary to wear glasses for a few months, by which time your eyes will have been sufficiently strengthened so your "specs" can be safely discarded. I had this experience myself so that I know whereof I speak. One word of caution, girls. Be sure that your glasses suit your eyes perfectly as much trouble has been the result of poorly fitting glasses. In cases of this kind you will find that that which is cheapest to go to the best oculist in town.

If you want to have the eyes of a young girl be careful not to read while traveling or in the cars. I see so many girls and women reading on the trains and I often wonder what their eyes will look and feel like twenty years from now and whether the "game is worth the candle." I think not.

You should try not to rub your eyes, as this frequently causes inflammation which may or may not be serious. If you feel that it is absolutely necessary to rub your eyes be sure and remember to rub toward the nose and never toward the temple. Also it is well to remember that a strong pressure upon the eyes flattens the eyeball and consequently shortens the sight.

If you are troubled with dark spots zig-zagging in front of your eyes you can be reasonably sure that this denotes some internal derangement, although these dark spots are sometimes present in perfectly well eyes.

If the edge of the eyelid is red or there are little white scales at the roots of the lashes, it may mean simply that your eyes have been used too much, or on the other hand, it may signify that eyestrain is present and glasses are necessary.

Below I quote a little rhyme which is much to the point.

Things Hurtful to the Sight

"Much bathing, blustering winds and wine
And wounds, or any serious blows, in fine,
Wine, lentils, pepper, mustard, also beans,
Ginger and onions—by such hurtful means,
With too much labor amid dust and smoke,
Weeping or watching fires, we thus invoke,
With long exposure to the noonday sun,
The direst wrongs that can to sight be done;
But vigils are, by far, more noxious still,
Than any form of single-mentioned ill."

Questions and Answers

BY KATHERINE BOOTH.

Violet Marshall.—A good home remedy for freckles is horseradish lotion. Scrape a teaspoonful of horseradish into a cup of sour milk, and let it stand six hours before using. Apply two or three times a day. You weigh about eight pounds too much. You are not tall. As your face is round and full, I would advise your wearing your hair in a pompadour. Massage your scalp with vaseline every third night for fifteen minutes. This will make your hair grow longer. Ask as many questions as you like, my dear. The more the merrier.

Calico Eyes.—Judging from your measurements and weight, you are about perfect. Your bust is not any too large, but if you must reduce it, massage with violet vinegar fifteen minutes night and morning. Remember that heavy massage reduces and light massage plumps. I do not think washing the hair twice a month is too much. When it grows oily and uncomfortable looking, it should be washed. Clip the split ends. The difference in climate affected your hair. Why not take the real sulphur and molasses for the pimples? You know what you are getting there. You seem to live very sensibly.

F. G. R.—You should weigh about one hundred and thirty-five pounds. Massage your wrinkles across the lines. To bleach arms and hands and soften the latter, rub in pure honey. I think you can wear any colors except dark blue, red and vivid yellow. Your fingers cannot be strengthened. Brush your teeth with lemon juice to remove black streaks. Almost all mixed with water and spread on face, is a very fine bleach. Do not use the prescription.

Kitty.—For red face you should drink lots of cool water, take a cold bath every morning and see that your cuffs, collars and shoes are comfortably loose. You can wear almost any color but red and dark blue. Pink should be becoming, but it must be a pale color. Massage your scalp with vaseline every night to make your hair grow thicker and longer. We cannot mention names in this department.

Ed. N. Dak.—I do not advise your using the skin food you mention. It is too strong. Gray hair may be caused by ill health, or it may be hereditary. You could dye your hair, but otherwise there is no cure. Use whenever the hair seems dry.

Girls.—As your face is oily, wipe it off several times a day with a soft cloth dipped in alcohol. Perhaps you wear your clothes too snug. That would account for your red face, or eating rich, greasy foods would also cause it. You weigh about right for your height. Your dresses should be worn to your shoe-tops as you are but fifteen years old. Sample of hair not inclosed.

Lalla.—As your complexion is muddy, you should drink two glasses of hot water half an hour before each meal, and before going to bed. This will clear your skin and give you rosy cheeks. For constipation, I advise a cupful of sterilized medicinal bran each night. It must be chewed thoroughly. Take it with cream, as you would eat a breakfast cereal.

Elizabeth.—Judging from what you say, I should think your teeth were slightly decayed. They should be attended to. Rats, by heating the scalp, cause the hair to fall out, but while this does happen, it is not always the case. If the Ammonia burns your skin so, you should not use it. To remove irritation massage with honey as this will make the hair grow.

Jimmie.—The only way you can quickly develop arms and legs is to take the Milk Diet, or you can massage them with olive oil every day, but this takes time. The only way to make your skin smooth and free from "pits," is to massage every day with skin food. See hot-water cure recommended to "Lalla." Listerine and water will clear your throat nicely. Use it three times a day. You must keep your hands soft and supple with olive oil, in which they cannot "crack" as you call it.

Blondee.—Your letter received and interests me. I should hardly imagine you had anything but weak lungs. Now what the big doctors in Chicago, New York and Philadelphia advise in cases like this is—rest, fresh air and good food, and plenty of it. You should eat three good meals each day (broiled steaks, baked potatoes, fresh vegetables). For desserts, custards, rice pudding, baked apples, tapioca pudding. Bacon is fattening and mutton chops and chops (broiled) are good. Eat nothing fried, and remember that veal and pork contain no nourishment. If you could take a raw egg before each meal and drink lots of milk (say two quarts), you would be doing what the big doctors advise nowadays for lung trouble. You would not work such long hours and you should insist on one hour at noon. Eat as much as you can, and eggs and milk in addition. Keep your windows open all night, and if you could stop work for a month, it would do wonders.

Curly Head.—Should not advise your using that neck bleach. Tie your hair with black, blue, white or pink ribbons. Do not use red ribbons.

P. A. B.—Use Gowland's Lotion, but be careful. It is poison if taken internally. As far as I can judge you are wearing your hair about as becomingly as you can. You might try wearing it in an all round pompadour, and the back hair in puffs on the crown of the head. Your waist is too big for your other measurements. You really weigh about right for your height. You don't need the Milk Diet, as you are plump enough. When you are stronger, you will plump up in neck and bust and then your average will be all right.

A. Panay.—Thank you for the picture. I think you should wear your hair in a pretty fluffy pompadour. Try it and see if it isn't becoming. As you are taking the Milk Diet and are getting fat on it, you won't need any skin food to plump up your face. Wear your dresses just to your ankles. Yes, you can wear black velvet ribbon around your neck, or a little string of beads. You must cut off the split ends of your hair.

N. E. P. La Crosse.—I do not answer letters personally. You are too thin, and should drink four quarts of sweet milk a day and eat two good meals. If you have a bad breath, drink a cup of hot water before each meal.

Jessie E.—If your hair flies too much, wear a hair net. There is no other way. I am sorry to say. The latest and most fashionable dressing of the hair is to wear it in an all round pompadour. Your hands will naturally perspire in summer, but powdering them occasionally will help you. You can bleach your arms and hands by bathing them in sour milk. To reduce the abdomen and hips, try this exercise: Stand erect with arms outstretched before you. Now bend until the tips of your fingers touch the floor. You must keep your knees rigid. Repeat this exercise for fifteen minutes night and morning.

Pearl.—No envelope inclosed. You must wash your face thoroughly every night before going to bed, and massage with skin food three times a week. Spread soap jelly over your face and neck (I have given directions for making it previously), and after it has remained on for ten or fifteen minutes, wash with tepid water and massage with skin food. Do this until your blackheads disappear.

Guinda, Cal.—You are too thin for your height. You should weigh about one hundred and forty, and your bust should be thirty-eight or forty, your hips about forty-three, your waist about twenty-four and one eighth to twenty-five. You should wear your dresses to your ankles. Do not part your hair. Wear it in a round pompadour. I think you for the pretty picture.

Discouraged One, Arkansas, Merry Widow, Mrs. Harry, Mrs. Maud, Lella, M. R. S., and those interested in Bust Development.—A good way of developing the bust is to take Dr. Vaucal's Remedy for atrophied Breasts. The formula is as follows:

Liquid extract of galdga (goat's rue), ten grams; lacto-phosphate of lime, ten grams; tincture of fennel, ten grams; simple syrup, four hundred grams.

The dose is two soup-spoonfuls in water before every meal. The progress is remarkable, but the remedy must be taken several months. Massaging the bust gently with skin food night and morning will help matters. The fingers or palm may be used in this massage. The massage must always be given in an upward direction so as to keep the breasts in place. After massaging, dash cold water on breasts and neck and this will firm them. To get this formula filled, will cost (I think) anywhere from fifty cents to one dollar. The Vaucal's Remedy is considered as harmless. The Milk Diet will plump the bust much more rapidly.

Miss Jennie B., L. Z. R., Miss Nellie, Mrs. Fannie M., Florence, Lena McC., Verna and others interested in flesh reducing.—So many people have written in this time asking how to reduce themselves, that I will have to answer all in one. I do not think that the average person has much success in reducing by exercise, etc., so I'm going to give you a new way. Stop all meals, and drink one and one half quarts of milk each day. Take a glassful for breakfast, one in the middle of the forenoon, one at noon, one in the middle of the forenoon, one at dinner time, and one at bedtime in the evening. Drink as little water as possible. You can also eat salted crackers with the milk. This treatment will reduce, and is given in Milk Sanitariums for reducing of flesh. Try it. Massaging with aromatic or toilet vinegar will reduce the bust. I do not sell it.

Sad Girl.—You might try hot baths to reduce you. As diet doesn't help you and as you evidently exercise all the time, I can think of nothing else. Try hot baths, so hot that you perspire freely.

Bertha J.—Much obliged for the formula. I think it sounds as if it would do the trick, although of course I do not know as I have not heard of it before. Olive oil or any oily substance might make hair grow. If you want to soften and whiten the hands use honey.

Hattie B.—Your hair is a golden red, and is very pretty. You do not brush it too much. For dandruff, massage scalp with vaseline.

Anna H.—I certainly am glad to hear from you. You can wear almost any color—white, blue, pink, corn-color, cream, purple, lavender, etc. I think your hair in an all round pompadour would be pretty and it is very fashionable.

A. Missouri Girl.—As you are so young, your hair must be turning gray because your health is poor, or it has not been properly cared for. See that you eat plenty of nourishing food, take plenty of exercise and try massaging your scalp with vaseline.

A. R.—Neither Bay Rum nor Alcohol are injurious to the hair, if combined with the other ingredients. Nearly all hair tonics have alcohol in them.

Worried Ma.—Your question about superfluous hair

has been answered in every issue of the paper. If you use the Peroxide of Hydrogen and Ammonia Cure, it may take anywhere from four to seven months, and it destroys the growth permanently. Your face may be red because you eat too rich food. Avoid rich desserts, gravies, candies, pickles, etc. Try taking cold baths each day and drinking cool water. This will help your trouble. You cannot change the shape of your nose now. I don't believe you've such a bad nose as you think.

Mrs. Mamie T., A. J. M., F. W., M. B. J., Tenna, and those interested in superfluous hair.—A good cure for superfluous hair is to apply Aqua Ammonia to the hairy spot one day, and Peroxide of Hydrogen the next. Aqua Ammonia kills the hair roots and the peroxide bleaches it to invisibility. This cure may take anywhere from four to seven months, probably more, if the hair is unusually strong. However, it will fall out eventually, and when it does that, it means that the roots are dead and consequently no more hair can appear. Buy the weaker strength of Aqua Ammonia at first, then buy the next strength of Aqua Ammonia. If you have a very sensitive skin do not use this treatment. I do not advise its use for heavy eyebrows as you might accidentally drop ammonia into the eye. This treatment is not injurious unless the skin is exceptionally tender. Do not mix the Peroxide and Ammonia. They must be used separately on alternate days.

Mrs. Ora B., Sunflower, Homely Violet and others who are troubled with pimples.—A wonderfully prompt remedy for pimples is the following steam bath: Fill a copper vessel with boiling water, then stretch across the top a piece of tin on which place a hot saucer full of sulphur. Now throw a small sheet over your head and steam your face thoroughly. Do this every day. In conjunction with this treatment, try my hot water cure, bathe every day, exercise and be careful not to eat rich, greasy foods, candies, pickles, etc. If the pimples leave little "pits," massage every day with skin food.

Kind Blue Eyes, H. L. H., and those who have written about blackheads.—The following is a very fine ointment for blackheads, and must be rubbed thoroughly into the skin before going to bed.

Comedone Ointment

Formula: Resorcin (dissolved in alcohol) five grams; lard (pure and fresh), one hundred grams. Rub the ointment on the face must first be thoroughly washed with Castile soap and a complexion brush. Advise hot water treatment in cases of this kind also. Also be careful to bathe regularly. Exercise and eat only healthy, plain foods.

Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6.)

When the skin on the neck becomes a little sore, skip one night, then apply it again. If this remedy is resorted to for tonsillitis, even a small child is at once relieved, hence my desire that it should be made known through such a widely circulated paper as COMFORT.

I deeply sympathize with the shut-ins; we cannot give them too much thought.

Just one last thought and I will close. I like housework and can do most anything such as cooking, baking, sweeping, etc.

Teach the girls when small to do housework, to bake especially, for there is so much to learn. I do my own dressmaking and enjoy it, do fancy work am always busy. I also like music have a piano and take vocal and instrumental lessons.

I send you all a host of good wishes, and hope that Mrs. Wilkinson may have many happy days. Miss ESTHER ALEXANDER, Brownsville, R. D. 1, Wis.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

I wrote to you a year ago but my name only appeared in the shut-in list. However, it afforded me much pleasure to be remembered so kindly by our dear COMFORT sisters. I wish I could write to each one personally but this I am denied as I suffer so much with my head and thank you all through the paper.

Mrs. Sibley. You have no idea how much you have done to brighten a lonely life; and Bessie Fox, I surely enjoyed the post cards, but only have seventy-three. I hope to receive many more. To Mrs. Thurston and Mrs. Hodge, I want to thank you too, and all of you who wrote or sent me reading material. I can only say, may He who said, "Cast thy bread upon the waters," remember and bless you for your goodness. I am confined to my bed at least half my time and to the house all the time now, and anything to pass the time will be appreciated. I am a COMFORT reader, and think our paper has just the right name.

Mrs. Wibbins. I received the pillow top and think it nice, all of you write to me, I do love to get letters. They are so good and full of comfort. When I get stronger I aim to write a good long letter to the corner and give some helpful hints. I can do all sorts of fancy work and can give some hints that will be useful.

ORELLA MCKENZIE, Carlton, Texas.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

Words cannot express the pleasure I derive each month from the many interesting letters which appear in our corner. I have been a silent reader of COMFORT for a number of years and feel I cannot live without it.

I came from southern Iowa to this state just one year ago. South Dakota is a part of the great Louisiana purchase which Jefferson bought for \$15,000,000. The first farms were opened in what is now the state less than forty years ago, but not until 1880 and 1883 did the settlers begin to come in very great numbers. Dakota territory was divided in the year 1889. The Black Hills, which are in the western part of this state are noted for their rich valleys and gold mines. They are most interesting, one hundred square miles of country which I hope to visit some day. The thousands of acres of prairie, which furnished grass and hay for the many hundred head of range cattle are now being taken up by homesteaders from every state in the Union. I could go on and tell so much about our new country but feel I cannot take space from our more talented sisters.

I was married the 18th of last December, and as I am a young housekeeper I find many helpful hints in our corner. We are living on a claim just three miles from Ottumwa, a small town just one year old and twenty-three miles from Midland, our nearest railroad station and sixty miles from Pierre, the capital of this state. We have a good climate and anyone having asthma or catarrh will surely find relief here, as have been the people here to my knowledge who have been benefited wonderfully in the past year. I am a lover of all kinds of fancy work and am very much interested in the fancy work department.

What an odd centerpiece in our April number! I think I shall make one like it sometime. I sympathize with our suffering shut-ins. Let us do all in our power to make others less fortunate than ourselves, happy, remembering the words of our Saviour, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these my brethren ye have done it unto me."

Were any of the sisters ever troubled with eczema on the palms of their hands and found a permanent cure, if so please write me, as my mother has been troubled with it for a number of years and doctors for it all the time but does not seem to find a cure.

Anyone troubled with ringworm will find a cure by taking a piece of brown butcher's paper and rolling it up and setting a match to it and holding it against an axe until all burned then there will be a kind of salve left on the axe, then quickly put this on the affected part and leave on a few days until cured or if desired one can wash it off each morning in warm water not hot and repeat the application.

Will all who can, send me a souvenir post card for my 21st birthday anniversary, October 28?

Wishing Mrs. Wilkinson, COMFORT and its many readers, success I remain,
Mrs. OLA DEWEY, Ottumwa, Stanley Co., South Dakota.

Tested Recipes from Comfort Sisters

The writer's name or initials will appear at the end of one or more of the recipes.—Editor.

Stuffed Cucumber Salad

Peel the cucumbers and cut in two lengthwise; scrape from each half with a sharp knife all the seeds and in the cavity put this mixture: Take one small tender leaf of new cabbage, two or three fine lettuce leaves half a dozen pitted olives, two or three sprigs of parsley, some sprays of water cress and chop rather fine; dress them with oil, vinegar, pepper, and salt in the usual proportions, and add, if you like, a bit of horseradish.

Strawberry Salad

Choose from the hear, leaves of a nice head of lettuce and make cups of two leaves, stems crossed. Heap a few strawberries in the center, dust lightly with powdered sugar and put a teaspoonful of mayonnaise dressing on each portion.

MRS. MARGARET CASEY.

Green Corn Pudding

Cut off the kernels and mix with milk; add two eggs, a little sugar and one half teaspoonful of salt. Bake two hours at least. Eat with cold sauce.

Egg Pudding

One half pound dried figs, chopped fine, three fourths cupful of sugar, one cupful suet chopped fine, one teaspoonful of soda, two thirds cupful of flour, two thirds cupful bread crumbs, two eggs, etc. cup milk, one and one half teaspoonfuls baking powder, one half teaspoonful of salt, grating of nutmeg. Put into a greased mould and cover loosely. Steam four hours.

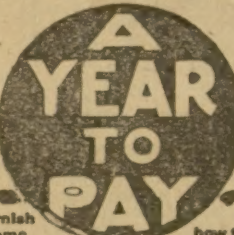
ALICE A. COLE.

Sharon Sponge Cake

Put two eggs in a coffee cup, beat until light, then fill cup with sweet cream; one cup sugar, one cup flour, one heaping spoonful baking powder, one half spoonful salt, flavor with lemon and bake in moderate oven.

MAE HARRINGTON.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 11.)



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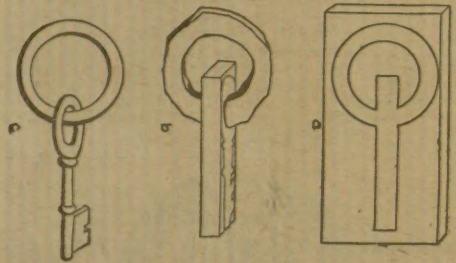
A Corner for Boys

By Uncle John

HELLO, dear nephews, how are you all after the long and glorious summer? I'll bet you have stubbed toes and sunburned backs and tanned cheeks and stubby fingers, but that is all in a lifetime and it is those small knocks and ailments that give boys backbone and make them strong, sturdy men. I expect to get acquainted with many of you, for this season the Boys' Dept. will be brighter than ever. Read it every month and write to me on any subject. Be sure and preserve this month's COMFORT. A good plan is to cut out the Corner and paste it in a book. It is made for you, boys, just for you. Good by for another month.

Whittling Stunt

Boys who love whittling, I now propose to show you how to whittle out a key and ring, inseparably attached as shown in the drawing marked "a". Uncle John himself figured this plan out when he was a boy of nine years and after some mistakes managed to execute it. The material you need is a piece of poplar, basswood, or white clear pine three by two and one half



inches thick. First mark out the diagram on the block as in "a". Next whittle away all the parts outside the pencil lines and reduce the ring to one half its original thickness as in "b". Study this drawing carefully, it is very clear. Now with the knife point begin to hack away that part of the key piece which surrounds the shank of the ring that passes through it. Go slowly and do not attempt to whittle off at one stroke a chip any larger than a grain of wheat. Once you get the parts loosened so that they move freely you may shape the key to suit yourself. Finish by rubbing with small strips of sand paper and then soak the whole thing in linseed oil for two days. You will then have an ornament that will be a credit to your ingenuity and skill.

Quick-made Motor



THE LITTLE MOTOR.

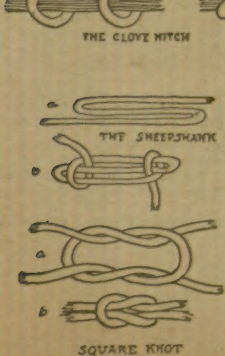
This little motor is a scientific toy to illustrate the expansive force of hot air. It is made by fixing two light sticks upright by gluing or tacking them to blocks at the base. Next slit two playing cards half across the center as shown in the smaller drawing, put them together in the form of a cross or four spoke wheel and mount on the standers, using a hatpin for an axle. Place a lighted candle under the contrivance and the hot air rising will cause the wheel to revolve rapidly. There are many powerful machines run with hot air.

Peculiar Facts about Echoes

When sound waves in air strike upon a solid surface they are reflected or thrown back towards the spot from which they emanated and thus produce an echo. It is not possible to pronounce or hear more than five syllables in a second and as sound travels at the rate of 1,090 feet a second it follows that it will traverse 218 feet in one fifth of a second. If, then, an obstacle be placed at a distance of 109 feet sound will go to it and return in one fifth of a second. At that distance only the last syllable of the echo will reach the ear after the sentence is pronounced. If the obstacle is 218 feet away we hear two syllables away and if 327 feet away we hear three syllables and so on. When sound is reflected at the same time from more than one surface it produces what are called multiple echoes.

Knots for Everyday Use

Out of a thousand boys or men either there are perhaps only one or two who know how to tie simple knots correctly. Watch a person tie up a parcel and you will find out how not to do it. Oh, his knot will hold all right but can he ever untie it. The three essentials of a good knot are first that it can be done instantly, second that it will hold under any strain, third that it can be untied in the fraction of a second. The top cut shows the clove hitch. It can be tied with one hand and is the proper knot to use in tying a horse to a post, in fastening a beam to be dragged or elevated. Strain in either direction only tightens it, yet it may be pulled out in a jiffy. The central cuts "a" and "b" show the wonderful sheepshank, used for temporarily shortening a rope. It cannot possibly pull out while the strain is on it but a sharp jerk of the central strand pulls the whole business apart. The bottom cuts show the common square knot, used to tie two lines of any size together. It is pretty to look at and very useful. Get a piece of rope and practice those knots boys. You never learned a lesson in school that will prove more beneficial to you.



FOR EVERY DAY USE.

Some Good Problems

Boys the problems given here are the real sort. They are not catch questions in any sense and can be quickly solved if you possess sufficient "know how". Be sure and get next month's COMFORT for the answers will appear therein.

1.—A stack of hay 15 feet high contains eight tons. What is the height of a similar stack that contains 216 tons.

2.—By walking three miles an hour a boy gets to school 20 minutes late, but by walking five miles an hour he gets there 12 minutes early. Find distance from home to school.

3.—For \$1.55 a boy bought two different kinds of coffee, five pounds in all. If the better grade cost 35 cents and the poorer grade 25 cents a pound, how many pounds of each did he buy?

Bow and Arrow

This favorite weapon of all boys is best made in the following manner. Get a straight hickory stick about four feet long, smooth it carefully the whole length and taper slightly from the center towards both ends. The ends should be one half inch square. With the aid of a small saw and knife cut each end in the notched style clearly shown in Fig. 3. A heavy, tough cord is tied in these notches and drawn tightly enough to give the bow the appearance of Fig. 2. Note the notch in the center of the bow. The arrow is a plain stick notched at one end (Fig. 4) and barbed at the other (Fig. 5). The barb is made by driving a wire nail into the end, cutting off the flat head with a chisel and then sharpening it with a file, or by rubbing on stone. Feathers lashed to the rear end makes the arrow sail true to its mark. By referring to these directions you should be able to easily make this practical weapon. It is large and strong enough to hunt with.

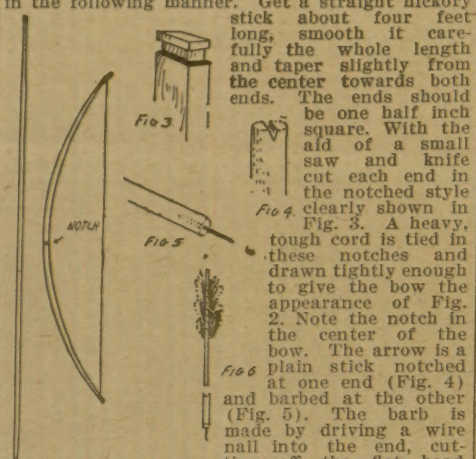


FIG. 3 THE BOY'S DELIGHT.

A Short Cut in Multiplying

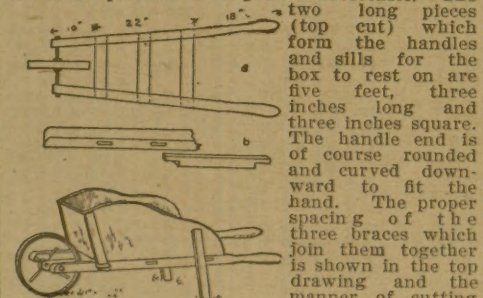
This rule will serve to lighten some of the monotony of arithmetic especially in written work. The rule given is applicable only in cases where you wish to multiply by 1 any number of two places the sum of whose digits does not exceed 10. Find the sum of the digits and place it between them. As 2×11 . The sum of the digits 7 plus 2 is 9. Placing 9 between the digits 7 and 2 we get our answer 792. Isn't that just too simple for anything? Or 54×11 . The sum of 5 and 4 is 9. Placing it between gives us 594. Should the sum of the digits exceed 10, the operation is carried out as before, but the units figure is placed between as usual and the tens column is added to the figure in the tens column. As 67×11 , 6 plus 7 equal 13, the units figure 3 placed between and tens figure 1 carried to tens column gives us 737. I would like every boy reader of COMFORT to write and tell me if they understand this perfectly. If it happens that you do not I will write you more fully.

How Grain Will Shrink

It is seldom that holding on to his grain after it is fit for market proves profitable to the farmer. Even if the price does advance the shrinkage of the product will counteract it. Wheat, from the time it is threshed, will shrink two quarts to the bushel in six months. Hence, ninety-four cents a bushel in August is as good as one dollar in the following February. Corn shrinkage is still greater. One hundred bushels of ears as they come from the field in November will be reduced to not far from eighty. Therefore forty for ear corn at husking time is as profitable to the farmer as fifty cents in March, shrinkage only considered.

A Wheelbarrow

What boy is there who has not used for a wheel barrow? The one pictured here is of simpler construction than the shop-made article but it is quite as strong and serviceable. The two long pieces (top cut) which form the handles and the box to rest on are five feet, three inches long and three inches square. The handle end is of course rounded and curved downwards to fit the hand. The proper spacing of the three braces which join them together is shown in the top drawing and the manner of cutting and mortising them in the central cut.



THE WHEELBARROW FINISHED.

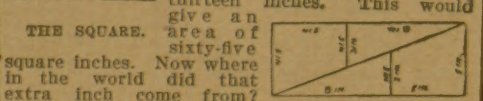
The barrow is sixteen inches wide at the front and twenty-four inches wide at the end nearest the handles. The wheel is put in place by boring holes through the front end of the sills and inserting for an axle a one inch bolt or rod. The rod will require flattening on the outside ends so it will not pull through but you need not heat it for this. Light careful hammering with a common claw hammer will rivet them if you have patience enough. The box is made of three pieces and may be either fastened securely or made so as to come out, by means of sockets and pins. A careful study of the drawings will make the text plain.

Passing the Ring

I know of no indoor game that will afford more genuine amusement than this old one called "Passing the Ring." A long string is held by the players who stand in a circle with one in the center. A ring is slipped on the string and it is rapidly passed from one to another, each player concealing it with their hands. The one in the center tries to seize the hands that hold it, and the person in whose hand the ring is found must take his place in the circle. Pretending to pass the ring from one to another when it is in another part of the circle bewilders the person in the center and makes the game more interesting.

Magic Puzzle Square

Cut from cardboard a square eight by eight or exactly sixty-four square inches in area. Now cut it into four pieces as the diagram shows. Next put those four pieces together in the form of an oblong as shown in the lower cut. Upon measuring it you will find that it is five by thirteen inches. This would give an area of sixty-five square inches. Now where in the world did that extra inch come from? Can you tell? Don't give up but study over it and see if you can't solve the question. Full explanation in next month's COMFORT. Watch for it. Study all the pictures and directions given here, and if then you do not clearly understand how to make the puzzle you are interested in, write me a personal letter and I will try and clear away your troubles. Address: "UNCLE JOHN," care of COMFORT, Augusta, Me.



THE SQUARE.

AN INCH GAINED.

Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 7.)

I have two or three hundred extra pairs of arms, I will never be able to embrace all the sweet young things that I have promised to take to the altar. If I don't alter my mind. I should like to see the Winchester Arms Co. shipping arms to foreign lands. Why don't they ship legs as well, one is not much good without the other? I should like a dozen pair of legs myself just now, as I expect to have some tall running to do before the year is out.

KIRWIN, KANS.

DEAREST UNCLE CHARLIE:
I received the button and membership card all right. I have light brown hair, blue eyes, fair complexion. I am five feet, four and one half inches tall. I weigh one hundred and fifteen pounds. Uncle, I have two miles to go to school and walk every morning and old "Jack Frost" almost gets me sometimes. Say Uncle Charlie, do you know we are going to have a box supper at our schoolhouse? You had better come and buy my box. Out on the plains of Kansas the winds blow all the time. And that is the reason I don't like to live in Kansas. I have been to this country for over a year now. I lived before that among the Indians, and I tell you there are some fine Indians down there. I went to a school teacher who was part Indian.

Uncle Charlie I have two sisters, one older than me, and one younger, and have four brothers. I will be sixteen the first of July, and have never been "kissed," and have never had a beau. Mother says I am too young to go with the boys and I think the same.

Will be exceedingly glad to receive letters or postal cards. Will try and answer all. From your niece,

OLIVE GERTRUDE MILLER (No. 21,386.)

No Olive, I did not know that you were going to have a box spread at your school. Anyway I don't think I will come. I paid fifty cents at a church the other day where they had a box spread, and I got beautifully fooled. They handed me an empty shoe box. I asked them if there was anything in the eatable line that went with it. They told me there was a ham bone, and I could have it in half an hour if I would wait until the Ladies' Aid Society got through chewing on it. I waited for half an hour and then they told me I must wait another hour, as the minister's dog had to have his supper, and if he were hungry I could eat the shoe box. On another occasion I was invited to a box supper, and was told I must bring a box with something to eat in it. The only box we had in the house was an old tin trunk, that I carried my clothes in when I came over with Christopher Columbus. I bought a sausage at the meat market as we had no food in the house. I put it in the trunk and started to walk two miles to the church. It was forty below zero, and the sausage froze hard. It was hard as a cannon ball and twice as heavy, and as I slipped and staggered over the ice in the over skirts of Augusta, the sausage in the tin trunk made such a racket, that hundreds followed me to see what was doing. When I finally got to church and got my sausage out, we had to put it on the stove to thaw it out. After it had thawed a little while, it began to bark, and it jumped around and bit the minister, who died the next morning of hydrophobia, and ever since then I have had to support his wife and seventeen children. No more box suppers for me. You say your school teacher is part Indian. Which part is Indian, and which part is white man? I know a man who was part Indian, and part white, and he used to have lots of trouble. The Indian part of him used to be always trying to scalp the white part, and he was always fighting with himself. Sometimes when I went to see him, I could only see half of him. That was the white man part, the other half had gone out on the war path on a scalping expedition. It is no fun to be part white and part Indian. I am glad I am all Indian. Your mother is a sensible woman. Fooling with boys at the age of sixteen may be fun, but it's dangerous fun and you will be alone. Plenty of time for the boys later on. Mothers know a few things, headstrong girls don't now. Mother knows best every time. Girls and boys take that to heart.

Comfort's League of Cousins

For the information of those who have not been regular readers of COMFORT, and others who are becoming interested in the Cousins' League for the first time, and are ignorant of its aims and objects, the following facts will be of interest. The League of Cousins was founded as a means of bringing the scattered members of COMFORT's immense circle of readers into one big, happy family. Its aim is to promote a feeling of kinship and relationship among all readers. It was primarily started as a society for the juvenile members of COMFORT's family, only, but those of more mature years clamored for admittance so persistently that it was deemed advisable to impose no age limit; thus all are eligible to admittance into our League, provided they conform to its rules and are animated by the child spirit.

Those who wish to join our League can do so by subscribing to COMFORT for one year or inducing some one else to subscribe, and sending us their subscription. No premiums will be given those who subscribe for the League.

If you are already a subscriber you can join by renewing your subscription, or subscribing a year ahead. You can have the membership card and button sent to yourself and the COMFORT to you'll be wise to leave the paper. All who join the League will receive a button and a handsome certificate of membership also COMFORT for one year, and the privilege of having their names in the letter list.

How to become a Member

In order to become a full-fledged League member and procure a card and button, you must become a paid-in-advance subscriber by sending twenty cents to the subscription department, for your own use, or for the League. When you do this, send five cents extra, or twenty-five cents in all, and say that you wish to join COMFORT's League of Cousins.

The five cents addition pays your membership fee and for the League button and membership card engraved with your own name and membership number. All previous those who strictly comply with our above offer will be admitted to membership. It costs but twenty-five cents to join the League, a League which promises to be the greatest society for young people on earth.

Never in the world's history was so much given for so little. Never could twenty-five cents be invested to such advantage, and bring such splendid returns. Don't hesitate, join us at once and induce your friends to do likewise.

All those League members who desire a list of the cousins residing in their several states, can secure the same by sending a stamped addressed envelope and five cents in stamps to Nellie Rutherford 1442 Pacific St., Brooklyn, N. Y., our League Secretary. Some of the lists contain hundreds of names, so our secretary must have some trifling remuneration as she is devoting the whole of her time to this work.

League Sunshine and Mercy Work for September

"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, ye have done it unto Me."

(References from responsible persons most positively accompany all appeals. Letters not containing references will be destroyed.)

James F. Essex (33), Nelsonville, Ky. Helpless from rheumatism. Parents, old, poor and feeble. Wants suggestions for earning a living. Give him a post. Harry Smith (12), Eaton, Pretoria, Co., Ohio. Incurable from consumption of the bowels. Sad case. The attending physician writes: "No hopes of improvement. Worthy of charitable assistance." Thos. F. Day, Fauvel, Pro. Que., Canada. Invalid for eighteen years. Three months' hospital treatment might cure him; who'll help to get him there? Mrs. Ellery Williams, Rives, Tenn. Has passed to her rest, her sister thanks you for all you did for her. Mrs. Martha Richardson (53), Selma, R. D. 2, N. C. An invalid for thirty-two years. Husband recommended. Who'll help her? R. S. Hynle, 1231 Oak St., Kansas City, Mo. Has bowel obstruction. Unable to work. Needs money for operation. Crippled and sick for fifteen years. Needs your help, poor and friendless. Mrs. L. E. Post, East 28th St., Wabash R. R., Des Moines, Iowa. Crippled and helpless for eight years. Charitable person has given her shelter. Needs your help, and will be glad of quilt scraps, old clothing, and money for treatment. Excellent references. Fay Huldquist, Clovis, Cal. Leg amputated.

CREDIT to the NATION

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Uncle Charlie's Poems. Sure cure for the blues. Cloth bound 50c. Address Uncle Charlie, care COMFORT, Augusta, Maine

Send her cheery letters. Fay is President of the Sunshine Society. Mrs. A. F. Thompson, Oxford, Maine, is still too weak and ill to work. Cannot gain strength without good nourishment, and that she is unable to get regularly. Very worthy case. Very grateful for help rendered her in the past. Mary Ella Palmer, 3430 Michigan Ave., Kansas City, Mo. Fourteen years help from spinal trouble. Wants suggestions of work, especially in the line of writing. Magazine work is all I can suggest, and unless one is a genius, literary work is starvation. Stanley Gent. Friends will be glad to know that he has left Florida and can be addressed care of Del., Philadelphia, Pa. Any help you can render will be gratefully appreciated. Stanley is deformed back, and withered right leg. Will Vandiver (17), Eden, Ky. White swelling of lower limbs, badly afflicted. Wants cheery letters and postal, and bit of real money. Dollie Anderson, Quebec, Tenn. Very grateful for sunshine sent her. Is worthy of more. Henry Stewart, Slusher, Bell Co., Ky. Very grateful for help rendered, physically unable to reply. Give him another boost. Mrs. L. A. Seymour (67), Little Sioux, Iowa. Helpless for eight years with rheumatism. Send her cheery letters, reading and postal. She can't reciprocate. Victoria Butler, Decaturville, Tenn. Refined, helpless shut-in—very needy. Help this dear child, she is worthy of all your love and help. Lulu Thompson, W. Paterson, Mo. Helpless shut-in. Very recommended. Give her a dime shower. Carry Paelps' address is Rock Creek, Ohio, not Rockland, Ind. Send her cheery letters. Pin correspondent, Daisy Wilson, 1016 Jefferson Ave., Kansas City, Mo. Young woman, incurable victim of rheumatism. Wants suggestions for earning a living. Financial aid not needed. Give her a boost. He asked for a knitting machine, but many write there is nothing to be made by them, and they've been disappointed. W. H. Grasser, Claraton, Wash. Crippled, can't work—very needy. Write him about his fly trap. Novella Tanner, Howell, Miss. Poor shut-in. Give her a boost please. Cherry (14), Glenmore, Ky. Invalid fourteen months. Father dead, wants postal. Charles M. Thomas, Attica, Ohio. Helpless rheumatism. Send him letters and cheer. Mary E. Revnolds, 234 Union St., Hudson, N. Y. Helpless shut-in. Send cheery letters. Grateful for any assistance. Clothing is needed for the four children of Mrs. Huffman, Wilmington, R. D. 4, Ind. A girl aged twelve, one eighteen months, and two boys, one nine, and the other three. William J. Ratty (23), 869 Clark St., Toledo, Ohio. Has heart trouble, is a physical wreck. His father is out of work. William is helpless, educated, but is too ill to earn. Needs for his father's care. Miss Callie D. Barefoot (27), Four Oaks, N. C. Helpless nineteen years from rheumatism. Wants wheel chair and good reading. Eugenia Barts (26), Locust Hill, N. C. Helpless five years from rheumatism. Very needy. Inquires after H. S. Knight, Prosperity, R. D. 4, S. C. Helpless from rheumatism thirteen years. Craves your assistance.

I've purposely omitted the usual shut-in letter this month, to prevent you giving all the good things to that particular person, and neglecting many poor souls in the shut-in list entirely. This too often happens. This month there is no favored shut-in to get the cream, and every one of the thirty-four poor souls mentioned above should receive substantial aid from COMFORT's six millions of readers. Remember it is more blessed to give than to receive. There is nothing as acceptable to God as a gift to one of His suffering children. Lovingly yours,

Uncle Charlie



BY KATE V. SAINT MAUR.

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Orpingtons, the Great Fowl

I WONDER if any of our readers are keeping the Orpington fowls? They are fast becoming the most general purpose bird. The first of them to be exhibited were the black species; brought to public notice in 1886, at the Crystal Palace show in England; then, in 1889 followed the white; buff in 1894, and spangled in 1899.

Mr. Cook, the originator of the Orpingtons, started experimenting to create a better all-round-purpose fowl than the Plymouth Rock, and he certainly has succeeded, for the Orpingtons are better layers, mature earlier, weigh more, and are excellent table birds. After they were first exhibited, breeders in England paid as much as eight pounds apiece for hens, which was considered a big price; but since then, as their excellent qualities have become known as really established facts—not mere passing results of crossing several breeds—birds have been sold as much as \$750 each. This was in 1901, in New York City. Since then, the quantity of birds has increased, and now ordinary Orpingtons can be bought at reasonable prices, though the great demand will keep the value of the really first-class show birds a little higher than old birds for some years to come. About seventeen years ago, when Mr. Cook first started to breed the new fowl, Plymouth Rocks did not breed as true to type as they do now, and there were often one or more black chicks in a brood. Such birds were watched, and it was found that they matured about a month earlier, and laid from thirty to forty more eggs in a year than their barred sisters of the same brood. Mr. Cook, being a very shrewd and experienced breeder, took note of these facts, and decided to collect the black Plymouth Rocks and breed them to black Minorca roosters. Minorcas were chosen because they are very good layers of larger sized eggs. In a mild climate, and during warm weather in any part of the world, but not rugged enough to withstand cold winters and still maintain their egg-laying qualities. By crossing the two breeds he hoped to get an improved egg-strain to the strength of the Rocks. Then, to get a better table-bird, the pullets of that cross were mated to Black Langshans, which have been for years England's best winter layers and roosters. When these three birds were blended, the new fowl was ready for the table from one month to six weeks earlier than either of the separate breeds, and pullets laid from a month to six weeks earlier than any of the ancestral breeds. It was the above mingling and perpetual selecting and breeding which produced the Black Orpington. It has taken years of careful selection to do away entirely with the peculiarities of the Langshan, besides the special peculiarities of the other breeds not wanted in the Orpingtons. After seventeen years it can be truly said that they breed perfectly true to type and color.

The pullets produced from the first cross of the Plymouth Rock black spots with Black Minorca cock were mated with Rose-comb Black Langshan cocks—a sport from the single combs. The Black Langshans originally brought from Shanghai direct to England had rose-comb birds in several consignments. Doctor Gabb took all these rose-combs and bred from them, showing them at Birmingham as rose-comb Langshans. Mr. Cook bought his entire stock of these, bred them several years, and gave them up after utilizing them for the Rose-comb Black Orpingtons. The Black Orpingtons have a lovely gloss on their plumage of a beautiful beetle-green shade. Their faces and combs are a rich red; they have dark eyes—the darker the better, in the best birds they are almost black. They lay brown-shelled eggs and their flesh is light-colored. The cocks weigh from ten to ten pounds and the hens seven to eight pounds on the average. The plumage should be close and not loose, the skin thin and fine in texture, and the flesh firm.

Mr. Cook remembered that many people like buff colors. The Buff Cochins were held in favor a long time, even though they were fond of sitting, inactive, had feathers on their legs, and as a rule did not lay well between their broody periods, which, fortunately, lasted only a short time. To improve their egg production, Mr. Cook made a careful selection of the best layers. He found that some would lay twenty-two eggs in twenty-two days—even forty-three eggs without missing a day. This was the class of Cochins selected. Mr. Cook made many experiments for years before he found the best blood to blend with the Cochins. He crossed Cochins with every variety of bird, and after five years of such experiments his ideal was fully formed. He began by taking a Golden Spangled Hamburg cock and Dark Dorking pullets. The product of the pullets was mated with a Buff Cochins cock of the highest laying strains. This makes the Buff Orpington.

He selected Hamburgs because they laid more eggs than any other variety in England, were non-sitters, but too delicate for winter layers in their pure state. They were the best shaped birds of any living variety. He took the Dorking to get length of breast-bone and quality of table meat. The English Dorking has always been considered one of the best table fowls. From the first cross he selected the pullets that came of a dark brown color with white legs and the very best layers of these. Buff Cochins cocks bred from the very best layers were selected for mating the last cross. Note that the Hamburg has blue legs, large black tail and white earlobes; the Dorking, white legs, large black tail, and five toes on each foot; the Cochins, yellow legs, with an immense amount of feathers to the toe ends. Mr. Cook had ten years breeding before he showed the pullets a single bird. From the beginning to the finish required fifteen years—five years in experimenting and ten years in perfecting the variety. The perfected Buff Orpington has pinkish-white or flesh-colored legs; no black or white showing in wing or tail when the bird is at rest; bay eyes; bright red face, comb, earlobes and wattles; clear legs; light flesh, and lays a brown-shelled egg of good size and shape.

The White Orpington was the second variety produced and came out two and one half years after the Blacks. Many experiments were made to find out the best methods of producing white fowls that were up to date. White Leghorn cocks were crossed with Black Hamburg hens, and the pullets from this cross came very white and with four toes on each foot. Next was used a Single-comb White Dorking cock, mated with the offspring, some of the birds were blue some barred like Cuckoo Dorkings. It was several years before white birds could be produced. Even now occasionally some will come with color in them. The White Dorking blood is seen sometimes when a five-toed bird is produced. By careful breeding the White Orpingtons were developed into a breed which produce quick growing, vigorous birds with good laying and table qualities.

The Rose-comb White Orpingtons were made by using the Rose-comb White Dorking instead of Single-comb. The blood in the Single-comb and Rose-comb White Orpingtons is exactly the same, and there is no difference in size and qualities.

The White Orpingtons, have neat combs either single or rose, white beak, red face and earlobes, white plumage throughout, white legs, and four toes on each foot. The cocks should carry their tails fairly well back, much as a Dorking, only the tails are a trifle smaller and are carried higher. In the hens the points are the same, only the comb and tail are smaller. They lay a nice brown egg of good size.

The next in order of production by Mr. Cook was the Diamond Jubilee Orpington. As far as color is concerned, it is a revival of the old Speckled Dorking, one of the prettiest birds known. They were produced much in the same way as the Buff Orpingtons, only that a Speckled Dorking was used instead of a Colored Dorking. The cocks have white legs, four toes on each foot, long breast, with a single comb well serrated, standing erect; red face, a white beak, occasionally showing a brown shade. The neck-hackles are reddish-brown, rich in color; the center of the feathers should be black edged with brown, and just the fine tips at the ends are white. This is the coloring of a dark bird. Many of the cocks have what is termed a light-colored breast, the body color being brown, and then a black mark across the center of the feathers down near the end, while the extremity of the feather is tipped with white lacing; the color has a brown black-and-white speckled appearance all over the bird, the black showing a little less on the buff over the thighs. Old hens get whiter as they advance in age. The tail and the wings are of the mixed brown broken color like that of the cock, the wings showing a great deal of white. The rose comb should be full of work, but the colors are just the same. The Diamond Jubilees were brought out in 1897, and the colors are not yet fully fixed. They lay tinted eggs of good size.

The Spangled Orpington, the last new variety, was brought out in the autumn of 1899. The plumage is different from any of the other Orpingtons. They are considered the most remarkable layers of all English breeds. They lay large numbers of tinted eggs of good size. They breed very true, and present a fine, handsome appearance. In some instances they weigh nine pounds at eight and one half months old. In order to produce this fowl, Mr. Cook had in his mind a still better layer, if possible, than any of the other varieties. He completed his task within eight years. To make the Spangled, a Dark Dorking cock was mated with a Barred Plymouth Rock hen. This first cross gave pullets of great size, but almost black, with very little white in them, and a trifle brown on the breast. These pullets were mated with a Silver-Spangled Hamburg cock for shape and laying quality. The Dorking gave size; the Hamburg, eggs, and the Barred Plymouth Rock, hardness.

The second cross produced pullets of black and white, and cockerels of drab or straw color, with scarcely any white in them. It took several years of close selection before the black and white required in the cockerels was produced. In some cases the pullet has dark legs, which grow lighter as the bird grows older, dark-plumaged birds being darkest in the legs. They are quite clear in the head, with no muffle. The single combs should be evenly serrated and stand erect. The cocks and cockerels should be white on the wing, and have much more white in the tail, but the principal tail-feathers should be white, edged with black, the breast being the same color as in the hen. The neck-hackles and saddle feathers should correspond black and white. The eggs are tinted or brown, not so deep as the other Orpingtons. The pullets begin to lay at five and six months old. They are capital table birds, very hardy, stand confinement well, and are good foragers when at liberty. The plumage is black and white—that is to say, the ground color is white with black spots upon it, so that it is really black and white. The pullets and hens should have an even marking all over.

The Rose-comb variety should be exactly of the same color, the comb fitting close to the head and full of work, with only a short peak at the back; not fitting down like the Wyandottes, but straight out over the back. Standard of the Spangled Orpingtons is as follows: Cock—single comb small—well set on and free from side spikes; lobe, red; eye, orange color and bold; neck-hackles, even; white and black; breast, broad and full with black ground color, spangled evenly with white; back, broad and short, ticked with white; wing-bow, black tipped with white; secondaries, black; flight, white; tail carried full, sickle feathers, black and white, under tail or bentail white; legs and feet, black, but black and white not objected to; four toes on each foot; weight, eight to nine pounds.

Hen—head, same as cock, but somewhat full in comb; body, full and cobby, with black ground color, spangled with white; wing flights, black and white; tail, black tipped with white; legs and feet, same as cock; weight, six to seven pounds; disqualifications, any sign of red feathers; one third white in lobe; feathers on legs; five toes.

As show fowls Orpingtons are among the most attractive. They were one of the leading features at the great poultry show in New York last January.

Correspondence

W. A. F.—My poultry is troubled with lice, and I wish to move them from an old to a new coop, and want to get rid of the lice before making a change. I read an article in a poultry paper some time ago, which spoke of burning sulphur in a box which had a hole in the top for the bird's head to come through. But I don't remember enough about it to try it. Can you tell me how to do this, or if it is a good thing, the birds of these pests before I put them into a new house?

A.—I should be afraid to try any such experiment, as I think the burning of sulphur will overheat the bird's body, and make it very susceptible to cold. My advice is, get large empty dry-goods box; make a wire door for the top, and use it as a quarantine coop. Start operations by painting the inside all over very thoroughly with kerosene oil to prevent any vermin from the birds getting into the crevices. Then doctor a few birds at a time; hold a bird by the feet, head down; a flour-dredger with Dalmatian powder; thoroughly dust it into the feathers, and then rub it in right down to the skin with your hand. This is especially necessary among the thick, subfeathers around the thighs and lower part of the body. Repeat the operation every third night for a week and your birds will be cleanly enough to put into a new house.

V. W. R.—Your letter has been received. I am sorry to say that I have already given the address you ask for to two of our readers, and they have reported to me since that the letters have not been answered, so I can only suppose that the gentleman has thought better of his offer. Elsewhere in this column you will find a recipe for roup, which I know to be helpful.

Mrs. B.—I keep Plymouth Rocks crossed with Leghorns. At intervals I have hens which pine and die. They are usually as thin as paper. I feed mostly corn.

A.—I fancy you have been allowing your birds to inbreed. Introduce new blood next season by putting strong Plymouth Rock roosters to breed the birds. Feed oats and wheat as well as corn, and some animal meat, or if you can't get that, buy some commercial bone and blood.

M. S.—Some of my chicks four weeks old have large puffy blisters on their sides, which seem to be full of air.

A.—That is just what they are—air-blisters, and they show a diseased condition, which usually arises from an injury to the lungs. The chicks have either been handled roughly, or perhaps you don't keep the brooder warm enough at night, and they crowd one on top of the other. Prick the blisters to let out the air; feed strengthening food, such as stale bread steeped in scalded milk and then squeezed till almost dry, and then feed the chicks. Air your brooder well every day; keep the food at ninety degrees during the night, and reduce the number of chickens in each brood.

G. W.—See answer to V. W. R. and C. A. D.

S. E. H.—Answer same as above.

C. A. D.—Roup and canker sore throat are kindred diseases, and can be treated in the same way. First remove the affected birds from the flock, as both diseases are contagious. Buy ten cents' worth of permanganate of potassium; dissolve a dessertspoonful in a

quart of water. Bottle, and use a tablespoonful diluted by three of water; swab out the bird's throat and nostrils night and morning. A strong wing-feather stripped to within an inch of the end, makes a good swabber. Roup is such a dangerous disease, and weakens the bird's vitality so much in after life, that unless they are very good specimens, I strongly advise you to kill, and burn the carcass.

Comfort Sisters' Corner

Tested Recipes from Comfort Sisters

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 9.)

Angel Gingerbread

One quarter cup butter, one fourth cup molasses, one half cup sugar, one egg, one teaspoonful soda, one heaping cup flour after sifting, one cup of boiling water.

Boiling Potatoes

To boil a potato requires more attention than is usually given. They should be carefully washed and left standing in cold water an hour or two to remove the black liquor with which they are impregnated, and brackish taste they would otherwise have. They should not be pared before boiling; they lose much of the starch by so doing and are made insipid. Put them into a kettle of clear cold water with a little salt; cover closely and boil rapidly, using no more water than will just cover them as they produce a considerable quantity of fluid themselves while boiling, and too much water will make them heavy. As soon as just done, instantly pour off the water, set them back on the range, and leave the cover off the saucepan till the steam has evaporated. They will then, if a good kind, be dry and mealy.

Mrs. C. E. GEORGE.

Cucumber Pickles

To one gallon of cider vinegar add one pint of good alcohol with a bag of spices. Pick the small cucumbers, rinse, without rubbing or bruising in any way and add to the wine. They will keep perfectly and are, we think, the very best made.

Mrs. BERTHA EDWARDS.

Rhubarb Jam

Six pounds rhubarb, five pounds sugar, seven pounds figs, two pounds lemons. Peel and cut rhubarb in small pieces, and let stand all night in sugar. In the morning add juice of lemons, chop rind and pulp of lemons and figs together and add, then let all come to a boil, then simmer slowly for two or three hours, until the consistency of jelly. Put up in jars or tumblers.

Mrs. E. C. DOMANSKY.

To Can Corn

Select corn, sweet and tender, just right for eating, must be freshly gathered. It will take about ten to twelve ears to fill a quart can. Cut off the corn with a sharp knife and scrape the rest of the corn from the cob, using the back of the knife for that purpose, do not try to remove the tough hulls from the cob. Fill the cans full of the cut corn, pressing it down closely with a corn cob. When full put on new rubbers, screw the new covers on tight, and with a screwdriver, board, fit bottom of washtub or flat bottom boiler, there should be a cleat to keep the board from bottom. Place the cans, without touching each other, in wash boiler, a piece of muslin wound in and out between the cans is quite handy, put cold water in wash boiler to immerse cans to within an inch of neck of can or bottom of cover. The cans must be covered, boil three hours, take boiler from fire. Screw covers down tight, let cool in boiler, wrapped in dark paper, keep cans in cool, dark place on cellar floor.

Mrs. C. F. BELTZ.

Chili Sauce

Five quarts ripe tomatoes (after they are skinned and cut into small pieces, one teaspoonful chopped onions, one red pepper chopped fine, one teaspoonful grated horseradish, four tablespoonfuls salt (level), three tablespoonfuls firm cinnamon, two tablespoonfuls mustard seeds, one teaspoonful sugar, vinegar to suit taste. Try one half cupful and then add more as desired. Cook until thick enough to bottle or can, seal while hot.

MARY M. ZALLU.

Tomato Butter

Boil one bushel of ripe tomatoes and one half bushel of apples peeled, all day; an hour before removing from the stove add five pounds brown sugar, one ounce each of ground allspice, cinnamon and cloves. Watch very carefully as it scorches easily. The juice must cook out of them.

Cucumber Pickles

Get those of uniform size. Place in a stone crock pour on boiling water to cover. Put in a large handful of salt let stand over night. Drain off in the morning, pour on more boiling water and same quantity of salt. Let stand till next morning. Take the pickles out and wash them put in horseradish root. These will keep in a crock and pour on boiling cider vinegar, spices if desired, nasturtiums if you have them. Then put in horseradish root. These will keep in a common stone crock all winter, though I put mine in Mason jars.

Mixed Pickles

Slice one bucket of green tomatoes, ten onions and ten green peppers. Chop all together, using one pint of salt distributed throughout in layers, drain over night, strain through colander and cover with vinegar the next day and boil fifteen minutes together with one ounce each of whole cloves and allspice. (Tie these spices in a bag), then pour the vinegar off, remove the bag, put the pickles in jars and cover with cold vinegar, covering tops of jars with celery seed.

J. A. D.

Bean Salad

String young beans, break into small pieces or leave whole, wash and cook soft in salt water, drain, add finely chopped onions, pepper, salt and vinegar. When cool, add olive oil or melted butter.

E. E. DAVIS.

Brandied Peaches or Pears

Four pounds of sugar, four pounds of fruit, one pint of best white brandy, make a syrup of the sugar, with water enough to dissolve it. When this boils, put in the fruit peeled, and let it boil five minutes. Remove the fruit carefully, boil the syrup until it thickens, then add the brandy, take the kettle from the fire immediately, and pour the hot syrup over the fruit previously put into jars.

Chow-Chow

One head of cauliflower, one head of celery, one pint of small onions, one pint of green tomatoes, and one dozen small cucumbers, cut in medium sized pieces, sprinkle with salt, cover with water and let stand over night. In the morning cook until tender in the same brine, then skin out and drain. Scald three pints of vinegar, then place on the back of the stove mix together one cupful of sugar, three fourths of a cupful of flour, three tablespoonfuls of mustard, one tablespoonful of tumeric powder, and one tablespoonful of mustard seed, add enough of the hot vinegar to stir to a smooth paste, then pour into the remainder of the hot vinegar, and stir until smooth, but do not let the mixture boil. Add the vegetables, stir thoroughly, put into a jar and cover closely.

IDA E. WAKE.

I will send you my recipe for putting up fruit, an easy way. I have tried strawberries, raspberries, blackberries, gooseberries, and currants, cherries, plums, apricots, and apples in this way.

Prepare the fruit in the usual way and fill the jars, put in sugar to taste, and if more liquid is needed than will be obtained from the fruit use the needed amount of water. Put on lids, screwing down lightly. Put on your wash boiler and

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 19.)

DERMATOLOGY

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Dept. N. F. JOHN H. WOODBURY, President.

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The Heiress of Beechwood

By Mary J. Holmes

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Judge Howell receives a letter asking him to adopt a little girl nearly two months old. Taking another letter he reads why his son is in New Hampshire. Betty Kirby, a poor relation, is taken into Judge Howell's family. His wife, on her death-bed, commits the young girl to her husband's care. The memory of his wife and daughter softens his heart until he learns there is no music so sweet to Richard as Betty's voice. The Judge turns her from the door and threatens to disinherit his son. Richard writes Betty is dead. His father can curse him. He buries his heart in her grave. The Judge hears the cry of a child and opening the door finds a basket with a baby in it. The dog carries the basket into the house. The Judge calls Rachel, the colored woman of all work, to take the child to her house. Richard returns. His father tells of the baby. He will keep it, of course. The father accuses Richard of most unaccountable tastes. "Betty is dead, but if she had lived he would have called no other woman his wife." In the morning Richard goes to Rachel's house and takes the baby in his arms. Hannah Hawkins, a widow with one boy, Oliver, offers to have Milly, in place of little Bessie. It impresses Richard favorably and he takes Milly to her home. Her mother Hephzibah Thompson objects. Curious people offer opinions as to the parentage of the child and none pass the ordeal so wholly unscathed as Richard Howell. The physicians order a sea voyage for Richard. Before leaving he visits Betty Kirby's grave. There is a stormy farewell and a father's curse. Richard implores Hannah to be good to Milly.

Nine times the April flowers blossom. Milly's heart is heavy. She asks Clubs if she isn't his sister and if she isn't who is she, and she knows why her grandmother scolds her. Clubs tells her the story of her life and she exclaims, "Judge Howell is my father!" The conversation is interrupted by the shrill voice of Hephzibah Thompson. Milly realizes if she isn't Milly Hawkins then Aunt Hephzibah isn't her granny. She visits Beechwood. Judge Howell is incensed. Milly thinks the Judge is her father. He raises his hand to smite her when his eyes meet those of Richard in the picture on the wall. He sends Milly from his home. She meets Lawrence Thornton, and she confides to him the story of her life. He advises her to run away to Boston. Cousin Geraldine Veille wants a waiting maid. Lillian, her half-sister, will be good to her. Milly runs away; she misses the train; a severe snow storm comes on. In her desperation she goes to Judge Howell's. She's "come to stay." He'll be sorry if he turns her away. If she is not troublesome she may stay for good and he rings for Rachel to open the register in the chamber above. The next morning Hephzibah and Oliver appear on the scene. Oliver begs Judge Howell to keep her; she grows in heart, and she promises to send Oliver to college if he learns smart; and she behaves herself. Milly goes to Charlestown Seminary with Lillian Veille. Three years pass and she and Lillian come home to Beechwood. Milly goes to see Oliver and confides to him that she answers Lawrence Thornton's letters written to Lillian Veille. How will it end? Milly writes a letter for Lillian inviting Lawrence to visit Beechwood. Mr. Thornton requests Lawrence to make Lillian his wife, and not fool with Milly, who is of unknown parentage. Does his father know for certain she is not the child of sister Helen? Milly admits she loves someone as much as Lillian loves Lawrence Thornton, but refuses to give his name. Lawrence goes to Beechwood. He finds the way he again reads the letter received from Lillian. There must be more in her heart than her conversation indicates. Lillian tells Lawrence, Milly is in love and the clouds gather. Milly goes to Oliver in her trouble.

Oliver rescues Lawrence from drowning; Milly hears the outcry and calling Lillian they go to Lawrence. They think he is dead and the Judge overhears Milly say, "He is mine now as much as yours." Lillian is afraid of dead folks and shrinks from going. Judge Howell is out of patience and orders Lillian back to the house and prepare the chamber for the body. Milly breathes her breath into Lawrence's lungs and he lives. Clubs tells Milly the name Lawrence speaks when he is sleeping. Judge Howell enlightens Lawrence of Lillian's selfishness and Milly's devotion, and Lawrence begs if he may tell Milly of his love. His proposal to Milly is interrupted by Lillian who overhears him; she is prostrated. Lawrence and Lillian return to Boston. Lillian confides her disappointment to Geraldine. Lawrence writes to Milly asking her to be his wife. Geraldine induces Mr. Thornton to visit Milly. He has other wishes for his son. Lillian is to be his wife, and he exacts a promise from Milly to refuse Lawrence. Judge Howell overhears Milly's promise and her grief. He will see that Milly keeps her word. She writes to Lawrence and cannot tell him. Lawrence writes another letter and waits for results. In his disappointment he goes to Europe. Returning he visits Oliver, who enlightens him regarding Milly's sacrifice. Lawrence goes to Milly and there are explanations and arrangements for an early marriage.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE WEDDING PREPARATIONS.

THE finishing stroke was given to the handsome suite of rooms intended for the bride, while even Lillian went into ecstasies over them. Her taste had been consulted in everything, and a stranger would have easily mistaken her for the future occupant, so careful was Geraldine that she should be suited. And now nothing was wanting the furnishing except Milly's beautiful piano, which was to come when she did, and with a self-satisfied expression upon her face, Geraldine locked the door and giving the key to Lawrence said something pleasant of the day when Mrs. Lawrence Thornton would first cross the threshold of her future home.

Two dressmakers were hired at an enormous expense and sent to Beechwood, whither Geraldine followed them to superintend in person the making of the dresses and the arrangements for the wedding. With an unsparing hand the Judge opened his purse, bidding Milly take all she wanted, and authorizing Geraldine to buy whatever a bride like her was supposed to need. In the village everybody more or less engaged in talking of the party—wondering who would be invited, and what they would wear. Mothers went to Springfield in quest of suitable garments for the daughters, who sneered at the dry-goods to be found at home. Husbands were bidden to be measured for new coats. White rose in value, and the Mayfield merchants felt their business steadily increasing as the preparations progressed. Even Milly became an object of uncommon interest, and those who had seen her all her life, now ran to the window if by chance she appeared in the street, a thing she finally ceased to do, inasmuch as Geraldine told her it wasn't genteel.

So Milly stayed at home, where chairs and tables, piano and beds, literally groaned with finery and where a dozen times a day the two dressmakers from Boston gave her fits, with Geraldine standing by and suggesting another whilebone here and a little more cotton there, while the dressmakers declared Miss Howell's was a perfect form and didn't need such things at all.

"She's as free from deformity as most people, I'll admit," Geraldine would say, "but one shoulder is a trifle higher than the other, while she has a bad school-girl habit of standing on one foot, which naturally makes her waist wrinkle on one side."

So Milly was tortured after the most approved fashion, wondering if they supposed she was never to have a single thing after she was married, and so were making up a most unheard of quantity of clothes to be hung away in the closet until they were entirely out of date.

Now, as of old, Oliver was her refuge when weary or low spirited. On the day of Lawrence's visit to him, he had been found by one of his companions lying upon the floor in a kind of fainting fit, which left him so weak that he was unable longer to pursue his studies, and at last came home to Hephzibah, who declared him to be in "a galloping consumption." Milly was sorry for his ill health, but she was glad to have him home again; it seemed so nice to steal away from laces, silks, satins and flowers, and sit alone with him in his quiet room. She wondered greatly at the change one short month had produced in him, but she was too happy herself to think very much of it, and she failed to see how he shrank from talking with her of the future, even though he knew nothing could interest her more.

"I ain't a bit anxious to be married," she said to him one night, when making him her usual visit, "but I do want to be with Lawrence. I think it real mean in his father to send him West just now. Did I tell you he's gone to Minnesota, and I shan't see him for two whole weeks. Then he'll stay with me all the time till the very day; but it seems so long to wait. To think I must eat breakfast, and dinner, and supper fourteen times before he comes! It's terrible Oliver, and then I've got a fidget in my brain that something is going to happen, either to him or to me—him, most likely. Maybe he'll be killed. I do wish he hadn't gone," and Milly's eyes filled with tears as she thought of Lawrence dying on the distant prairies, the victim of some railroad disaster. "But I am not going to borrow trouble," she said. "It comes fast enough," and asking Oliver if he should be very, very sorry when she was Milly Thornton, she tripped back to the house, still bearing with her the harrowing presentiment that "something was going to happen."

"I mean to write to Lawrence," she said, "and tell him to be careful; tell him not to ride in the front of the car, nor the last car, nor the middle car, nor over the wheels, nor in the night, and be sure and walk across the suspension bridge when he comes back."

Satisfied that, if he followed the directions implicitly he would return to her alive she ran up to her room, where she could be alone while she wrote the important letter.

Groing about in the dark until she found the matches, she struck a light, and finding her portfolio took it to the table, where lay a singular looking note, sealed with a seal and directed to "Miss Milly Howell."

"What in the world!" she exclaimed, taking up the soiled sheet of foolscap. Where did this come from, and what can it be?"

As a sure means of solving the mystery, she broke the seal at once, and with a beating heart read as follows:

"Forgive me, Miss Howell. If I keep still any longer I shall be awful wicked. I or to have told you who you be long ago, but bel! I didn't. I must tell you now. I've been hangin' round a good while to see you alone, but couldn't. I came to the door a day or two ago and asked for a drink of water, but that woman with the big black eyes was in the kitchen and acted as if she mistrusted I wanted to steal for she staid by watching me till I got tired, and went off without seeing you at all. You know the old house across the river where there don't nobody live. Come there tomorrow just as it is getting dark, and I will tell you who you be. I know for I'm the very one that bring you to the door. You ain't low-lived so don't go to worryin' about that; and if you are afraid to come alone, let that Judge come with you, and stay a little ways off. Now don't fall to be there, for it is important for you to know."

For a moment after reading this Milly sat in

go near the hag. We don't want to know who you are," and drawing nearer to him, Milly looked wistfully in his face: "but what if I am somebody whom Lawrence mustn't marry? Wouldn't it be better to know it before it's too late?"

"Heavens and earth, child," returned the Judge. "Do you think anything can induce him to give you up. Wouldn't you marry him if he was anything short of a nigger?"

This remark was suggestive, and Milly chimed in:

"I'll ask Rachel about that woman. She saw her too."

Hurrying off to the kitchen she found the old negress, whose story agreed exactly with Geraldine's, except, indeed, that she described the stranger as worse-looking even than Miss Veille had done.

"I saw such a person in the avenue tonight," said Luce, who was present, while her little child six years old testified stoutly to having seen a woman with a big bonnet in the lower hall.

"Thinks she'll get some money," growled the Judge when Milly repeated this to him; "but we'll cheat her. If she knows who you are, let her come boldly and tell, and not entice you into the woods. There's bedevilment somewhere."

But all his efforts were fruitless to convince Milly. The more she thought of it, the more excited she grew and the more anxious she became to meet a person who could tell her of her parentage—of her mother maybe; the mother she had never known, but had dreamed of many and many a time.

"Go to bed," the Judge said at last. "You'll feel differently in the morning."

Milly obeyed so far as going to bed was concerned, but the morning found her more impatient than she had been the previous night, and not even Oliver, to whom she confided the story, had the power to quiet her. Go she would, and if the Judge would not accompany her she would go alone, she said.

So it was at last decided that both the Judge and Oliver should act as her escort, by means of insuring her greater safety, and then, with a feverish restlessness, Milly counted the lagging hours, taking no interest in anything, not even in the bridal dress, which was this day finished and tried on.

Very, very beautiful she looked in it, with the orange blossoms resting amid the braids of her nut-brown hair, but she scarcely heeded it for the terrible something which whispered to her continually:

"You will never wear it—never."

Then as her vivid imagination pictured to her the possibility that the toothless hag might prove to be her mother, her face grew so white that Geraldine asked in alarm what was the matter.

"Nothing much," she answered as she threw off the bridal dress. "I am low-spirited today, I guess."

"You'll have a letter tonight, maybe, and that will make you feel better," suggested Geraldine.

"I hope so," returned Milly, and fearful lest

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a kind of maze. She had been so happy of late that she scarcely cared who she was. Indeed she scarcely cared to know, particularly if the information must come through a channel as this letter would seem to indicate.

"What ought I to do?" she said, one moment half resolving to keep the appointment, and the next shrinking from doing so until an undefinable presentiment that some great evil would result. "I wish Lawrence was here to go with me," she thought, but as that could not be, she determined at last to show the note to the Judge and ask his advice.

"What the plague," exclaimed the Judge reading the note a second time. "Somebody knows who you are! Brought you herself in the basket! Ain't from a low-lived family? What does the old hag mean? No, no, Gypsy. Let her go to grass. We don't care who you are. It's enough that I've taken you for my daughter, and that in a little more than three weeks Lawrence will have you for his wife. No, no, let B. sit in the old house till she's sick of it."

And this he said because, too, experienced a most unaccountable sensation of dread, as if a cloud were hanging over Milly, darker, far darker, than the one from under which she had so recently passed.

"But," persisted Milly, "maybe I ought to know. I wonder who this woman is. She says she stopped here once for a drink, and was frightened off by the woman with the big black eyes. That must have been Geraldine."

"Did you speak to me?" asked the lady in question, who was passing through the hall, and had heard her name.

"Don't tell her of the note. Simply ask about the woman," whispered the Judge, feeling that if anything about Milly should prove to be wrong, he would rather no one but themselves should know it.

Milly comprehended his meaning at once, and in reply to Geraldine, said, "I have a reason for wishing to know if you remember an old woman coming into the kitchen and asking for water a day or two ago."

"Yes, I remember her well," answered Geraldine, "for she reminded me so much of the city thieves. She asked several questions, too, about the girl who was to be married—which was your room, and all that. Why? What of her?"

"Nothing much," returned Milly. "How did she look?"

"Like a witch," answered Geraldine. "Tall, spare, angular, with a pock-marked face, a single long tooth projecting over her under lip, and a poking black bonnet. I thought I saw her going down the road just at dusk tonight, but might have been mistaken."

Milly turned pale at the very idea of having ever been associated with such a creature, or of meeting her alone, and she was trying to think of some excuse to render Geraldine, for having thus questioned her, when one of the dressmakers came to the rescue and called Miss Veille away.

"What do you think now?" Milly asked of the Judge, when they were alone.

"Think as I did before," he replied. "We won't

Geraldine, whom all the day she had tried to avoid, should speak again of the woman, she ran off up-stairs, and indulged in a good hearty cry, glancing often over her shoulder as if afraid happiness.

Never once, however, did she waver in her resolution of going, and just after the sun went down she presented herself to the Judge, asking if he were ready.

"Ready for what? Oh, I know, that wild-goose chase. Yes, I'm ready."

And getting his hat and cane, they started, stopping for Oliver, who then tried to dissuade Milly from going.

But he could not, and in almost unbroken silence the three went on their way, Milly a little in advance, with a white, stony-looking face, as if she had made up her mind to hear the worst whatever it might be.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE STRANGE STORY.

It was a tumble-down old shanty, which for many years had been uninhabited save by the bats and the swallows which darted through the wide chinks in the crumbly wall, or plunged down the dilapidated chimney, filling the weird ruin with strange, unearthly sounds, and producing for it the reputation of being haunted.

The path leading to the old house was long and tedious, for after leaving the river bridge, it wound around the base of a hill, beneath the huge forest trees, which now in the dusky twilight threw their grim shadows over every near object, and insensibly affected the spirits of the three who came each moment nearer and nearer to the house.

"There, Clubs and I will stay here, I guess," said the Judge, stepping beneath a tall hemlock, which grew within a dozen rods of the building.

Milly made no answer, but moved resolutely on until she had crossed the threshold of the door, where she involuntarily paused, while a nameless feeling of terror crept over her, everything around her was so gloomy and so still.

In the farthest extremity of the apartment a single spot of moonlight, shining through the rafters above fell upon the old-fashioned cupboard. Milly was beginning to think of turning back, when a voice, between a whisper and a hiss, came to her ear from the dark corner where the shadows lay deepest, and where a human form crouched upon the floor.

"Milly Howell," the voice said. "Is that 'ou'?" Instantly Milly grasped the oaken mantel to keep her from falling; for, with that question, the human form arose and came so near her that the hagish face and projecting tooth was plainly visible.

"You tremble," the figure said, "but you need not be afraid. I am not here to hurt you. I loved your mother too well for that."

There was magic in that word, and it unlocked at once the daughter's heart and divested it of

all fear. Just then the moon passed from under a cloud, and through a paneless window, shone full upon the eager, expectant face of the beautiful young girl, who, grasping the hand of the strange old woman, said, inquiringly:

"Did you really know my mother—my own mother?"

"Yes," returned the woman; "I knew her well. I was with her when she died, I laid her in her coffin. I followed her to the grave, carrying you in my arms, and then I did with you what she bade me do—I laid you at Judge Howell's door, and stood watching in the rain until he took you in. She spoke rapidly, and, to Oliver, who had drawn so near that he could distinctly hear the whole, it seemed as if she were repeating some lesson learned by rote; but Milly had no such thoughts, and, pressing the bony arm she asked:

"But who am I? What is my name? Who was my father? and am I like my mother?"

"That's what I've been trying to make out," returned the woman peering closer into her face, and, adding, after a minute's survey; "Not like her at all. You are more like the Howells; and well you may be, for your poor mother wore her knees almost to the bone praying that you might resemble them."

"Then I am a Howell!—I am a Howell! and Richard was my father! Oh, joy, joy!" and the wild, glad cry went ringing through the ghostly ruin, as Milly thus gave vent to what she had so long and secretly cherished in her heart.

"Milly"—and in the old woman's voice there was something which made the young girl shudder—"there is not a drop of Howell blood in all your veins; but look," and drawing from her skinny bosom a worn, soiled letter, she held it up in the moonlight, saying: "This your mother wrote two days before she died. It does not belong to you, for it is intended for your grandfather. I promised to give it to him, should it ever be necessary for him to know; but you may read it girl. It will explain the whole better than I can."

"How can I read it here?" Milly asked and her companion replied by striking a match across the hearth, and lighting a bit of candle, which she brought from the depths of her pocket. Holding it between her thumb and finger, she said:

"You see I've come prepared; but sit down, child. You'll need it, maybe, before you get through," and Milly sat down while all through her frame the icy chills were running, as if she saw the fearful gulf her feet were treading.

"Tell me first one thing," she said, grasping the woman's dress. "Tell me, am I greatly inferior to Lawrence Thornton?"

Oh, that horrid horrid smile, which broke over the old hag's face, and made the one long tooth, seem starting from the shrivelled gums, as she replied:

"You are fully Lawrence Thornton's equal."

"Then I can bear anything," said Milly; and opening the letter she pressed to her lips the delicate though rather uneven handwriting, said to have been her mother's.

It was dated in New York nearly eighteen years before, and its contents were as follows:

"DEAR, DEAR FATHER.—Though you cast me off and turned me from your door, you are very dear to me; and should these lines ever come to you, pray think kindly of the erring child, whose fault was loving one so unworthy of her, for I did love Charlie, and I love him yet, although he has cruelly deserted me just when I needed his care the most. Father, I am dying; dying all alone in this great city, Charlie is in New Orleans, gambling, drinking and utterly forgetting me, who gave up everything for him."

"On the pillow beside me lies my little girl-baby; and when I look at her I wish that I might live, but as that cannot be I must do for her the best I can. Charlie said to me when he was away, that after baby was born he should come back and take her from me, so as to extort money from you, and he would do it, too, if he had an opportunity, but I'd rather see her dead than under his wicked influence; so I shall put her where he cannot find her. "Once father I thought to send her to you, but the remembrance of your words: 'May you be cursed, and your children,' was ringing in my ears, and I said, 'be shall not have a chance to wreck his vengeance on my child.' Strangers will be kinder far than my own flesh and blood, so I have resolved to send her to Judge Howell. 'Tis a queer place, but I can think of nothing better."

"I have called her Milly, too, praying earnestly that she may look like Mildred of the starry eyes and nut-brown hair, for that would soften the old Judge's heart towards her. I have written to him an anonymous letter asking him to take her, and when I am dead, faithful Esther Bennett, who is nursing me will take it and my baby to— Maine, where her sister lives. There she will mail the letter and whether the Judge answers it or not, she will in a short time secretly convey Milly to his door, watching until someone takes her in."

"Then she will look after my child, and if in coming years circumstances arise which seem to make it necessary for Milly to know her parentage, she will seek her out, tell her who she is and carry you this letter. You may think me crazy to adopt this plan, and so, perhaps I am. But my husband, who is her lawful protector, shall not have her, and as I do not care to burden you with Hawley's brats, as you once termed any children which I might have, I shall send it to Beechwood."

"My strength is failing me, father, and in a day or so, I shall be dead. I wish I could see you all once more, particularly Lawrence, my darling little brother Lawrence. Baby looks some like him, I think, and should she ever come to you, bid him love his little niece for his dead sister Helen's sake—"

Milly could not read another line—there was a sound like the fall of many waters in her ears—the blood seemed curdling in her veins, and her very finger tips tingled with one horrid, maddening thought.

Lawrence—Lawrence—little niece," she moaned, and with eyes black as midnight, and face of a marble bust, she turned to the superscription, which she had not observed before, reading as she expected:

"ROBERT THORNTON, Esq.,

"Boston, Mass."

"Oh, Heaven!" she cried, still standing before the woman. "Isn't it a dream? Isn't there some mistake? Tell me, dear, good woman, tell me, is it true?" and in her unutterable agony she pleaded for hope before the witch-like creature, who answered back:

See first page illustration.

"Poor, poor Milly. It is true. All true, or I would not come here to save you from a marriage with your mother's brother—your own uncle, girl."

"Stop!" and Milly screamed with anguish; "I will not know that name. Oh, Lawrence, Lawrence, you are surely lost to me forever and ever!"

There was a rustling movement, and then Milly lay with her face upon the threshold of the floor.

"Hurry up, Clubs, for Heaven's sake! I've stuck a confounded stub through my boot," cried the old woman, limping with pain, as he went wheeling to the spot which Oliver had reached long before him.

From his position beneath the window, Oliver had heard the entire conversation, but not knowing the contents of the letter, he was at a loss to comprehend how Lawrence Thornton could be Milly's uncle. Something, however, had affected her terribly he knew, for there was no mistaking the look of hopeless suffering stamped upon the rigid face he lifted gently up and rested on his arm.

"What is it, Clubs? What's the row? Let me see her," and the panting Judge relieved Oliver his arms, talking to her the while in his own peculiar way. "There, there, honey. What is it? Come to a little, can't you? Open your eyes, won't you? and don't look so much as though you were dead." Then, seeing for her pulse, he screamed: "She is dead. Clubs! She is dead! and you, old long-toothed madam," shaking his fist at the old hag Esther Bennett, "you killed her with some blasted lie, and I'll have you hung up by the heels on the first good tree I find. Do you hear?"

Having thus relieved his mind, the excited

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 6.)

Lady Isabel's Daughter Or, For Her Mother's Sin A Sequel to "East Lynne" By Mrs. Henry Wood

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

The mysterious tenant of Leith Abbey is a daughter of Mr. Archibald Carlyle with his first wife, Lady Isabel Vane. Lady Lucy is accompanied by Joyce Halliwell. She is eighteen years of age and is christened Isabel Lucy Carlyle, and is to be called "Isabel." A servant announces Mr. Carlyle and a turning point for Lady Isabel arrives.

Emma, Countess of Mount Severn, tells her daughter, Rosamond, her sad miserable story. The Earl of Mount Severn, William Vane, is forced to part with East Lynne. Mr. Archibald Carlyle becomes owner. William Vane dies and his brother, Raymond Vane, becomes Earl of Mount Severn. Isabel, daughter of Archibald Carlyle, after her mother's death is placed under the care of Emma, wife of Raymond Vane. She plunges deep into the life she loves. Among her admirers is Captain Francis Levison. The presence of the girl fetters her freedom. Captain Levison wins the heart of Isabel. Her aunt, jealous, makes life unendurable and convinces her of Levison's doubtful honor. Archibald Carlyle appears upon the scene and marries Isabel. William Vane returns. He goes to East Lynne and learns the story from Archibald Carlyle's own lips. Three children bless the union. Before her marriage, Archibald Carlyle is attentive to Barbara Hare. Lady Isabel becomes jealous. Captain Levison visits East Lynne and asks her imagination by lies; she elopes with him. He promises marriage as soon as a divorce is secured from Archibald Carlyle. Becoming Sir Francis Levison, he wears of his toy and the report is given that she dies in a railroad accident. She lives crushed and disgraced. Archibald Carlyle marries Barbara Hare. A governess is needed and Lady Isabel, in the guise of Madam Vane, is secured. She reveals herself to Archibald Carlyle and dies of a broken heart. Leith Abbey is alive with gaiety. The Earl of Mount Severn appears and bids his wife dismiss her guests. He confronts her with secrets disclosed by Lady Isabel's death and refuses to exchange one word with her. He gives his daughter, a girl of eight, the right to choose between her father and mother. For seventeen years the countess is a prisoner. She exacts an oath of her daughter that she work Isabel Carlyle's ruin. Rosamond promises. Lady Lucy asks her father to give her the name of her dead mother. With his last breath the Earl of Mount Severn requests that Isabel never recognize Lady Emma Mount Severn. She is announced and Isabel declares she will see her.

The Earl of Beresford insists in seeking a woman he does not know. His sister is under orders to sail. The countess declares he brings no bride not his equal in birth and culture. The countess and her son prepare for the Grace of Arleight's drawing-room. The countess schemes with the Earl's valet to make the yacht unseaworthy. The valet brings a sign. The Earl finds the mysterious stranger, Lady Isabel Carlyle. The Countess of Mount Severn is responsible for her.

Lady Rosamond meets Mr. Carlyle and implores him to help, save and forgive her. His daughter shall never learn from the lips of a Mount Severn Lady Isabel's terrible death. Lady Rosamond's mother is beyond speech, paralyzed. Lady Isabel meets Lady Rosamond Vane, the Countess of Mount Severn. Her Grace, the Duchess of Arleight, consents to bring out Lady Rosamond and Isabel. Joyce says every girl meets her destiny the night she enters the world. Bowing up the stream, a yacht glides by and Isabel sees a face leaning over the rail. The memory haunts her and she hopes to look on it again. Rosamond thinks it odd that she too should meet her ideal in a strange manner. Isabel meets Annette, Rosamond's maid, and in after days knows why she repels her. The Earl of Beresford and Isabel meet in mutual recognition. Lady Rosamond realizes her deadliest foe, and if there is a power in heaven to blight, she invokes it now. Sir Francis Levison appears; he is at her service.

Lord Beresford presents Lady Isabel to his mother, and tells her Ravenswood Court will be honored by Lady Isabel's presence. It is a case of woman against woman and Lady Beresford stands face to face with a woman whose pride equals her own.

Lady Mount Severn totters and lays her hands on the man's shoulders—what is his name, who are his parents? His name is Pierre Bloushar, valet to the Earl of Beresford. He owes his name to the sisters of the hospital of Sacre Coeur at Cambray. He is left there, abandoned by his mother. Hoping to find her he enters Lord Beresford's service. There are hasty words and a blow. Bloushar never forgives and a deadly vengeance prompts him to Arleight Towers, where he finds his foe. Lady Rosamond knows that Pierre Bloushar is the child of Sir Francis Levison and Lady Isabel Carlyle, and a half brother of Lady Isabel, whose ruin is irrevocable.

Lord Beresford requests his mother to give a ball in honor of Miss Carlyle's presentation to the queen. Isabel overhears the proud woman's refusal to recognize her and bitter enmity follows.

Lady Rosamond and Lady Isabel, accompanied by Lord Beresford, his mother and the Viscount Dynnelly, attend the opera. In La Sylphine Lady Rosamond recognized Atty Halliwell, the woman Pierre Bloushar seeks. Lady Rosamond swoons. Lord Dynnelly's admiration is cooled. Lord Beresford recognizes his former valet, Pierre Bloushar. Fate leads him to the opera. Lady Rosamond wins her point. The last link is found, and the hour that Lady Isabel becomes Lord Beresford's wife sees the vengeance of a lifetime complete.

Lady Isabel strikes Lady Beresford's pride in refusing her son's offer of marriage. He pleads for her love. She declares the interview over. Repenting she calls Lionel back, and he promises pride shall never come between them. Lady Isabel pleads with Lionel's mother for her love. Lady Beresford turns a deaf ear. What will she do to the girl of the engagement? Shall he tell his daughter of the mother's shame? Rosamond begs him to keep the secret and the engagement is to be announced.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE TIGHTENING SNARE.

MY lady was a true prophet. The engagement between Lord Beresford and Isabel was made public that very night, and for nine days nothing was talked of, nothing was so sincerely regretted by the scheming mammas as the sudden stepping down and out of the greatest prize the matrimonial market had known for three generations and Isabel, the fashion before, found herself the rage. There was the Isabel hat, the Isabel gloves and parasol, the Isabel coiffure, and heaven knows what else, until one enterprising feather with the "Isabel apricots" and the Carlyle plums" appeared.

Everywhere the country solicitor's daughter went she produced a perfect furor. Artists painted her in Spanish robes and called her the "Gitanita," others drew her in flowing Grecian drapery as the model Juno, with "dark brows bound with midnight hair, and eyes that spoke the queen," till one more poetic than his colleagues immortalized her in a glowing fancy called the "Passion-Flower."

He had caught the regal contour of her face to perfection, the queenly dark head was held proudly erect, the olive face was lit with the faint rose bloom of nature, and the light sifting down through trailing vines shone delicately on the spirituelle figure clad in soft black lace looped with crimson passion-flowers. Her dainty little hands were full of them, a few lay scattered at her feet, and others peeped from the tender vines of the bower on whose threshold she stood—half in the light half in the shade—with a smile of unspeakable happiness lighting her lovely olive face.

It was a pretty fancy, and my Lord of Beresford bought it at a fabulous price and hung it in the great picture gallery at Ravenswood.

In after days he liked to go and stand before the picture, and recall the beautiful original, painted so truthfully on that wonderful canvas that she almost seemed to speak to him and say,

"Lionel, I love you," as she often did with just that expression on her lovely dusk face. It was a glorious night that Lady Lexboro had chosen her "drawing-room"—the sky all gemmed with sparkling stars and the moon sailing serenely by through racks of pearl and silver clouds.

My lord's splendid equipage drove up to No. 10 Belgrave square just as all the clocks in London were striking nine, and Tristram, answering his ring, ushered him into the sparkling salon, where the ladies sat ready and waiting for his coming—her Grace of Arleight gorgeous in ruby velvet and flashing diamonds. Lady Rosamond daintily perfect in peach-blossom silk with pond lilies and pink pearls for garniture, but Isabel, as ever, outshining them both. She wore a trailing robe of tea-rose satin, looped over an underdress of embossed velvet of the same delicate shade. The low corsage was filled in with soft ruchings of point d'Alencon, clasped at the throat with a circlet of opals and pearls. Half-blown tea-roses crowned the dark magnificence of her blue-black hair; opals and pearls encircled her ivory arms and pinned the great corsage bouquet of delicate tea-roses that trailed down the left side of her robe until the bursting buds looped up, and seeming to lose themselves in a mass of glimmering drapery, where the Vandyke overdress was lifted free—the embossed underskirt, and showed velvet roses trailing over a satin ground shot with golden threads. Lord Beresford walked over to her with a beaming face and held out both hands.

"How beautiful you are, Isabel," he murmured, bending over and lifting the tips of her fingers to his lips. "Half England would lose its head could it see you standing here this minute. Never a Lord of Beresford won so fair a bride before."

The lovely color flushed her olive cheek and her eyes sparkled like ebony stars.

"Try always to be as proud of me as you are now, Lionel," she murmured, as they went out to the carriage, with her Grace of Arleight and Lady Rosamond bringing up the rear. "I shall



"KISS ME AND SAY, 'I LOVE YOU LIONEL,' I WANT THOSE TO BE THE LAST WORDS I HEAR."

ask nothing but to be beautiful in your eyes, and to feel that no matter what the world might say, to you I cannot fade."

"You never will—you never can," he answered, with the fervor of happy youth. "All for love and the world well lost."

She lifted her eyes and looked at him as they went down the steps under the shining lights. "Shall that be the motto of our after lives, Lionel?" she murmured sweetly. "Will you always think the world well lost, so that I am yours, and you are mine? Will you, Lionel?"

"Always," he responded, fervently. "The world holds nothing for me but your dear face. When I doubt you, Isabel I pray Heaven I may die."

She made him no reply. Her Grace of Arleight and Lady Rosamond had already reached the stepping-stone, and he turned to assist them into the carriage.

In another minute the carriage had rattled off through the soft September night and my lord and his beautiful bride-elect had time only for a few social pleasantries before their destination was reached.

Lady Lexboro's splendid mansion was ablaze with lights when they reached it, a dance was in progress but the entrance of the country solicitor's daughter brought it to a speedy termination, and a thrill of admiration ran down the crowded drawing-room as she gilded softly in—

"Queen rose of the rosebud garden of girls!"

And the memory of that night when all men bowed down and worshipped at the shrine of the woman he had won, sweetened many a remorseful hour in my lord's after life.

She was belle and queen by royal right. That night as on every other, she shone down the beauties who had been the rage until then, and when the soft music of "La Sirene" tinkled out on the gemmed and flower-scented salon, a hundred male hearts ached and a hundred pairs of male eyes followed her as she floated down the glittering rooms, leaning on my lord's arm and dancng like a Spanish fairy.

Lady Rosamond took no part in the night's festivities. She had but one aim and purpose in visiting Lady Lexboro's drawing room, and watching her opportunity, she slipped out of the crowded rooms, found her way into the garden, and hastened on until she stood at last near the gate where Pierre Bloushar had promised to meet her.

He had not forgotten, not been false to his trust. Almost before she had time to pause

and look about her, he came out of the shadows of the trees with a black-robed, black-velled woman leaning on his arm.

"You are late," he said, not giving her time to do more than utter a faint little gasp of rapture. "We have been waiting here for an hour past. Permit me, Lady Mount Severn, Miss Atty Halliwell, otherwise La Sylphine of Her Majesty's Opera."

My lady's face broke into bewildering smiles; she moved forward swiftly and took both La Sylphine's hands in hers.

"I am gratified—delighted—honored," she said, sweetly. "Mademoiselle, this is a pleasure I have long anticipated."

La Sylphine dropped a pert little courtesy, and giggled a shallow, kittenish laugh.

"Oh, Lady Mount Severn, you're real kind," she said, with a school-girl sort of shyness. "I never expected it of a born lady—not but what the lords is free and open-handed with us dancers—but—but—well the ladies sort of turn up their noses, you know—only we don't mind 'em. Why should we, when their sons and husbands, and nobles of beaus sends us a bunch of roses with a bracelet or a ring attached? Still I never expected as I should ever hear a real 'my lady' say as how it was an honor to know me. Not but what I opine as I'm just as clever as the most of 'em; and there ain't one from Windsor Castle to Inly as could dance the pas de fascination, or do a solo on the point."

My lady could not repress a slight sneer for this easy touch-and-go sort of person, who considered the high art of the ballet a thing equivalent for all the honors of birth and culture, but she veiled it in a very adroit way.

"You are quite right, mademoiselle," she said lightly. "For my part, I think the ballet a magnificent institution, poorly as it is paid."

"Poorly ain't no name for it," flashed La Sylphine, pettishly. "It's a regular skintflint game, through and through. Who comes to hear the opera, I should like to know? Why, there ain't a nob in town as would set foot inside of Her Majesty's if it wasn't for the ballet; and yet they give us starvation wages. If they didn't, I wouldn't be willing to have a talk with you over this business, much as I'd like to be thought a real out-and-out 'my lady' by them as is accustomed to sitch."

She threw back her veil as she ceased speaking, and my lady, looking at her in the moonlight, saw a faded, *passee* brunette of about forty, painted, and powdered and penciled in the highest style of theatrical art, and as little like the smirking, smiling, vulgar La Sylphine of the other night as the missing charm of distance and footlights could possibly make her. Vulgar she was as then—smirking and smiling, too—but not half so pretty when one was near enough to see the thickness of the rouge and to realize that the daintily arched eyebrows were the work of Indian ink, and the pretty curved lips the result of brush and carmine paint.

"See here," she said abruptly, treating my lady to one of her theatrical stares. "Pierre

"You shall have three, mademoiselle," she said, eagerly. "Only bind yourself to me in this cause, and you shall never regret the task."

"Oh, Lady Mount Severn, you are so good," simpered La Sylphine, casting down her eyes in the prettily, babyish way she affected behind the footlights. "Then we may consider the engagement closed, I presume, and I'm not to go back to the balls any more?"

"You may consider it closed, and you are to return to the stage no more," responded my lady, sweetly. "You are to keep in an absolute seclusion until the time I need you. I will send you a draft for the first thousand pounds tomorrow. Withdraw from your old associates at once; seek some new home where your identity may not yet be discovered, and wait until you hear from me. Pierre has been instructed in his role—he will explain yours fully before you are called upon to enact it. But hark! The band is playing the promenade. The guests are retiring to supper. I dare wait no longer. Adieu, mademoiselle, and God bless you for this night's work."

She bent over and pressed a cool little kiss on La Sylphine's rouged and powdered cheek.

"Adieu, faithful Pierre—the path is clear at last," she added shaking his hand and smiling at him. "All arrangements are concluded, and you can proceed at once to East Lynne and the work marked out for you."

"And the grave, my lady?"

"It stands in the furthest corner of the churchyard, marked by a simple cross bearing the letters 'L.V.' Waste no time, and write immediately the work is done."

"You shall have word within a fortnight," he responded, as my lady dropped his hands and hurried back to the drawing-room.

so they parted; but he kept his promise well, for the noon train, rushing into the little station at East Lynne next day, deposited Monsieur Pierre Bloushar on the wooden platform, and one brief week later the following letter found its way to my lady's hands:

"All is done. I found the grave marked L.V. with little difficulty—the grave of one Madame Vane, a governess who died in Archibald Carlyle's service, the sexton told me—and I have worked secretly and well since then. All that remained of the body has been at last removed. The Lady Isabel Carlyle's grave is empty, and there is nothing left us but to wait for Lord Beresford's wedding and then strike for revenge."

"Yours in confidence,
"PIERRE BLOUSHAR."

And my lady reading this letter with a wicked smile on her fair blonde face, pressed it to her lips and then bore it straight to Annette Varnell.

CHAPTER XXIII.

HOW THE OLD YEAR ENDED.

It was gone at last, the golden autumn weather. September had flamed itself out with its russet skies and wrathful sunsets, October had droned itself away with whining blasts and showers of withered leaves, November had howled itself in and snowed itself out, and Christmas tide was here.

How they passed those charmed months, Isabel scarcely knew. In my lord's presence they seemed like so many brief days—a string of splendid yesterdays that passed without a sorrow or a sigh all glorious with his smiles, all tender with the recollection of his love.

True, there had been balls and fetes, and operas innumerable, where her rich dusk loveliness had won her new laurels—prized only for Lionel's sake—and where she had reigned belle and beauty without a peer, and brief, as they seemed, looking back upon them, she would always remember those happy months as the brightest in all her young life—always thinking of them as something she could not be robbed of, as something made sacred and beautiful by Lionel's perfect love.

The wedding was to take place in the Ravenswood Cathedral where a hundred Lord Beresfords had been wedded before; the court was to be thrown open to the public, the canopy to have a feast and a merry-making under the old ancestral oaks, the charity children were to have a special holiday with freedom to rove where they would, and the veriest pauper in all the country side was to be feasted like a prince and welcomed to Ravenswood in the name of its bright young countess.

All this he had laid out when he told them he should like to keep up the old family custom and have the marriage solemnized in the old cathedral where so many Beresfords had been christened and wedded and buried, and her grace the duchess had foreseen the necessity of the bride-elect dwelling near—as well as the notoriety it would give her—and had kindly tendered Arleight Towers for the wedding feast and offered to chaperon Isabel until she was surrendered to her husband's charge.

It had been the only difficulty of my lord's desire, but, happily, it had been overcome, and Mr. Carlyle accepted of her grace's hospitality with thanks. My Lord had chosen his groomsmen, eight ladies of title were to act as bridesmaids, and her Grace of Arleight, foreseeing a chance to further distinguish herself, had invited the entire bridal party to reach the Towers in time to say "Merry Christmas," and make a week of general jollification.

So the twenty little cards had gone out, stamped with the ducal coronet of Arleight, and Christmas day broke over the grand old Towers and found the bridal party there.

Her grace had not forgotten my lord's most unhappy mother, living in strictest seclusion in the far-off dower house. A special messenger had ridden over to Crown Leighton with the elaborate invitation and two hours later her grace received the Countess of Beresford's card bearing this inscription pencilled across its back: "Lord Lionel Beresford is a stranger to me. I regret I cannot, therefore, attend."

It was a glorious week, but it slipped away at last. December closed its final day and ushered a wondrous night—the moon swinging high like a globe of frozen pearl, the swiftest sky all crisp with frosty stars, and snow lying piled in drifts on the face of the sleeping earth—and this was to be the night of nights at Arleight Towers, where they were to see the old year out and the new year in, and then, after tomorrow, to scatter and meet again when and where and how Heaven willed it.

So the glorious night wore on. Eleven o'clock came and went. A band of music, stationed in the gilded gallery, played waltzes, and schottische, and quadrille, the happy party cast aside restraint, and gave full rein to enjoyment, and the air tinkled with the rhythmic patter of light feet.

Five minutes of twelve.

My lord called Isabel's attention to the clock as they floated down the room to the time of a quaint sweet waltz by Strauss, and murmured soft, low words over her blushing, bowed face; her grace mentioned it to Mr. Carlyle as they waited under the shining lights where mistletoe and holly wreathed the sparkling chandeliers; the duke spoke of it to his partner and to the partners of others as they whirled by, there was a general peace, general happiness, and so the old year ended.

Twelve o'clock rolled out on the starry night, all the bells began to clash and ring with a wild delirium of joy; the dance broke up. "Happy New Year," passed from lip to lip, and then there was hand-shaking and light laughter and flashes of brilliant wit, and scarcely had the last stroke of midnight ceased to peal ere the portiere glided back from the arch of the great dining-hall, and flooded in a white sheet of crystal and silver laden table sparkling with crystal and stood a blooming with fruits and flowers.

The laughing party passed through the arch and crowded around the table.

Champagne popped and flew, toasts were drunk (CONTINUED ON PAGE 19.)

A Speckled Bird

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 3.)

"Vernon, why does not your cousin Eglah marry Roger Hull? He is as nearly worthy of her as any man she will ever meet; he is eminently good looking, bright, a spirited debater, and as it is said he carries the votes of his district in his vest pocket, he has an assured political position where she could gratify her ambition. If he lives he will sit in the Senate. He was very devoted in his attentions. Is he still loyal?"

"No. I hear he is reported engaged to a pretty girl in Washington, whose father is a naval officer. Certainly Eglah does not lack beaux. She has very fine horses rides daily, and one of her most frequent escorts was a Dr. Burbridge, very handsome and a specialist in neurology. I don't know Hull, but he has been twice to Nutwood since Eglah came back from Europe, and Cousin Allison said that she froze him so completely on his last visit that he gave up the chase, and consoled himself with a more responsive charmer. If political life allures her, Hull certainly offered an attractive opportunity, but I am sure her father did not favor that suit, and as her ambition was more for his preferment than from any personal fondness for a congressional career, she will soon cease to regret, and find contentment in her lovely surroundings."

"I am afraid not. Pardon the smile—but take a thoroughbred filly raised and trained on the race track, and when she is champing her bit, trembling for the signal to start, lead her aside, shut her in a pasture, fasten her to a plough trace, or harness her with a mule on the other side of a wagon-tongue, and do you wonder the load comes to grief, or the furrows are crooked when she sees the racers flash by, and hears the rush of hoofs, the roar of cheering thousands? Eglah knows what she wants, and disdains compromise. The present environment suits her as little as a stagnant millpond would a yacht cup challenger."

"I wish she could marry happily, but the day I came away we stood at the front steps and I told her I hoped I might have the privilege of performing the ceremony if during my life she consented to make some man happy. The judge laughed and tapped me on the shoulder. 'I will see you get that wedding fee. When you are needed I shall telegraph you.' She stopped a little closer to him, put her hands behind her, and looked at him with strange intentness; then turning to me she said, with singular emphasis: 'I shall never marry. As I have been baptized, only one more ceremony can be performed for me, and if Ma-Lila does not insist upon a Methodist minister, I promise that you shall pronounce ashes to ashes, dust to dust—when mother earth takes me back to her heart.'"

"Just then Mrs. Mitchell dropped her basket, and the clatter of keys and scissors broke the strain, which I could not understand. But Eglah's eyes recalled something I have not thought of for years. Do you recollect a picture of the Norms we saw that summer we walked through Wales?"

"Three figures, one veiled? We could not find out who painted it, but I never shall forget the wonderful eyes of Urd."

"They looked at me again that day in Nutwood. The expression was as inscrutable as the smile of Mona Lisa—not defiance, nor yet renunciation, neither scorn nor bitterness, but deathless pride and a pain so hopeless no sound could voice it."

There was a brief silence, broken by the muffled chanting in the chapel, and Mr. Herriott's hands were gripped so tight behind his head the nails were purple, but his face showed no emotion, and when he spoke his tone betrayed only quiet sympathy.

"For many years I have associated her with a passage in Jeremiah: 'As a speckled bird, the birds round about are against her.' Poor little speckled bird, beating out her life. Battling alone against a host of hawks is dreary work."

"I suppose you are going to Y—"

"No, I must get back home. I have been away too long. My poor faithful Susan is dead."

"I hope you are tired of globe-trotting, and ready to anchor yourself at your own fireside."

"As yet I have made no definite plans; have been considering two recent offers. One is the presidency of a great railroad system—a position I might possibly fit myself to occupy if I went into the machine shops and foundry."

"And worked hard for the next five years. It happens that the shares and bonds of one short but very important line which my father practically owned when the middle West was comparatively undeveloped, have appreciated enormously, and now that road is the link absolutely necessary to the contemplated consolidation of a new route that will touch the Pacific. I cabied my refusal, to sell out, and the next bait was the presidency."

Mr. Stadmeier and I have controlling interests and our views accord. Two days ago we had a meeting, at which I declined office, and we leased our road for thirty years. That relieved me from one horn of the dilemma; the other still threatened. A Polar expedition will be ready next year, and I have been asked to take a place aboard ship."

"Noel, I beg of you, dismiss that thought. Of all scientific follies, that Pole-hunting mania is the wildest, the most indefensible. To add your bleaching bones to the cairns heaped on the eternal ice altar of Polar night is no ambition worthy of you. Don't think me childish, but the sight of you is such a comfort I could not bear to have you risk your life searching for mares' nests so far away."

Mr. Herriott laughed—a genial, hearty, deep-chested sound rarely heard in cloisters.

"Get rid of that cough, and I will take you along as chaplain to christen the Pole—presumably it is pagan at present. I wish you would go down to New Mexico or Arizona and make a sensible effort to build up your constitution, which seems suing you for damages. Leave medicine and the viary in your cell, and lie under the stars and inhale that wonderful, healing air. When you wish to pray go down into the Grand Canyon, you will find you can succeed without needing a book to help you. In that sky verily the heavens declare the glory of God; and the firmament sheweth His handiwork." Mission work, and to spare, would interest you at a Moqui Pueblo, and I can recommend one whose primeval, idyllic repose dwells in my memory like an eclogue of Virgil's. It is spread over the crown and sides of a precipice where terraces tilt their outer edges upward to prevent water from draining the little gardens. Masonry-lined cisterns gleam under moonlight like molten silver, and oaks and oaks in their stone enclosures, a frieze of kids runs below the cornice of brown cupids drowsing on the wall, and all about the mesa a pink cloud of blooming peach trees and a mellow mist of acacias. Weigh this cure scheme, discuss it in Sanhedrim, and if you think favorably of it let me hear from you before October, as I have several friends among ranchmen, and some of the Moquis have not forgotten me."

"Do you intend to settle down now at your lakeside house?"

"Yes, for the present. I have been invited to write for two scientific magazines and one of the subjects suggested rather appeals to me—a comparison of the fairs of Norway with those of Alaska and British Columbia, but I have not fully decided. However, I am committed to help Chalcott verify numerous citations from Strabo's tenth book, relative to Crete, and I must brush up my classics. Chalcott is sanguine of 'great finds' around the site of ancient Knossos in the near future. He has been stung by the Pelagian bee, and I have promised to hunt and copy some passages from Strabo."

He took his hat from the floor and rose.

"Now I must say good by to father superior and the brethren."

"We hoped you would spend at least one night with us, in the room we have named and set apart for you."

"I must get back to Philadelphia in time for a meeting tomorrow of stockholders and directors of our railroad. Mr. Stadmeier requested me to attend, though he is really our watchdog. Don't delay the refectory improvements, and since you are all so good as to give me a special penitential apartment, I wish you would brighten it up with a cheerful paper, and allow me the privilege of sending some human derelict to anchor here in peace. God knows, there are fleets of souls adrift, and I should be glad if, for my sake, you can tow some into the snug harbor of my cell, until the day comes when my sins culminate and force me here for penance."

When the two walked down to the outer gate, the contrast between the virile athlete and the shadowy black form of the priest was pathetically vivid.

The busy shuttles of the east wind had spread their cirrus laces even along the western horizon where the sun had vanished, and the sky was one huge arching shell enamelled with mother-of-pearl, as the cloudlets burned in the afterglow.

"Vernon, don't look back. You have balanced your books with the past. Dear old fellow, I wish to think of you as fulfilling the rich promise of our college days."

"Assure me you will give up that Arctic whim. The thought of it distresses me."

"Do not worry about me. The expedition could not be ready to start for at least a year, and by that time I may not need to go. Sir John Franklin's ghost may chat with mine and tell all the secrets of the Pole, which doubtless he discovered when Arctic ice claimed his body."

He laughed, they shook hands, and parted.

At a bend in the road he turned, looked back and waved his hat to the watching figure standing under the gilt cross, and silhouetted in sharp lines against the opal dome of the west.

CHAPTER XX.

THE EXACTED OATH.

"Little mother, the weather is so lovely I really ought to drive with you to Dalry Dingle, instead of letting you go in that dusty, stuffy car; but you will not wait, and you know I have promised to go to the club german tomorrow night."

"I shall get back in time to help you; the train is due at 7.10. Your dress is already pressed, and ribbons and lace sewed on, but as you have not worn it, I want to be sure about the hang of that skirt. Your sash—"

"Your train is ready to start. Good by, Ma-Lila."

"Good by, dearie. I wish the club house and Dr. Burbridge were in Jericho! Then you could go with me."

Mrs. Mitchell kissed her companion's cheek and hurried to the car platform, where she paused a moment, looking back at the girl seated in her trap, balancing her lace parasol.

"Are you going directly home?"

"No. I shall call to inquire how Mrs. Whitfield is today, and as the bishop has come home from Florida I must congratulate him on his restoration to health. Bring me some tili blossoms."

The bell changed, the engine puffed, and the train disappeared around a curve. An hour afterward, in front of the post-office, the mail for Nutwood was brought to the trap. Eglah took two letters addressed to herself, and placed the remainder with papers under the cushion of the trap seat.

"Oliver, stop at Holmeins' garden. Then go on home and give the mail to father. If he has not returned from fishing, be careful to lay letters and papers on the library table in front of his chair. I shall walk from Holmeins'."

The grounds of the florist were nearly a mile from the gates of Nutwood, and on a new street-car line extending to a park that overlooked the river. From Holmeins' the broad, sandy road ran straight through thick woods to the avenue of the old house on the hill. Having secured a bunch of double white violets, Judge Kent's favorite flower, his daughter walked homeward.

Many months had passed, and the procession of the seasons brought no comforting element to brighten the monotonous life that so severely taxed Eglah's patience. A card and dinner party on Judge Kent's birthday had pleased him for the moment, but while he praised the menu and decorations, no relaxation of chill politeness rewarded her. When nuts were ripe in autumn the young mistress had invited the children belonging to Sunday schools and the orphan asylum in Y— to come one afternoon to Nutwood and gather chestnuts and walnuts. In the grove long tables held refreshments, that were served by Eglah and Eliza to the hungry throng, and for the first time since the war hundreds of happy little ones raced and shouted under the ancestral trees. Several plink seats remained as souvenirs of the occasion, and today Eglah turned away from the avenue, and sat down between two young chestnuts. At her feet was a miniature doll house of walnut shells built to amuse a flaxen-haired tot who shrank tearfully from the sharp pricks of chestnut burrs, and begged for a "truly fairy tale."

Now Eglah was reminded of the wide, curious

way raised to hers when she had repeated:

"I fancy the fairies make merry,
With thorns for their knives and forks;
They have currants for bottles of sherry,
And the little brown heads are the corks.
A leaf makes the tent they sit under,
Their ballroom's a white lily-cup;
Small I know all about them, I wonder,
For certain, when I am grown up?"

Laying her flowers beside her, she broke the seal of a letter from Mrs. St. Clair, postmarked New York, and after a moment the sheet fell into her lap. Raising it, she read a second time:

"We are so shocked and grieved to find that Mr. Herriott is actually going on that North Pole expedition we thought he had abandoned."

He has been much feted since his return last year, and all of our set are heartily sorry to give him up. Some of us believe you could put a stop to this nonsense, if you would only come to your senses, and use your influence.

The idea of such a man going into the grewsome business of eating blubber and seal, and possibly Eskimo dog steak! Hunting a graveyard among hummocks! I suggested to him that a better plan would be to go down into a cold-storage vault, throw away the key and slam the spring-lock door. Then we should be allowed the consolation of covering him with flowers."

She replaced the letter in the envelope, and fell into a profound reverie. If Mr. Herriott sailed away and never returned, her father could no longer cling to his sole condition of reconciliation. Years ago her own responsibility had ended, and even had she desired to reconsider the proposal of marriage, no opportunity to do so had been given her.

If Mr. Herriott never returned? Her eyes filled with unshed tears. For so many years he had been her devoted and loyal friend, and she honored and trusted him supremely. Never to see him again would grieve her deeply, but she felt assured he no longer loved her as formerly—that sincere friendship was the only sentiment he now entertained. Were his heart still hers, could he have maintained the total repression that marked recent years? He had given his word not to refer to a matter that distressed her, but when men really loved such compact were forgotten, and he must have been easy for Mr. Herriott to keep his promise of absolute silence.

Gathering up her flowers, letters and parasol, she walked slowly across the lawn and reached the house by a side door, without meeting any of the servants.

On the library table lay Judge Kent's unopened mail; hence she knew he had not yet returned from the fishing trip on which he started at daylight. Over the door opening into his adjoining bedroom a heavy portiere of crimson plush usually hung, but a few days previous winter draperies had been replaced by Madras curtains that resembled stained glass. Lifting this summer portiere, Eglah went into the bedroom, filled a vase with water and arranged the drooping violets on her father's bureau. Only during his absence did she ever come into this apartment, so long her grandmother's reliquary, where the girl seemed always to see old Hector crouching against his dead mistress, and that white face, whose fixed blue eyes pierced beyond the orange dawn and fronted God.

The memory of her childish terror on the night of Mrs. Maurice's death haunted the room, despite her effort to dispel it, yet today she sat down on a lounge and re-read Mrs. St. Clair's letter. If her father knew of the contemplated Arctic journey, he had given no hint. Perhaps the vessel had already sailed. Then at last she could find peace and reconciliation. Possibly Mr. Herriott might change his plans. If ever he renewed his offer would she—could she yield to her father's wishes? She set her teeth.

"Sell myself—even for father's love? Never!"

It seemed cruel that some misfortune to her best and dearest friend should offer her sole channel of escape, and after a while she made deliberate choice.

"Come what may I pray no harm will overtake Mr. Noel. I would rather continue to fight and suffer than know he was lost; and surely God will watch over him."

Some moments passed while, forgetting to remove her hat, she sat tapping her knee with the letter. Then heavy footsteps rang on the bare, "dry-rubbed" floor, and Judge Kent's voice sounded through the library.

"Take that armchair, Herriott. Eglah is in town, but she will be at home soon."

"I am glad to have an opportunity to talk to you in her absence. I have not come here voluntarily; necessity drove me. My mission now is so distressingly painful that could it have been avoided I should certainly not be here. To shield Eglah from annoyance I would undertake anything but neglect of duty. Of course you know the deplorable matter to which I allude?"

TO BE CONTINUED.

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VETERINARY INFORMATION



Queries Answered

Readers are invited to write to this department asking for any information desired relative to the treatment of animal troubles. Questions will be answered in this column free by an eminent veterinarian who holds a professorship in a large university. Describe the trouble fully, sign full name, and direct all correspondence to the Veterinary Department, Comfort, Augusta, Maine. Should any subscriber desire an immediate opinion on any question privately mailed, it may be had by sending one dollar with a letter asking such advice, addressing as above.

PARALYSIS.—I have two sows that farrowed in March, one had thirteen pigs and the other eight, all did fine till the first of May when one of them got down all at once and seemed to be paralyzed all over but would eat when I would raise her up and hold her. I took the pigs away and kept her in the grass all the time. She is a little better and can get up on her front feet but cannot use her hind legs, and about two weeks ago the other one got the same way. Some say it is kidney worms and some say it is St. Vitus' dance. They are on good pasture and I feed them corn and they sleep in an old straw stack. C. A.

REPLY.—The paralysis is neither due to kidney worms nor St. Vitus' dance but is akin to rickets and caused by prolonged feeding upon an incomplete food such as corn which doesn't build up bone or muscle but goes to make heat and fat. Land her in a paddock, pampered upon corn and other rich foods and allowed too little exercise are especially prone to the condition and the tendency to it is hereditary. The irritation and drain of pigs sucking brings on the disease in sows. Let linewater form one fifth part of all her food and drink. Give fluid extract of nux vomica in increasing doses commencing with five drops twice daily. Rub the loins with a mixture of equal parts turpentine, aqua ammonia and raw linseed oil; or have a veterinarian puncture the loins.

DESTROYING LICE.—We have a fine dog that is lousy. We have clipped him several times and washed him in tar soap and greased him with oil but they will come back. A. H.

REPLY.—At drug store buy some coal tar disinfectant or dip and after washing dog once a week rub him from head to foot with a solution of one tablespoonful of the dip in a quart of soapy warm water and allow it to dry on him. Keep his bed clean and sprinkle sulphur freely in it. Insect powder may be freely applied as required between times of washing.

SWOLLEN GUMS.—I have a mare that had the lamppost fall; she got so she could not eat her corn. I fed her conditioners to try to build up her appetite. Now her right hip is sagging away and is sunken in quite a little around the root of her tail and hips seem sore, but she never gets lame or is not yet. I have continued to work her all the spring. Her appetite is good and she eats all right. T. J.

REPLY.—There is no such disease as "lamppost" or "lampos." The term is used to describe a swollen condition of the hard palate which is merely a symptom of inflammation of the gums and buccal membrane of the mouth. Irregularities of the teeth may usually be the cause, but a diagnosis sometimes is present. The teeth should be put in order by a veterinary dentist. The wasting of the hip muscles was not in any way caused by the condition of the palate, etc. It may have followed foaling or have come from an attack of ascariasis. We are unable to prescribe without an examination but suspect that treatment is unnecessary.

LAMENESS.—I have a horse that was sweened two years ago and I cured it, and last winter he jumped over a fence and a little while after he became lame, so I took him to a doctor and he gave me a very severe medicine which took both the skin and hair off. It has been two or three months since we blistered it and he is no better. Last fall when I was gathering corn he grew lame but got well in a short time. He is not very lame but cannot use his leg very well. He limps worse on hard ground than on soft ground. I have kept the skin loose on his shoulder. He has not been used this spring or summer except one time I rode him about five miles and the next day he was so stiff that he could hardly go. Some people say that jumping a fence will cause a sweeny. C. W.

REPLY.—It is impossible for anyone to confidently advise in cases of lameness without making an examination on which it is absolutely necessary to a proper understanding of the location and cause of the trouble. We suspect that the blister was put on the wrong place and that the trouble is in the foot in which case a blister applied to the hoof-head (coronet) would be likely to help. If horse puts his foot out in front of his body when standing still you may take it as certain that the lameness is located in the foot. For wasting of the muscles when not due to foot lameness, blistering usually is effective.

FOUNDER.—We have a mare that was foundered, and her front hoofs shed off, but they did not come right. She is shedding them again. What will make new hoofs grow? Mrs. L. H. W.

REPLY.—Clip the hair from hoof-heads and blister repeatedly with cerate of cantharides at intervals of two or three weeks. It is unlikely that the hoofs will grow down perfectly, but this treatment will improve their condition.

FOUNDER.—I have a mare and everybody tells me she is foundered from being too warm and drinking cold water, she seems to be stiff in both front and hind legs or her feet seem to be so tender she can't hardly bear her weight on them. She has always had good feet before this. I have never had her foot. Her kidneys don't act at times; she has been in this condition eight weeks. J. R. P.

REPLY.—As the disease has progressed to the stage described the condition now is chronic and incurable but possibly she may be able to work on soft land if you clip off the hair from the hoof-heads of both fore and hind feet and blister them thoroughly every four weeks with cerate of cantharides. Give her a dram of saltpetre twice daily in water for a week. Have the smith put on wide-webbed bar shoes without calkins, and put on over a dressing of pine tar and oakum and a thick leather pad or sole.

LAMENESS.—I have a mare that kicked in the barn, and got her leg over a pole. They claim she has strained herself in some way. She is not weak in the back, but when she is worked and when she has pulled hard and her harness is taken off she lays down and groans, gets up in a few minutes and seems to be as sound as any horse. She also seems to be a little thick winded and when she pulls hard she goes lame in her left hind leg. Miss L. W.

REPLY.—The lameness doubtless is due to the injury mentioned; while the discomfort may be associated with heaves to which the thick wind condition may be due. Give her half an ounce of Fowler's solution of arsenic night and morning for a month; then gradually stop giving the medicine. It is unlikely that the lameness will subside until she is given her liberty on pasture for a few months.

GOUT.—I have a mare thirteen years old who is healthy and all right in every respect except on which I am told by older men there is no cure for, but as she has raised seven or eight good colts I hate to see her go. She has two lumps under her jaws on her neck on either side of her wind pipe close up to her head, near what I would call her voice box. I don't suppose horses have any but you will understand better by that I think. The one on the left side is about the size of a large hen's egg and the one on the right side somewhat smaller. I have had the mare for nearly a year now and they don't seem to be very much larger than they were except the left one. She eats, drinks and works good, it don't seem to affect her wind any. She dropped a colt this spring and it is affected the same way, only the lumps are small, about like a bird's egg. One could hardly notice them except by feeling them on his throat. Is there anything I could do to kill or remove the growth of these things? These lumps are loose, they can be moved clear out of sight up in the hollow place beside her wind pipe, or I can move them around from where they hang, when not disturbed they seem to be loose under the skin. (2) I also have a three-year-old male which was castrated when he was about fifteen months old, but there is a growth started, he works all right, only looks bad. O. A. T.

REPLY.—(1) You describe a slight enlargement of the two thyroid glands which are in their natural position. The condition is unimportant and no treat-

ment is necessary. (2) Have the male castrated and the tumor and cord (scirrhous cord) dissected free from their attachment with the walls of the scrotum; then sever the cord above the tumor by means of an excruciator or emasculator.

FITS.—I have a pet dog that has something wrong with one ear. He is one year and a half old, and last year in hot weather he had two or three spells and was all right last winter. He will be digging for something or playing when of a sudden he will run to me crying and holding his head to the ground and to one side he shakes his head as if to break something off. He will also scratch his ear. It gets red and swells rapidly under his ear and down his neck and appears to make his throat sore. The last time he was so crazed with pain he tried to bite me. He will carry his head to one side for nearly a week and shake his head, otherwise he is very well. Mrs. L. B.

REPLY.—Apparently the dog has a fit of an epileptic nature but it may be that there is some local cause of irritation about the ear as you suggest. If it is fits he should be treated for worms which are a probable cause. If there is an abscess it will have to be located and opened by an expert. If he has canker of the ear, which is very probable and often a cause of fits in puppies the veterinarian will have to be employed.

COUGH; OBSTRUCTED TEAT.—I have a cow that coughs quite a bit at times and sometimes it seems as though it is hard for her to breathe good. I can hear a rattling in her throat as if the trouble was there. She is in good order and is healthy but when she eats she will chew up a mouthful and spit it out as though she couldn't swallow it. (2) About three weeks ago one of her teats seemed to stop up so I could hardly milk it at all, but at times it is better and the milk comes more freely but not like it could be. C. A.

REPLY.—(1) Have her tested with tuberculin as she may have tuberculosis. A diseased molar tooth may cause the "quidding" of food. Blister the throat with cerate of cantharides if she proves free from tuberculosis and teeth are found to be all right. (2) Use a clean-milking tube for obstructed teat.

NERVOUS DISEASE.—I have a cow. About three or four weeks after she has her calf she becomes dizzy, waves her head back and forth and pines on the manger and also licks her two front legs until they become raw, above the knee as near the shoulder she can get, this has happened twice with last calves; she will be fresh soon. G. W. M.

REPLY.—Don't allow the cow to remain in the stable but let her out doors in a shaded place. After calving and see that her bowels are kept freely open by means of succulent food or by giving small doses of glauher salts as required. Do not feed corn or cottonseed meal in summer.

TUMOR; SALTING STOCK.—I have a horse that has a bunch on the point of the shoulder about five inches wide and seven inches long, seemed to be filled with a watery fluid, it does not make him lame. Some of the neighbors call it a "water" but I don't say it is caused by a quick jerk and a side twist in the collar, and should be opened; the veterinarian tried to open it but there seemed to be a tough, smooth skin under the hide which he could not penetrate with his knife for fear of injuring the cords of the shoulder. (2) How often and how much salt should be given to horses and colts? E. C. M.

REPLY.—(1) There may be a fibroid tumor which should be cut out but first try rubbing part each other day with iodine ointment, after removal of the hair. (2) Allow horses free access to rock salt. Cattle will do with one and one half to two quarts of salt daily.

LAMENESS.—I have a horse seven years old. He was cut on the right front leg between the fetlock and hoof about three years ago. The hoof was not injured, but he is lame at times, while at other times he can walk all right. He had been standing in the barn, but when he was cut on the wire he was turned out in the field, and just a little while after he was cut on front of ankle just above the hoof, the salt charge caused a growth of horn to grow up into the flesh at side and in front of hoof. I keep these growths trimmed off, and use turpentine and pine tar on it. F. H.

REPLY.—Clip off the hair from the coronet and around the wound and blister twice a month with a mixture of one dram of biniodide of mercury in two ounces of cerate of cantharides. Keep the hoof soft with lard or neat's-foot oil and do not use turpentine.

BAD HABITS.—(1) I have a spring calf, hand fed, that sucks its tail and it is getting sore and hair is coming off. (2) I also have a dog about fifteen months old that every time it goes into the water its neck will bleed, just a little below and back of left jaw, has done so since it was a little pup, and lately there is another place on top of his head between his ears and nearest his right ear that bleeds in the same way, but has done so only four or five months. E. L. Y.

REPLY.—Take a few light pickets, sharpen them at each end and wear them with wire to make a necklace to put on the calf's neck and the dog's neck, and run lengthwise. Calf will then be unable to turn head around far enough to get at tail when so inclined, but will be able to graze, etc. (2) Possibly the toe nails scratch the parts when swimming. Cut them short and file round taking care not to injure the skin. To horses apply as required an ointment composed of a dram each of iodoform, tannic acid and boric acid in an ounce of lard.

DYSENTERY.—I have a cow that was fresh in December, after which she became weak in knees and when down had to roll and scramble before she could get up. She got better in the spring and when turned in pasture, after a few days, she began with the scours, and nothing would stop them and it is almost nothing but water. Miss R. J.

REPLY.—In such a case it would be well to keep the cow off grass and the first step should be to have her tested with tuberculin as she may have tuberculosis. Otherwise we would give her two drams of dilute hydrochloric acid in drinking water twice a day and then three times daily if found necessary, also in a pint of water give her two drams of Fowler's solution of iodoform and two drams each of powdered ginger root, catchu and prepared chalk.

FISTULA.—I have a three-year-old mare that has a hole in her belly about the navel that has been there ever since she was foaled; there is a knot there about the size of a turkey's egg; the hole seems to be getting a little smaller but I am not sure. E. N.

REPLY.—A condition such as you describe will require the attention of an expert surgeon; otherwise it should be let alone.

INDIGESTION.—I write to you for information concerning a mule of mine. He quit eating some time ago; the first I noticed was his eyes swelled up so he could hardly see. They turned a green and brown color. I cannot get him to eat anything. He is weak in his loins. J. S. P.

REPLY.—Give one pint of raw linseed oil as one dose and repeat it three times daily. Give him a dram of fluid extract of nux vomica, two drams fluid extract of gentian root and two ounces of whiskey in half pint water. Tie him so he cannot eat bedding, etc.

TUBERCULOSIS.—I would like to find out what can be the matter with my cow. She came fresh the first week in May but has not done well since then. She coughs a little, and in a while she is always something running out of her mouth; it looks like clear water and she won't eat. She has some small lumps on her back; when they would break we could squeeze out what looked like a worm but it was not alive, and there is a settling of blood in her milk when it has been standing for about a day. She has been fed on Timothy hay, raw potatoes and boiled potatoes once in a while. C. S.

REPLY.—The cow doubtless is far advanced in tuberculosis (bovine consumption) and in that case treatment will be useless. To decide the matter have her tested with tuberculin by a graduate veterinarian. Meanwhile keep her isolated and do not use her milk. The lumps on her back are known as "milk" and they contain grubs of the ox warble fly (hypoderma lineata). The grubs should be squeezed out and destroyed.

COWPOX; WARTS; COUGH.—I wish to find out what is the matter with my cow's sack. There are little bunions come out on it, then they turn yellow and become sore; she kicks when milked; she also has warts on teats. She is Jersey and Holstein stock. She is four years old and will be fresh in November. (2) I have pigs that cough and choke, but eat freely and run at large. I feed corn and quantity of milk. D. K. S.

REPLY.—(1) The sores are from cowpox which is contagious and spread by the milkers' hands. Wash milker twice with a little soap and use a one ounce of hypophosphite of soda in a quart of water and then paint the sores with glycerite of tannin as required. (2) Warts may be removed by rubbing in hot cod pressed castor oil twice daily. (3) For cough of pigs give turpentine in the slip at rate of one teaspoonful for each eight pounds live weight. Give cod liver oil in the same way once a week. It kills the worms. Keep pigs out of dusty places.

CANCEROUS GROWTH.—I have a mule three years old that has what I thought to be a wart on the lower

corner of one eye. I attempted to remove it but failed. It is now as large as a small hen's egg. The mule keeps rubbing it and keeps it sore and bleeding most of the time. R. L. C.

REPLY.—The growth should be cut out by a surgeon who will then cauterize the wound but we fear it will return as such growths often are cancerous and in time implicate the bone (osteosarcoma).

CATARH; SICK DOG.—We have a fine mule that has what is commonly called Big Head, and also a cough. She will cough up clots of corruption the size of the end of a man's thumb. Also it will drop from nose. Some mornings the eyes are very full of matter. The head is enlarged below the eyes. (2) I have a good dog that I would like to know what to do for him. Last winter he began to cough and gag as if there was something in his throat, then commenced to froth at the mouth, and he would lay and bark day and night, and seem to be in much misery, and he would vomit from two to four times a day. Sometimes it would look like the white of an egg. Then it would be yellow with some blood. Now he is very poor. Won't eat but little. When he eats a few swallows of solid food he will turn off and vomit it up, which looks like degm. It seems that he can't swallow it into his stomach. The throat and breast seem to have an unnatural hole in it and at times he seems to choke; the head is tottery; the left eye is weak and runs water. When he is lying down the froth is running from his mouth all the time. Will you also give me a remedy for him? J. J. L.

REPLY.—(1) The mule should be examined by a graduate veterinarian as glanders is to be suspected and if that is not present then he has such a bad case of chronic catarrh that trephining of the sinuses of the head will have to be done as part of the treatment which cannot be conducted by the owner. (2) We should advise you to put the dog out of his misery. He doubtless has an ulcerated condition of the stomach which is practically incurable.

POLYURIA.—I have a colt nine months old (horse colt) still sucks its mare, born and raised in pasture, very fat and lively, but continually urinates; urine looks murky. You have been in this condition for several months. I have given him extract Belladonna but without results. Would you kindly advise? Mrs. F. L. H.

REPLY.—Wean foal. Give four ounces castor oil in milk and repeat when necessary. Feed crushed oats and bran with best of hay. Indigestion is the cause.

SPAVIN.—I have a mule that is lame in her left hind leg or in the hip; she has been lame for over a year. I have tried to give her a bone splint, but the left hip is a little smaller than right one. What must I do for her as she gets worse all the time. When she is first hitched up in the morning she limps, but after driving her awhile she does not limp so badly. H. W. G.

REPLY.—We believe that the lameness and the wasting of the hip muscles is due to the presence of a bone spavin on hock joint which you should have fired and blistered by a veterinarian; then allow six weeks or more of absolute rest up short in stall.

URINARY TROUBLE.—I have a cow that does not pass her water naturally. She has been that way for a long time, since last August, perhaps longer. She will have a calf in five or six weeks now. She is in pasture now, I don't feed her anything else, in winter we give her fodder, Timothy and clover hay and bran or ground up corn. We give her salt occasionally and she drinks water, plenty it seems, but with the result I have mentioned. G. I. C.

REPLY.—She may be all right after the calf comes and no medicine should be given. If the trouble continues after calving an examination should be made for the presence of a stone or gravel in the bladder which would require an operation by an expert. If no such condition is found she should have tonics twice daily such as one dram of powdered nux vomica, a dram of dried sulphate of iron and two drams of ground gentian root.

LAMENESS.—A four-year-old Hamiltonian Saddle seems to be tender in front feet. Heeds a little narrow, dark spots and spongy opening under them. Frogs seem to decay and cracks form in them. J. G. Mc.

REPLY.—Keep stable floor clean and dry. Cut away all loose, rotten or under-run horn of sole and frog; then pack in calomel and give with oakum or cotton batting. Renew the dressing once daily until "thrush" subsides. Clip hair from hoof-heads and blister once a month with cerate of cantharides.

OBSTRUCTED BREATHING.—I have a mare which suddenly became lame in the left shoulder while driving her and so bad she could only go a few steps without stopping and then she could walk better for a few steps. In a short time after she became lame her shoulders and breast swelled and was that way several days. Then the lameness left her and in a few days the swelling and then her wind seemed to be affected. She has been worked but very little since, for when she is worked a short time she seems almost all right, but when she is idle she seems quite a distance when at work but do not notice it so much when she is idle. She first became lame two months ago. Now her shoulders and breast are swelled again. Coughs when drinking. J. F.

REPLY.—We suspect that there is a deep seated abscess pressing upon the windpipe, or some condition of the blood vessels of the part explaining both lameness and swelling. It is a case for some expert veterinarian to carefully examine and possibly, if that can be done, an operation may relieve the condition described. We do not think home treatment will avail.

CATARH.—I have a young mare started about a year ago, to discharge from the nose a yellow thick substance. It lasts about four months during the hottest weather when she is in the field. There was no discharge only a thin watery substance at times, now the discharge is the thick yellow substance again at times odor is disagreeable. W. F. A.

REPLY.—It always is well to make sure that glanders is not present before treating such a case. If that disease is absent it may be due to a diseased ear tube in upper jaw and its removal by trephining, to be followed by suitable treatment might cure the trouble. Otherwise for chronic catarrh give a dram of one of the following medicines twice daily for a week, alternating the medicines until the animal is well; iodide of potash; dried sulphate of iron, powdered sulphate of copper.

VOMITING.—We have a Scotch Collie four and one half years old. The past few weeks it has vomited at least once a day. We have been feeding it milk since this occurred, but the vomiting has not stopped. E. W. S.

REPLY.—Give the dog twenty grains of subnitrate of bismuth two or three times daily, and always after vomiting. Feed carefully and allow plenty of exercise. Do not feed potatoes.

CHRONIC FOUNDER.—I have a mare that seems to be stiff all over and is getting worse right along. She used to get it once in awhile but for the last two months had it steady. She lies down most of the time, rolls around a good deal like she had pain in getting up, puts hind feet towards the front and is hardly able to walk at first by standing still, keeps lifting her front feet, and one then the other up and down. The breast is drawing in like she was foundered. Mrs. O. A.

REPLY.—She has chronic founder in her feet and it is practically incurable but some benefit may follow by removing the hair from the coronets (hoof heads) and then blistering them twice a month with cerate of cantharides. Also give a dram of iodide of potash night and morning for four successive days a week.

UNPROFITABLE COW.—I have a cow that goes dry four and five months at a time before she is fresh, the last time she went five months. She is part Jersey and is fine for butter, but she goes dry too long to be profitable. E. B. N.

REPLY.—There is no cure and she should be fattened off for slaughter.

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Talks with Girls

Conducted by Cousin Marion

In order that each cousin may be answered in this column, no cousin must ask more than three questions in one month.

MY, my, here it is September, dears, and we got through the summer just as easy as anything, didn't we? At least we are over with the worst of it and the pretty summer girls must be folding their wings and settling down once more to the hum-drum of ordinary life. I hope all of you have enjoyed yourselves and are feeling like meeting the cold weather when it takes its turn, after you have had all the beauties of the autumn months. This old world isn't so bad, after all, is it? Not even if we do have to work and have other troubles? Work is the thing now, though, and so let us get at it.

The very first letter I open is trouble. It is from Cousin Martha of San Francisco, Wis., and she is in a dreadful mix-up. One young man postponed their marriage twice, and she, thinking he did not intend to marry, promised to marry another, and now the first one threatens to sue her for breach of promise. She has some property and she doesn't know whether to lose that in the law-suit, or lose the young man she has promised to marry. She wants me to tell her what she shall do. But I can't. Only, I think I'd marry the man I could marry, and trust a sensible jury to decide against the man who wouldn't marry her when he could.

Lady, Paris, Texas.—Wait a little while, and your mother and sisters will withdraw their objections to the young man of your choice. Never be in a hurry to get married.

Crabapple Blossom, Winneconne, Wis.—Stand by the girl and show the people who are not condemning her deceiver that he is the guilty one and should be punished for his offense. Do not recognize him and tell him and everybody else why you do not. Also let the girl understand that between two evils you are choosing the less. She must bear her share of the offending.

Three Friends, Dexter, Ia.—Look about and see how the most respectable and respected people act in your town and do as they do. (2) Don't get married if you are in bad health which is apt to continue. It isn't fair to be a burden to your husband, and to bring sickly children into the world.

Mab, Mt. Vernon, N. Y.—He must be a very difficult or very indecisive fellow if he does not try to see you sometime when there is nobody else about. Why not ask him some evening to go for a little walk, or to call on some friend? Don't let him hold your hand on the piazza when the others can't see him, if he hasn't the courage to ask you for a moment to yourself. Brags him up some way. Show him this answer, for example. Maybe he will take the hint then.

L. K., Bridgeport, Conn.—See answer in Manners and Looks' column.

Teacher's Favorite, Oakland, Ill.—Now that you have graduated, let your old teacher make love to you if he wants to, and you want him to. All you have to do is to be just as nice to him as you are to the other people who like you. Whether he is seriously in love with you can only be told later. Don't wave at train men, even though you know them. It is too public, and not a bit lady-like.

Blue-eyed Beauty, Hazelton, O.—While you told me much about yourself, you don't tell me the one thing you have most of and that is self-conceit. You may be pretty and you may be proud and you may be other things, but you will never be right till you forget yourself. Put all your mind on others for awhile and see what effect it will have. (2) Don't worry about giving the young chap a chance to go with you. You say he is rich and from Pittsburgh. Well, he will take the chance if he wants it.

Wild Rose, Fairmount, W. Va.—The young man very evidently didn't want to take you to either place and as you seem to think that he is not as attentive as he should be, I would, if I were you, mark him off my list and get someone who was more devoted. Then he won't "mistreat" you any more.

Country Lass, Newport, Pa.—If he were as anxious to meet you as you are to meet him he would find a way. As he doesn't find a way, do you think it nice to go after him? Do you think he would like the girl who would chase him? The right thing for you to do is to wait for him to come to you.

Blooming Rose, East Dorset, Vt.—You became engaged when you were too young, and you are too young now to marry. As you have fallen in love with another man, you had better postpone all marrying till you are twenty-one, and have gained some little steadiness, if possible. Anyway, don't marry one man loving another/ That's wretched.

Cinderella, El. Reno, Okla.—The military brushes will make a very nice and useful present for your fiancé and it is quite proper to give them to him. Cousin Clover, Ambrose, Minn.—Don't marry a man with an ugly, jealous disposition. He can't help it, you can't cure him, and your whole life will be miserable. Of course, if you break with him, return his presents.

Sweet Sixteen, Escondido, Cal.—Be frank with the teacher who was proud of you, and ask her why she did not ask you to her wedding. There may be some mistake. (2) Obey your father, but try to convince him that it is proper for you to meet the right kind of young men. Fathers are sometimes over-particular and do more harm eventually than good.

Gentlefolk, Owingsville, Ky.—Certain liberties are permissible to engaged couples not so to others. If the man in the case is so lacking in decency as to make his sweetheart's actions common talk among his fellows he should be tarred and feathered. It is no reflection upon the girl beyond that she should be so mistaken in the man. She should use her common sense and judgment and when she suspects that the man engaged himself to her merely to have privileges not permissible to the unengaged, she should drop him quick and hard.

Tennessee Belle, Covington, Tenn.—Marry the wealthy one, as you don't know which you ought to choose. If you kill the poor one, even though he kills you it will. If it does, you will have money enough to give him a big funeral.

Sweet, Glendive, Mont.—A stingy husband and they say is about the hardest kind to live with, and if this sweetheart of yours won't spend any money on you now, he won't when you are his wife, and he'll be nasty mean with you if you complain about it. Suppose you don't marry him yet awhile, and look around a little among the more generous. There's no hurry.

Bluebell, Carter City, Ky.—Write to the recent lover and tell him that you would like to have a final talk with him. A girl of sixteen is hardly accountable for her heart acts, and you may be able now to see more clearly and get the matter right. If he declines, then you can let him go with a clear conscience.

Little Indian, Mosinee, Wis.—It would be a shame for a girl of your age to marry a young fellow like that and you don't love him, either. What are you thinking about, anyway? You must be an Indian.

Touchmenot, Indian Springs, Tenn.—Because he loves you. P. S. Isn't that what he says?

Orphan Beanie, Putnam, Okla.—The inevitable rule for the unmarried is: When you don't know which one to take, don't take either. (2) The ride on a hand-car would be quite as romantic as a buggy ride or an auto ride, so if there is no objection, you may go. (3) You may write to the young man though you never met him if he is recommended by friends, but be careful what you write.

Beatrice, Bellefontaine, Miss.—If he has deceived you willfully, don't forgive him any more than to be merely friendly. (2) Tell Laura that he is only flirting with her.

Countess, Fair Haven, Pa.—Better wait till you are

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twenty-one then you will be free to wed, with or without your parents' consent.

K. B. B., Gotebo, Okla.—If he cared for you he would talk to you. As he does not, why don't you find a nice lad who will talk?

Della, Brady, Texas.—How can you love a man who treats you as this one does? Break with him and forget him.

Isa, Melver, N. C.—Holding hands is one of the most prevalent forms of heart expression among young people and it is generally accepted as the proper thing. So if the young fellow wants to hold your hand, you might let him. But stop him there, or he will be wanting to hug and kiss you next. If you are so afraid he is not sincere, and have so much doubt you should not let any young man be more than merely friendly. Love has its risks like every thing else among mortals. You may take them or not, as you please.

There, dears, your questions are answered and though the weather may be warm I didn't let any of it get into my temper, did I? You were all very nice and even those of you who needed a scolding didn't need it very, very much. By by, now, till we meet again and may all good be to you this month and all the year. By, by.

COUSIN MARION.

Heiress of Beechwood

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12.)

Judge carried Milly into the open air, which roused her for a moment, but when she saw Esther Bennett she sank back again into the same death-like swoon, moaning faintly:

"Oh, Lawrence, Lawrence, lost forever!"

"No, he ain't—no he ain't," said the Judge, but his words fell on deaf ears, and turning to Oliver, who had been hastily reading the letter he asked what it was.

"Listen," and in a voice which trembled with strong emotion, Oliver read it through, while the Judge's face dropped lower and lower until it rested upon the cold, wet forehead of Milly, who lay so helpless in his arms.

"Bob Thornton's grandchild!" he whispered, "Bob Thornton's grandchild! Must I then lose my little Milly?" and great tears, such as Judge Howell only could shed fell on Milly's face.

"There may be some mistake," suggested Oliver, and catching at once the idea, the Judge swore roundly that there was a mistake.

"Needn't tell him; blamed if he'd believe it, that 't wasn't some big lie got up by somebody for something," and turning to the woman he demanded of her savagely to confess the fraud.

But Esther Bennett answered him:

"It is all true, sir; true! I am sorry now that I kept it so long, for I never wanted to harm Miss Helen's child. Sure she has a bonny face, but she'll die, sir, lying so long in that faint."

This turned the channel of the Judge's thoughts, and remembering that not far away there was a little stream, he arose, and forgetting his wounded foot, walked swiftly on, bidding Esther follow, as he wished to question her further on the subject. To this she did not seem at all averse, but went with him willingly, answering readily all the questions which Oliver put to her, and appearing through the whole to be sincere in what she said. The cold water which they sprinkled copiously on Milly's face and neck restored her for a moment, but with a shudder, she again lay back in the arms of the Judge, who, declaring her as light as a feather, hobbled on, giving her occasionally a loving hug, as he did so: "Hanged if they make me believe it. Bobum don't get her after I've made my will, and all that."

By the drawing-room window Geraldine was sitting, and when, by the moonlight, she saw the strange procession moving up the Cold Spring path, she went out to meet it, asking anxiously what had happened.

"Clubs can tell you," returned the Judge, hurrying on with Milly, while Oliver explained to Geraldine what he knew, and then referred her to Esther Bennett for any further information.

"Is it possible?" exclaimed Geraldine, while in her eyes there was a glitter of delight as she fell back with Esther, and began a most earnest conversation.

Carrying Milly to her room, Judge Howell laid her upon the bed as gently as if she had been an infant, and then bent over her until she came fully back to her consciousness and asked him where she was.

"Oh, I remember now!" she said. "A horrid thing came to me down in the old house, and Lawrence is lost to me forever and ever!"

"No, he ain't! It's all a blasted lie," said the Judge and instantly on Milly's face there broke a smile of such joy that Oliver, who had entered the room cried out:

"It's cruel to deceive her so, Judge Howell, until we know for certain that the woman's story is false."

Like a hunted deer Milly's eyes turned from one to the other, reading everywhere a confirmation of her fears, and with a low piercing cry, she moaned:

"It's true, it's true! He is lost forever! Oh, Oliver! can't you comfort me a little? You never failed me before; don't leave me now when I need it so much!" and she wound her arms convulsively round his neck.

Oliver had his suspicions, but as he could give no reason for them he would not rouse hopes which might never be realized and he only answered through his tears:

"I would like to comfort you, Milly, if I could; but I can't—I can't!"

"Milly!" It was Geraldine who spoke, and Milly involuntarily shuddered as she heard the voice. "Uncle Robert once saw the woman who took care of Cousin Helen, and talked with her of his daughter and the baby, both of whom she claimed to be dead. Had we not better send for him at once, and see if he remembers this creature," nodding toward Esther Bennett, who had also entered the room. "He surely cannot mistake her if he ever saw her once."

Oliver looked to see the hag make some objection, but to his surprise, she said eagerly:

"Yes, send for him. He will remember me, for he came to New York just three days after I left the baby at this door. He is a tall man, slightly built, with black eyes, and coarse black hair, then beginning to be gray."

Milly groaned as did Oliver, for the description was accurate, while even the Judge brought his fist down upon the table, saying:

"Bob! for a dot! but hanged if I believe it! We'll telegraph though in the morning."

The result of the telegram was that at a late hour the next night Mr. Thornton rang the bell at Beechwood, asking anxiously why he had been sent for in such haste.

"Because," answered the Judge, who met him first, "maybe you've a grandchild up-stairs, and maybe you haven't."

"A grandchild," gasped Mr. Thornton, all manner of strange fancies flitting through his brain.

"By this time Geraldine appeared, and hastily explaining to him what had occurred, she asked: 'If he could identify the woman who took care of Helen in New York?'"

"Yes, tell her from a thousand, but not now, not now," and motioning her away, Mr. Thornton covered his face with his hand, and whispered faintly, "My grandchild! My Milly! That beautiful creature Helen's child!" and with all his softer feelings awakened, the heart of the cold, stern man yearned toward the young girl he had once affected to despise. "Poor boy," he said, as he thought of Lawrence, "it will be terrible to him, for his whole soul was bound up in her. Where is this woman? There may be some mistake. I trust there is, for the young people's sake," and the generous feeling thus displayed swept away at once all animosity from the Judge's heart.

"Describe her first as nearly as you can," said Geraldine, and after thinking a minute, Mr. Thornton replied:

"Tall, grizzly; badly marked with small pox, and had then one or more long teeth in front, which gave her a most ghastly appearance."

"The same, the same!" dropped from Oliver's lips, while the Judge, too, responded:

"It's all almighty queer, but blasted if I believe it."

At Mr. Thornton's request, Esther Bennett came in, and the moment his eyes fell upon her, he said:

"Is this the woman I saw eighteen years ago, I cannot be mistaken in that."

"Question her," whispered Geraldine, who seemed quite excited in the matter, and Mr. Thornton did question her but if she was deceiving them, she had learned her lesson well, for no amount of cross-questioning could induce her to commit herself.

Indeed she seemed in spite of her looks to be a sensible, straightforward woman, who was doing what she felt to be her duty.

"The hag never lost sight of Milly," she said; "and knowing that Judge Howell had adopted her, she had concluded not to divulge the secret until she heard she was to marry Lawrence. But have you read the letter?" she asked. "That will prove that I am not lying."

"Surely," chimed in Geraldine. "I had forgotten that," and she handed to Mr. Thornton his daughter's letter, which he read through, saying when he had finished:

"It is Helen's handwriting, and it must be true."

Then passing it to the Judge he asked him if he remembered the letter he received from the Maine woman.

"Good thunder, how do I know," returned the Judge. "I tore that into giblets. I can't remember eighteen years; besides that, I'm bound not to believe it, hanged if I do. I've made up my mind latterly that Gypsy belonged to Dick, and I'll be blamed if I don't stick to that through thick and thin."

But whatever the Judge might wish to believe, he was obliged to confess that the evidence was against him, and when at an early hour next morning the four assembled again for consultation, he said to Mr. Thornton:

"You want to see your granddaughter, I suppose?"

"I'd like to, yes," was the reply to which the Judge responded:

"Well, come along, though hanged if I believe it."

From Geraldine, Milly had learned what Mr. Thornton had said, and that he would probably wish to see her in the morning. This swept away the last lingering hope, and with a kind of nervous terror she awaited his visit trembling when she heard him in the hall, and looking round for some means of escape.

"Here, Milly," said the Judge, bustling up to her and forcing a levity he did not feel, "here's your grandfather come to see you."

"No, no, no," sobbed Milly, creeping closer to the Judge and hiding her white face in her hands.

"There, Bobum," said the Judge, smoothing her disordered hair and dropping a tear upon it. "You see she doesn't take very kindly to her new granddad. Better give it up, for I tell you it's a big lie."

"Milly," said Mr. Thornton, seating himself upon the side of the bed, and taking one of the little feverish hands in his, "there can be no doubt but what we have heard is true, and if so, you are my grandchild, and as such, very dear to me. You are young yet, darling, and though your disappointment as far as Lawrence is concerned, is terrible, you will overcome it in time. (CONTINUED ON PAGE 17.)

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Comfort's Home Lawyer



In this department will be carefully considered any legal problem which may be submitted. All opinions given herein will be prepared at our expense by eminent counsel.

Inasmuch as it is one of the principal missions of COMFORT to aid in upbuilding and upholding the sanctity of the home, no advice will be given on matters pertaining to divorce. Any paid-up subscriber to COMFORT is welcome to submit inquiries, which, so far as possible, will be answered in this department. If any reader, other than a subscriber, wishes to take advantage of this privilege, it may be done by sending twenty (20) cents, in silver or stamps, for an annual subscription to COMFORT thus obtaining all the benefits which our subscribers enjoy including a copy of the magazine for one year.

Should any subscriber desire an immediate, special opinion on any legal question, privately mailed, it may be had by sending one dollar with a letter asking such advice, addressing the same to "THE EDITOR, COMFORT'S HOME LAWYER," Augusta, Maine, and in reply a carefully prepared opinion will be sent in an early mail.

Full names and addresses must be signed by all persons seeking advice in this column but not necessarily for publication. Unless otherwise requested, initials only will be published.

E. W.—Upon your statements to us, we are of the opinion, that the grandchildren of the man who made the will are entitled to their remainder interest in his estate, despite the fact that their own parent predeceased their grandfather. You have not submitted a copy of the will, so we are unable to form an opinion as to whether they will come into their interest immediately upon the death of their grandfather, or whether their interest is tied up until the death of the other survivors of their grandfather's children.

Mrs. A. B.—We are of the opinion that, if the title to the farm machinery you mention is in your husband's name, you cannot prevent him from leasing the article to whomsoever he pleases. We do not think there is any law requiring a woman to buy the family household furniture, but in case she does so voluntarily, we do not think she can compel her husband to reimburse her; the furniture would remain her property, unless she gave it to her husband.

F. M. C.—Upon your statement we are of the opinion, that the marriage you mention is a valid one, and that the children born to the union are legitimate; and that the penalty for the acts of these young people would have been some form of punishment for their act, and that, if the parents had taken action at the time, the marriage might have been annulled. We doubt if anything can be done at this late day.

COFFMAN.—We are of the opinion that it will be necessary for you to file a certificate of incorporation, and obtain a charter for your corporation, before selling stock of the same. The charter should be obtained in the state where this company desires to transact its business. The acts of a corporation must conform to the laws and regulations of the state wherein it transacts its business.

Mrs. M. M.—You should procure the information you desire from the county records of the state of which the decedent was a resident at the time of his death, and the records of the county where the property was located.

J. C. H.—We are of the opinion that the time necessary to procure a patent is governed entirely by the circumstances of the case. We think you better write your attorneys and learn from them the cause of the delay.

Mrs. J. P. A.—Upon your statements to us, we are of the opinion that you are entitled to your share from your father's estate; that the letter you mention would be of no validity unless it was a legally executed will, and that in any event, you or your husband would be the legal heir of your son, unless he left a will or a family. We think you should proceed at once to enforce your rights, before you lose them by your own neglect.

B. H. H.—Upon your statements to us, and under the laws of the state from which you write, we are of the opinion: (1) that, he can make presents to his children in the way you suggest, and (2) that he cannot without the written consent of his wife, by his will, bequeath more than one half of his property away from his wife.

M. S. A.—We are of the opinion, that the statute of prescription in the place you mention does not run during your absence from the Province; and that under certain conditions you can be arrested on the claims you mention if you place yourself in the jurisdiction.

Mrs. C. E. S.—Upon your statements to us, we are of the opinion: (1) that you have no present interest in the real estate of your husband; (2) that your husband can sell or exchange the farm subject to the existing mortgage; (3) that, if the mortgage is over due, the holder can call the payment of it at any time, or your husband can pay it off whenever he has funds, but that, if it is not yet due, neither party can call or pay without the consent of the other; (4) that the executor named in the will of the holder of this mortgage has no power in that capacity during the lifetime of this person himself; the executor of a will comes into his authority after the probate of the will and not before.

Mrs. N. P. S.—Under the laws of the state you mention we are of the opinion that, unless the farm you mention is a homestead, your husband can sell it without your joining in the deed and that you cannot recover any part of the proceeds during his lifetime; that you cannot compel your husband to pay you wages for your services; but that you are entitled to support from him, suitable to your station in life and commensurate with his means; that his acts, in allowing his children by a former marriage to torment and abuse you, are a question upon which you can raise the issue of your rights in the divorce or separation courts of your state, or possibly before some magistrate or justice of the peace; that you cannot drive the children from your husband's home, but that you can take action to compel your husband to either make them behave themselves or leave home. We do not think the courts or legislatures of this country undertake to interfere in the question, as to who shall be boss, between husband and wife further than to say that they shall treat each other with reasonable consideration.

KENTUCKY A.—Upon your statements to us, we are of the opinion, that, unless A. can produce more conclusive proof that a fraud was perpetrated upon him than your statements to us disclose, he cannot recover from B. in an action and that he should have had the land surveyed before taking title and paying over his money, but that, in case he has more proof that a fraud was perpetrated, he might recover in an action.

S. E.—In such a case as you describe, we are of the opinion, that, in case the property you mention was of disposed of by will and there are no legal heirs, the property will escheat to the government; and that any heir claiming the property should commence an action or proceeding in the proper court of the jurisdiction where the property is located.

J. N.—Under the laws of the state you mention, we are of the opinion; that, when any person dies intestate, his property, except the homestead and certain personal property, after payment of debts and expenses of administration, unless limited by marriage contract, is distributed as follows: If decedent leaves a surviving wife and only one child, in equal shares to each; if more than one child, one third goes to the surviving wife and the remainder to the children in equal shares; the children of a deceased child taking by right of representation; that a homestead estate descends to the surviving husband or wife; and that a widow's rights are the same, whether she be the mother of the man's children or a second wife.

A. F. H.—Address Bureau of Free Lands, Washington, D. C.

Mrs. J. M.—Under the laws of the state from which you write, and upon the statement of facts as submitted by you to us, we are of the opinion, that, if your husband dies before you leaving no will, his estate will be equally divided between you and his son, except that, if under the deed of the farm you and your husband are tenants by the entirety (as we

think, from your description of the deed, you probably are), then, upon his death, the farm would go to you absolutely, and his son would have no share in that.

B. W.—Any of the large life insurance companies will furnish you with a form of their insurance contracts upon application, or you might apply to some life insurance agent of your acquaintance.

I. S.—You should submit the formula and sample to the Department of Agriculture at Washington, D. C., and get their permission and comply with their requirements before offering your solution for sale.

Mrs. D. A. M.—Under the laws of the state from which you write and upon the statement of facts as submitted by you to us, we are of the opinion that, upon the death of your husband's mother leaving no will, the real estate you mention would descend to your husband, subject to a life estate in one third of it to his stepfather.

Mrs. F. W.—Upon your statements to us, we are of the opinion that neither you nor your mother can recover any portion of the property you mention.

Mrs. M. H. P.—Under the laws of the state you mention and upon the statement of facts as submitted by you to us, we are of the opinion that upon the death of the man you mention, leaving no will, his real estate would go, one third to the widow, and the balance among his children, but that in case he should leave only one child and no issue of any deceased child, then the widow's share would be one half; and that she would be entitled also to one half of the personal property.

A. S. M.—You should communicate with the Bureau of Free Lands, Washington, D. C. (2) It is illegal to send obscene and indecent literature through the U. S. mail.

H. B. M.—(1) Upon your statements to us we are of the opinion, that you have title to only so much land as the description in your deed calls for, but that, if you can substantiate upon a trial that the man from whom you purchased perpetrated a fraud on you, then and in that event you have a claim for damages against him. (2) The question as to whom the fencing belongs is entirely a question of fact, and its ownership depends largely, in our opinion, upon the facts relating to the construction of it.

H. A. G.—Upon your statements to us we are of the opinion that the man you mention should not have accepted hearsay evidence as to the death of his first wife before contracting a second marriage. It was his duty to obtain positive proof of her death. Under the laws of the state from which you write, we think that this man will now have difficulty in procuring a divorce in the event of his action being defended, but that, if there be no defense interposed, he may be able to get one.

K. E. F.—Upon the statement of facts as submitted by you to us, we are of the opinion, that, if A. breaks his contract and quits work without cause, B. can legally deduct from his wages the amount of damages he suffers from his breach of contract, but that, in the event that A. quits because of some breach of the contract on the part of B. or in the event that B. suffers no damage, A. would be entitled to collect.

D. M.—Upon your statements to us, we are of the opinion, that, if B's wife is the legal owner of the property you mention, she can sell it, but that if she simply holds it in trust for B. she is bound by whatever the time and condition of her trust title. We do not think B. can be compelled to execute the deed you mention, unless he conveyed the property by a deed, the terms of which bind him to execute any further instrument necessary for perfecting the title.

B. C. G.—You should communicate with the Pension Department, Washington, D. C.

M. H.—(1) Upon your statements to us we are of the opinion, that, if the title to the property you mention is in the people you mention, and the tax sales have not as yet been made absolute, they can redeem the same. (2) We think that a letter addressed to any of the persons you mention at New York City will reach them. We cannot undertake to tell you whether they personally read mail addressed to them in envelopes marked personal.

D. S.—Upon your statements to us we are of the opinion that you are bound by the terms of sale; that if you purchased simply the wagon, that is all you are entitled to, even though there might be something else upon it at the time of sale; that if, however, you purchased the wagon and contents, then you would be entitled to whatever might have been upon it at the time of sale.

J. A. L.—The county clerk of the county you mention is the proper person to make the search you require. We are, however, of the opinion that you will be unable to recover any part of the property you mention.

G. H. A.—Under the laws of the state you mention we are of the opinion, that the parents are entitled to the custody, control and wages of their minor children, but that they can be punished if they treat them in a cruel or inhuman manner.

Mrs. M. M. C.—Upon your statements to us, we are of the opinion, that, if you can substantiate the fact that your husband is of feeble mind and wasting his property, you should employ a local attorney and make application to have yourself appointed committee of your husband's estate.

J. C.—Upon your statement to us, we are of the opinion, that unless in some way the indebtedness you mention has been kept out of the statute of limitations you have long since been barred from the collection of the money you mention.

G. W.—We are of the opinion that you do not need a new deed from the man from whom you purchased. You can execute a deed with the description according to your own survey, making sure, before you do thus, that you do not convey more than you own.

Heiress of Beechwood

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16.)

The knowing that he is your uncle will help you so to do, and you will be happy with us yet. Don't you think so, dear?"

"Bobum, you've made a splendid speech," returned the judge when he had finished. "Couldn't have done better myself, but I fell upon stony ground for look!" and lifting up the beautiful head, he showed him that Milly had fainted.

"Poor girl, poor girl," whispered Mr. Thornton; and the tears of both of those hard old men dropped on Milly's face as they bent anxiously over her.

It was indeed a dreadful blow to Milly, for turn which she would, there shone no ray of hope. Even Oliver deserted her as far as comfort was concerned, for he had none to offer.

A day or so brought Lillian to Beechwood—all love, all sweetness, all sympathy for Milly, whom she counted twenty times an hour, and who shrunk from her caresses just as she did from both Geraldine and Mr. Thornton.

"Oh, if I could go away from here for a time," she thought, "I might get over it, perhaps; but it will kill me to see Lawrence when he comes. I can't, I can't; oh, isn't there somewhere to go?"

Then, suddenly remembering she had received an invitation to visit a favorite teacher, who was now married and lived in a hotel among the New Hampshire hills, she resolved to accept it and go in a few weeks, until Lawrence returned and had learned the whole.

"I shall feel better there," she said to the Judge and Oliver, to whom she communicated her plan. "Mrs. Miller will be kind to me, and when it's all over here, and they are gone, you must write, and I'll come back to stay with you forever, for I won't live with Mr. Thornton, were he one hundred times my grandfather."

This last pleased the Judge so much that he consented at once for Milly to go, saying it would possibly do her good. Then repeating to himself the name of the place where Mrs. Miller lived, he continued:

"What do I know of Dresden? Oh, I remember. Hetty Kirby is buried there. Hetty Kirby, Hetty Kirby." He looked as if there was something more he would say of Hetty Kirby, but he merely added: "Maybe I'll come for you myself." Once he glanced at his swollen foot, which had been badly hurt, and was now so sore that in walking he was obliged to use a crutch.

"I'd rather go alone," said Milly, and, after a little further conversation, it was arranged that in two days' time she should start for Dresden, first apprising Mrs. Miller by letter of all that had occurred, and asked her to say nothing of the matter, but speak of her as Miss

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Hawley, that being the name to which she supposed herself entitled.

This being satisfactorily settled, Mr. Thornton and Geraldine were both informed of Milly's intentions.

"A good idea," said Geraldine. "Change of place will do her good, but I think Lilly and I had better remain until Lawrence arrives. A letter will not find him now, and, as he intends stopping at Beechwood on his return, he will know nothing of it until he reaches here."

The Judge would rather been left alone, but he was polite enough not to say so, though he did suggest that Esther Bennett at least should leave, a hint upon which she acted at once, going back to New York that very day.

Milly would rather that Geraldine and Lillian too should have gone, but as this could not be, she stipulated in their presence that Oliver, and no other should break the news to Lawrence. "He would do so gently," she said, and she bade him say to Lawrence that "though she never could forget him, she did not wish to see him. She could not bear it, and he must not come after her."

Oliver promised compliance with her request, and the next morning she left Beechwood, accompanied by Mr. Thornton who insisted upon going with her as far as the station, where she must leave the cars and take the stage to Dresden, a distance of ten miles. Here he bade her good by with many assurances of affection, and good will, to none of which Milly listened. Her heart was too full of grief to respond at once to this new claimant for her love, and she was glad when he was gone, and she alone with her sorrow.

TO BE CONTINUED.

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Manners and Looks



"Virtue itself offends when coupled with forbidding manners."—Bishop Middleton.

Brown Eyes, Dwight, Ill.—In using one initial on a ring or elsewhere it should be that of the family name, as more distinctive than the Christian name.

Anxious Young Man, Kahokia, Mo.—The proper way to ask a lady to accept your company is to ask her simply if she will, and also simply ask her if you may call. You may add in both cases that you should be very glad. Don't try to do this sort of thing by formal rules.

L. G. M., Newport, N. C.—The man may take the lady's arm, or he may ask her to take his. The rule is not rigorous, and many times there is no arm taking at all. As a rule it is not done unless there is some reason for it, other than etiquette.

X. Y. Z., Swan Quarter, N. C.—You are quite right in your opinion of the treatment shown to girl cousins by boy cousins. Kinship does not warrant undue familiarity and boys should treat their cousins as they do their sisters, or as any other ladies for whom they have the highest regard. The other boys may say you are a fool, but it is sometimes better to be a fool than a scoundrel.

Merry Kid, Bellefontaine, Miss.—Girls of fifteen should not be receiving callers, going driving, attending parties and such dissipation. They should be at school during the day and sleeping at night. The dissipation comes soon enough at the usually accepted time, say after graduation, when the girl is more mature in mind and body.

L. H. K., Bridgeport, Conn.—You have been deceived in the girl, that's all. She is fooling you and your wisest course would be to let her go her own way, which is not your way. Not only let her go, but be devoutly thankful that you found her out before it was too late. It may hurt you some to be disappointed, but you'll soon get over it if you will use your plain common sense.

Brown Eyes, Fair Haven, Pa.—If your friend is a man introduce him to your aunt; if it is some younger woman introduce her in the same way; if the friend is older than your aunt, or of higher position, introduce your aunt to her. Ordinarily always introduce the "Mr." to the "Miss". If the "Mr." is an elderly man or a man of superior position, introduce the "Miss" to him.

Ignorance, Le Roy, Kans.—It has always been such a universal custom for the young men to try to kiss the girls they take out buggy riding, that we suppose the girls must either submit to be teased, or refuse to go out. Of course, it is contrary to all rules of good society, but what can we do about it?

Mountain Girl, Trinidad, Col.—It would be better to have your wedding at the house of a relative, if you are so crowded in your own home that guests must come through the kitchen. (2) A little extension of your drive home from evening church we think is permissible if you get back in good time.

Dutch Girl, Atkinson, Neb.—If the parlor is occupied take the young man out on the porch, unless the weather is inclement. Then you might take him into the kitchen if that is the only unoccupied room for callers. (2) It is proper to invite the young man to call again, no matter how briefly you have been "keeping company" with him; that is, if you want him to call.

New Subscriber, Harrisville, W. Va.—There is no rule of age to say how old a boy must be before he should ask one of his girl friends to see her home. He should, however, be old that he wouldn't be afraid to go to his own home by himself, after he has left her.

Pansy Heart, Raleigh, N. C.—Submit your question to your people and do whatever they say is the proper thing for you to do. There are no rules of etiquette controlling in such cases.

Prairie Girl, Catalpa, Neb.—The summer girl always flirts no matter what her best young man may think about it. If you did a little of it while you were away on your vacation it should be overlooked. Still, it is not right. (2) We suppose a girl might encourage a bashful lad just a little if she wants his attentions and he wants her to have them. But don't be forward.

Elizabeth, Mt. Vernon, O.—We believe the fashions in sofa pillows remain about the same as for the past few years. The most attractive pillows are of your own designing. You can get prices by inquiring of your town merchants. Isn't Mt. Vernon large enough to have stores? (2) Give the young man something that he can use. As you have plenty of time, you can learn from him what he would like to have that is within your means. Scarf pins, cigar cutters, cigarette holders, canes and all sorts of things in that line are nice for presents.

Little Jolly, Anaheim, Cal.—You may have boy "admirers" while you are at school if you do not permit them to interfere with your studies. But draw the line distinctly and keep them where they belong. (2) If your mother does not object to your writing to the sailor, no one else has a right to.

Bumble Head, St. Helens, Ore.—When you are introduced to ladies you should have some pleasant thing to say even though it may come only to you afterwards. Don't be stiff and formal and make people think you have a pain. And don't be "Bip," either with girls and women. The "fresh" young man is an undesirable person at any time. So is the stupid one who is a stick.

Country Lassies, Bethlehem, Ga.—When two Georgia girls combine to prepare a letter of inquiry and write "We hardly know how to begin," and then go on to tell us about a young man "graduated from College," we really think they should be told to go to school awhile, even though they are seventeen and nineteen.

Darling, Dustin, Neb.—The lady should wait on the church steps till her escort ties up his horse. (2) Fifteen-year-old girls should not be going with twenty-three-year-old men. They should be at school.

Blue-eyed Widow, Marshall, Ia.—Pardon, madam, we don't know whether it is merely friendly or if he really cares for you. Being a widow you ought to know men well enough not to have to ask outsiders. Suppose you ask him. But why be in such a hurry to know? Give him a chance to declare himself.

Cecil, Los Angeles, Cal.—If you think he is a flirt and not reliable do not give him your picture, though the exchange of pictures between friends is not at all unusual. (2) It is quite correct to stop and talk on the street, if the talk is not long continued.

Get What You Ask For.

When you see an article well advertised in the newspapers, you may be sure it's a good article, for advertising only pays if the goods are honest and possess merit. The people who make a specialty of one advertised article like Cascarets, Candy Cathartics for example, stake their whole business existence on its doing what they say it will. They must "make good" as the saying is. Readers of this paper are urged to be sure that they get what they ask for, when they ask for an advertised article; for it's the good thing that is imitated and counterfeited. Don't accept substitutes! Insist on getting the genuine.

Secure a useful present without cost. See offer Hagood Mfg. Co. on page 16.

One of the most unique propositions made to the readers of this publication in recent years is the generous offer of the Hartman Furniture & Carpet Company of Chicago, to furnish homes for the people, on terms of easy payment. This concern is the oldest firm in its line in existence, having been started fifty-three years ago. They fully describe their very liberal method of selling goods on credit, in a big catalogue which they have just issued and which they send free on request. Their address is 223-225-227-229 Wabash Avenue, Chicago.

Charlie's Fortune

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4.)

"Why, what's the matter, Job?"
"I guess you know what the matter is, when you turn against my boy, you turn against me."
"But I haven't turned against him," replied Mr. Cornelius, greatly alarmed at the old man's violent manner.

"Yes, you have, Tim Twitterton. My boy's accused of stealing, and sent home to me. I can't stand it, and I won't. This is all your work."

"Upon my honor—"
"I don't care nothin' about your honor. You did it, and I know just how you did it."
"I really don't understand you, Job."

"Yes, you do."

"As to the stealing, I don't believe Charlie did it."

"You know he didn't."

"It looks bad for him."

"What made it look bad against him?" demanded Job, fiercely. "You took up that bill when Charlie laid it down on the desk, and put the stolen one in its place. Don't talk to me, I know what I am saying. Then you put the bill that Mr. Lynmore gin him into his diary. That's the whole on it."

"Do you think that I would do such a thing?" demanded the Vanderwent, very mildly, however.

"I know you did!" exclaimed Job.

"I am surprised, Mr. Seagrain, after all I have done for you, that you should turn and smite me."

"You smite my boy first."

"Can you think that I would be guilty of such a deed?"

"I know that you would! Arter what you did with Mr. Vanderwent, you would not stick much over a thing of this sort. I'm goin' to set my boy right or break somethin'."

"I shall be glad to do anything I can for him," pleaded Mr. Cornelius.

"Then own right up what you did."

"Own what?"

"That you stole the bill."

"But I did not."

"Yes, you did. Don't tell me!"

"I cannot confess a deed of which I am not guilty."

"Then I'll go and see the man that you call father," said Job, rising from his chair.

"You have the power to injure me, Job. I saved your life once, and I made your fortune."

"I'd give my life and every dollar that I have in the world, and Betsy Ann thrown in, for that boy; and I won't let any man livin' wrong him. I hain't forgot what you did for me, and I do—callate to forget it nuther."

"It seems to me that you are forgetting it, Job. You are ready to ruin me in a breath," whined the Vanderwent.

"You was all ready to ruin my boy, and didn't say anything to me aforehand," retorted Job, warmly.

"The poor fellow was sent home with the cuffs of stealin' money fixed on him; and you did it too."

"But I have told you I did not."

"And I have told you that you did; and I know that you did. I ain't got to stay here all day talkin' about it, nuther. You did it, and you must own up to it."

TO BE CONTINUED.

Send 20 cents for new subscription or renewal for one year and continue the uninterrupted reading of one of the strongest serials ever given to our readers. Read the next chapter when Charlie is reinstated and his father, unconscious of treachery, meets Mr. Leffingwell.

You can easily make three dollars a day working for us. Do not miss this chance of making good money. See page 23 of this paper.

Every lady can secure a decorated dinner set free. See offer Hagood Mfg. Co. on page 16.

FREE set of Postcards and Catalogue. Address Diehl's Supply House, Dept. DI, Allentown, Pa.

\$100 monthly and expenses to travel, advertise and distribute samples; large manufacturer. R. MORROW, A. Chicago.

Agents: Distributors, either sex, paid \$3 per 100 to dist. samples on commission. Send stamp. STAR ORIENT CO., Allentown, Pa.

LADIES to make Health Shields. Material furnished. \$15 per hundred. Particulars stamped envelope. Dept. AI, HEALTH BELT CO., CHICAGO.

LADY SEWERS make Sanitary Belts at home—materials furnished—\$15 per hundred. Particulars stamped envelope. Dept. AS, Dealers Society Co., Chicago.

10 BEAUTIFUL EMBOSSED FLOWER POSTCARDS 10c All different, some attractive designs, handsomely colored and richly embossed. HERMAN & CO., 305 OAKTON BLDG., CHICAGO

YOUR Past, Present and Future fully revealed. Send 25c. Clairvoyance also taught. Address: PROF. HOWARD, Box 5, Station C, MILWAUKEE, WIS.

CANCER Treated at home. No pain, knife, plaster or oils. Send for Free Treatise. Add. A. J. Miller, M. D., St. Louis, Mo.

\$80 in O. S. A. money sent to any address for \$1. Will give \$50 to any one who can detect it. FRANK O. SHILLING, Navarre, Ohio.

LADIES make Sanitary Belts \$14.00 per 100. Work sent prepaid to reliable women. Particulars for stamped envelope. MODERN SUPPLY CO., Box 3788, Kansas, Mo.

25 POST CARDS 10c FLOWER CARDS Beautiful colored Roses, Violets, Pansies, Daisies, Tulips, Lilies, etc., also Art and Novelty cards, worth 2 to 5c each. All sent prepaid with our big catalog for only 10c. ELIAS ART CO., DEPT. 223, 321 LA WEDALE AVE., CHICAGO.

LADY SEWERS wanted to finish off shields at home; Work sent prepaid to reliable women. Send reply envelope for particulars. UNIVERSAL CO., Dept. 25, Phila., Pa.

Wanted, Railway Mail Clerks. Mail Carriers. Postoffice Clerks. \$1100.00 yearly. Vacation. November Examination. Free application. Common education sufficient. Write IMMEDIATELY. FRANKLIN INSTITUTE, Dept. 341, Rochester, N.Y.

ASTHMA Instant relief and positive cure. Trial treatment mailed free. Dr. A. S. Ingram, Box 618, Augusta, Me.

AGENTS Easy Work—Good Pay. Represent a big Manufacturer. Best-selling handkerchiefs, dress goods, fancy goods, lace, curtains, linens, etc. On the stamps. FREEPOST MFG. CO., 351 & 353 Jay St., Brooklyn, N. Y. Dept. 69

LOTS OF FUN FOR A DIME Ventriloquists Double Throat. All road, all month, every town and mystery your friends. Lillian Punch & Judy, with like a horse, sing like a canary or imitate any bird or sound of field or forest. LOADS OF FUN, 10c. Wonderful Entertainment. Thousands sold. Price only 10 cents or 4 for 25 cents. DOUBLE THROAT CO., DEPT. 10, FAIRMONT, N. J.

FREE We will send you this beautiful Gold Plated Ring absolutely free if you will send us the names of five of your neighbors and 10c to pay postage, etc. ELKINS MFG. CO., Kansas City, Mo.

FREE Complete Ten Day's Treatment. ORANGE LILY cured me after years of suffering from diseases peculiar to our sex. An applied treatment for Leucorrhoea, Ulceration, Displacement and Uterine and Ovarian Tumors. Write to-day for Sample. One month's treatment \$1.00. MRS. T. W. FRETTER, Detroit, Mich.

The Only Laxative Used by Those Who Know

People never use harsh physic after they know what it does.

That griping and pain are symptoms that the bowels are irritated.

You have come to think, perhaps, that such effects are necessary, else you would never endure them.

But they are not; they are wicked.

That irritation of the stomach is the cause of nearly all dyspepsia.

That irritation of the bowels—causing the lining to callous—is the cause of constipation.

Cascarets bring the same results without injury.

They never gripe—never pain. They are as harmless as laxative foods.

Salts and pill cathartics increase the trouble that you seek to cure.

Use them frequently and you'll need them always—in constantly larger doses.

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Cascarets are candy tablets. They are sold by all druggists, but never in bulk. Be sure to get the genuine, with CCC on every tablet.

The box is marked like this:

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THEY WORK WHEN YOU NEED THEM

The vest-pocket box is 10 cents. The month-treatment box 50 cents. 12,000,000 boxes sold annually.

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FREE GOLD WATCH AND RING We give a Solid Gold Watch, Stem-Wind and Stem-Set, Guaranteed Watch, Engraved Front and Back; Proper Size also Gold Laid Ring set with 2 gems sparkling as a Genuine 3.0 Diamond, for selling 20 jewelry articles at 10c each. Or, send \$3 and we will send you watch and ring; also a Gold Laid Chain, Ladies' or Gent's; and a Gold Laid Bracelet, Ladies' or Gent's. R.G. Francis Co., Box 87 Cooke Falls, N.Y.

25 Handsome Post Cards Free Beautiful colored cards of Friendship, Greeting, Art, Sentiment, Pretty Girls, Floral, and Novelty; no outlines; no two alike; each worth 3 to 5c; with big illustrated catalog—All sent FREE if you send only TEN cents for membership in our Post Card Exchange, which has thousands of members. You'll get hundreds of handsome post cards FREE from all over the world. ELIAS ART CO., Dept. 109, 321 LA WEDALE AVE., CHICAGO.

BED WETTING CURED A harmless home treatment. It is a DISEASE not a habit. Shipping only does harm. Don't neglect it. Write today. Cure guaranteed. FREE. DE. MAY CO. Box 57, Bloomington, Ill.

1908 New pattern Brooch Pin representing figure 1908. A new novelty and strictly up-to-date in every respect. Made of imitation Gold Plate, enamelled, set with a diamond, with hinged brooch pin so that it may be worn on shirt-waist front or coat lapel. All the boys and girls want one and want to see a COMFORT Catalogue full of free gifts. Send us five cents only and we will send Pin and Catalogue. Address COMFORT, Box 717, Augusta, Maine.

ENAMELED YEAR PIN New pattern Brooch Pin representing figure 1908. A new novelty and strictly up-to-date in every respect. Made of imitation Gold Plate, enamelled, set with a diamond, with hinged brooch pin so that it may be worn on shirt-waist front or coat lapel. All the boys and girls want one and want to see a COMFORT Catalogue full of free gifts. Send us five cents only and we will send Pin and Catalogue. Address COMFORT, Box 717, Augusta, Maine.

FREE TREATMENT COUPON Any sufferer cutting out this coupon and mailing it, with their name and P. O. address, to Dr. F. G. Kinsman, Box 862, Augusta, Maine, will receive a box of Heart Tablets for trial, by return mail, free of charge. Enclose stamp for postage. Don't risk death by delay.

VIOLETS, FERNS and PRIMROSES FREE HARDY HOUSE PLANTS

Another attractive floral offer right upon the success of our great ROSE COLLECTION. A plan which delighted so many thousands who secured a set of six. The same growers have now ranged for COMFORT an entirely different assortment of Hardy House Plants which we here offer our readers. We had such a splendid success with the Rose Collections we felt encouraged to do even more this time, so we offer on the same terms the six splendid plants here illustrated, and about each of which we give you a description. There are few but who know the full value of LIVE GROWING PLANTS for HOUSE DECORATION and WINTER CULTURE and the assortment we have obtained are the choice varieties of house decorative plants which we know you will enjoy and appreciate. They are STRONG HEALTHY WELL-ROOTED PLANTS, READY TO POT, and with reasonable care will develop into FINE SPECIMEN BEAUTIES. We are going to send THESE SIX HANDSOME HOUSE DECORATIVE PLANTS to our subscribers FREE OF ANY COST. We want all to have them; each one will add a bright cheerful spot to your home. FREE! A plan which has attracted special attention at the late flower shows and exceedingly valuable as a winter-blooming and decorative house plant. It produces long stiff stems on which are borne pretty green foliage, and beautiful pure white flowers adapted to various decorative purposes. To get the best results this plant should be placed in a shaded situation and the soil kept somewhat moist. **BOSTON FERN.** This is the best known fern in cultivation and the standard American decorative plant. It is known by some as the Fountain Fern, which name is derived from its graceful drooping habit of growth. The fronds of this plant frequently attain a length of four feet, making it one of the best house plants to grow as a single specimen for table or pedestal. **ASPARAGUS PLUMOSUS.** This is one of the most desirable house plants grown and is used by thousands as a table decorative plant. Its foliage is of a beautiful rich green color and finer than the most delicate lace. It is a vigorous grower and with a limited amount of care will soon become one of your most highly treasured plants. **HARDY RUSSIAN VIOLET.** Of all delightful perfumes that of the V. violet is the most delicate and places this modest little flower among the popular favorites. This variety is an extra strong grower and if kept in a cool situation will produce flowers of a deep rich blue through the dead of winter without any trouble whatever. **ASPARAGUS SPRENGERI.** There is always a place in every home for this fern, and it is one which will make the most rapid and vigorous growth with the least care or attention. The fronds are very slender, of a deep green shade, growing five or six feet long in a single season. It is one of the best pot or basket plants for house culture and will thrive under most any condition of soil or treatment. **WHITMANI FERN.** This is the newest and finest fern yet introduced. It is an extra strong grower, producing a greater number of fronds, shaped like a true Ostrich Plume, beautiful beyond description. These fronds grow to a width of from six to eight inches in the most graceful manner and the plant requires very little care or attention. Too much cannot be claimed for the beauty and value of the Whitmani Fern as a house decorative plant.

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Comfort's Information Bureau

Under this heading all questions by COMFORT readers on subjects not related to the special departments elsewhere in the paper will be answered, as far as may be. COMFORT readers are advised to read carefully the advertisements in this paper, as they will often find in them what they seek through their questions in this column. They will thus save time, labor and postage. Letters reaching this office after the 10th of the month cannot be answered in the issue of the following month.

M. T. Barboursville, Ky.—No use asking the rich for money. They have more calls than they can meet. If you really want an education you will go to Berea, which is not far away, and work your way through, as is provided there. (2) You might try arch props for your flat feet. You can't do much at changing nature either in hands or feet. (3) That sort of a face wash will take the skin off with it. Do you want to try it?

F. W. S. Littleville, Mass.—That depilatory is simply pulling the hair out by the roots in quantity and will probably take patches of skin with it. We don't know what you look like now, but we can imagine what you would look like after an operation of that kind. Better use a razor.

Mae, Lowden, Ia.—We believe women are not eligible as carriers on rural free delivery routes, though wives of carriers in a western town were permitted by the P. O. Department to act as substitutes for their husbands when they took their July vacations. Write to your member of Congress, or to Postmaster General, Washington, D. C., for full particulars.

K. R. D. Felton, Pa.—If it does not kill him, he recovers his health, and he is nearly as strong as he ever was. Talk to a physician.

S. E. A., Holland, Minn.—You must be your own judge, as more depends upon the student of stenography than upon the student of any other science. Unless you are especially adapted, there are too many poor stenographers already.

Subscriber, Carney, Okla.—Try Washington University, St. Louis, Mo., and University of Texas, Austin. We think not at Dallas. Most universities have a dental department.

M. E. L., Mt. Vernon, O.—Read the newspapers, Republican and Democratic. Ask your postmaster for campaign literature.

M. P., Myaconda, Mo.—There are so many societies and clubs in New York and Chicago that we haven't space to list them. Never heard of the one you ask for.

A. L. M., Essex, Vt.—Your sulphur well might become valuable if there are sufficient health properties in the water to justify advertising the water or building a hotel near it for health seekers. Otherwise we fear there are too many sulphur wells in the country to make this one worth much.

J. A. R., Herchey, Neb.—Write to Editor, Numismatist, Monroe, Mich.

F. M., Lynchburg, Va.—Write to Henry Malkin, No. 18 Broadway, or to Thompson Pitt, No. 947 Eighth Ave., New York City. Get prices before ordering.

J. B., Johnson, Ky.—We can't tell you. It is a case where you must find out for yourself. For one he might do wonders, and for another nothing.

Emma, San Francisco, Cal.—If a man sent to an editor is not returned or its receipt acknowledged, the sender, after due time, may consider that it has been declined and may send it elsewhere. (2) Endorse the check in the name on the face and add your own name. (3) There are no periodicals, worth mentioning, which publish only one issue. If you will call on anyone of the magazine editors in your town you will get more information in ten minutes than you could get out of print in a week. Try it.

Miss Cate, Springfield, Mo.—Unless you are a very well-known person you cannot sell your pictures to post-card or calendar publishing companies. Unknown persons, seeking publicity, are glad enough to present their pictures free.

E. C. N., Bergen, N. D.—The Commissioner of Agriculture at your state capital can best inform you what breed of hogs is best adapted to your purpose. Write to him.

P. O., Downings, Va.—Positions as maids are possible on trans-Atlantic steamers for the right kind of women. Salary about \$30 a month and found. Only intelligent and capable women are wanted, and with the highest references. Write to Cunard Line, White Star Line, Hamburg-American, Red Star, Red 'D', Atlantic Transport, all with offices in New York City. If you could go to New York and make personal application it would be to your advantage.

Marion, Double Springs, Ala.—See answer above to "E. M., Lynchburg, Va."

N. C. W., Selma, N. C., making inquiry here for business college where he might work his way through may hear of something by addressing M. N. B., Box 74, Halifax, Kans.

J. O., Sand Creek, Wis.—Every city we ever heard of has one or more dancing schools and we suppose Detroit is no exception. Prices vary from fifty cents to five dollars a lesson according to the social standing of the school.

M. O., West Union, O.—There are music schools of various degrees of excellence in various Ohio cities, but Cincinnati leads them all, and is among the best of the whole country. You will find there what you cannot find in any other schools in the state.

L. L. A., Don, Va.—Write to Secretary Civil Service Commission, Washington, D. C. for information as to what government positions are possible and what are the requirements. Your member of Congress must endorse you before you get the job.

W. S., Embreeville, Tenn.—The St. Paul Pioneer Press, the Globe and the Dispatch are daily and may have weekly editions, or their Sunday editions answer the purpose. Write and find out. There are no regular weeklies of standing.

J. T. H. B., Norfolk, Ark.—Cherry timber ought to be worth money if it is in prime condition and good size. Write to lumber dealers in St. Louis or Memphis. You can get their addresses easier than we can.

M. F. B., Linwood, Kans.—Write to editor, Numismatist, Monroe, Mich., stating your experience. He should be able to put you right.

L. E. M., Lookaba, Okla.—Have you no public schools convenient? Other schools, where boys may work their way through, don't want uneducated boys. The common school education that you speak of is free all over this country to boys and girls.

J. C. La Platin, Mo.—Write to Editor Old Coin Department, The Sun, New York City, enclosing stamp for reply.

J. M., Welch, Mont.—We suppose they are as reliable as any music publishers. In any event you won't lose anything if they have taken your songs on royalty, which is the only way to sell. Whether you get any royalty is a different matter. Most composers do not. We have written a few songs ourselves, and know.

G. S., Lamar, Ind.—Why didn't you write to the McKinley Music Co., Chicago, and ask if they had the song, instead of writing to us to know if we thought they had? We suppose they have. If they haven't got it, try Lyon & Healy in the same town.

J. J. P., Napier, Neb.—Petritified wood has no particular value unless the specimen is unusually fine. It is chiefly used as a curio when polished.

D. S. G., Broken Bow, Neb.—Ask some of your neighbors how to hire a swarm of bees. You can't be told how in a newspaper. It is up to you to get the honey out of the hive in the ground without getting dirt in it. (2) Don't try to color a fur robe unless you want to ruin it. Send it to a furrier, at Omaha, or to somebody near you who knows how.

R. L. J., Hanesville, Ala.—Write to Pauly Julius, No. 749 Broadway, B. Dickson & Co., No. 100 Fourth Ave., and M. Rose, No. 37 East 4th St., New York City.

H. O. E., Chicago, Miss.—We believe Mr. Rockefeller is to publish his memoirs in The World's Work, New York City.

Mountaineer, Saxton, Pa.—Write to Chas. F. Risley & Co., No. 62 Dey St., and R. M. Robinson & Son, No. 228 Fulton St., New York City.

A. P., Vergas, Minn.—You can get rid of the bats in your cornice by burning sulphur where the fumes will reach them. Get sulphur candles at a drug store as they are more convenient to handle.

J. D. J., Corbin, Ky.—Knitting or lace machines worked at home may be fairly profitable if you get a local demand for your product among the stores in your vicinity. You should work up a trade before beginning to manufacture, either for merchants to buy direct or sell your product on commission. You will find selling it harder than making it.

S. D. W., Philadelphia, Pa.—Statute of Limitation does not apply in criminal cases. For violations of postal laws write to Postmaster General, Washington, D. C.

Subscriber, Shiloh, Ark. and B. W. S.—Jackson, Okla.—Before purchasing instruments of that sort from anybody, have them thoroughly tested and be certain that they are all that they are represented to be.

M. A. W., Forest, O.—See answer above to "M. F. E., Linwood, Kans."

M. N. B., Halford, Kans.—Never heard of the book. Write to Forman Co., No. 363 West 51st St., New York City.

Subscriber, Dunlap, Ill.—There is always more or less demand for roots and herbs and you can do some business handling them, but you can make a better business by starting with some dealer near you and you must have a sufficient quantity to make it worth while for the dealer. Get the addresses of Chicago and St. Louis drug firms and write to several stating what you want to do and ask what they can do.

Lady Isabel's Daughter or, For Her Mother's Sin

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13.)

to the bride-elect; the great boar's head was carved away, salads and pates and mountains of sparkling ice disappeared like magic, and through laughter and happiness, and the battery of bon mots, someone called out for a song. Lord Beresford sprang to the piano and dashed off a sparkling prelude, and then in a full, rich baritone, pealed out Tennyson's "Death of the Old Year," over the sounds of laughter and the noise of popping corks:

"He lieth still; he doth not move;
He will not see the dawn of day.
He hath no other life above,
He gave me a friend, and a true, true love,
And the New Year will take 'em away,
Old year you must not go;
So long as you have been with us,
Such joy as you have seen with us,
Old year you shall not go.

"He froth'd his bumpers to the brim;
A jollier year we shall not see.
But tho' his eyes are waxing dim,
And tho' his foes speak ill of him,
He was a friend to me,
Old year, you shall not die;
We did so laugh and cry with you,
I've half a mind to die with you,
Old year, if you must die.

"How hard he breathes! Over the snow
I heard just now the crowing cock,
The shadows flicker to and fro—
The cricket chirps; the light burns low:
'Tis nearly twelve o'clock.
Everyone for his own!

The night is starry and cold, my friend,
And the New Year blithe and bold, my friend,
Come up to take his own!

A storm of hand clapping greeted him as he struck the last chord and arose; the band played the "Good Night" waltz, the gentlemen whirled their laughing partners down the glittering rooms and back again, and then "One," rang out from the jeweled clock on the mantel.

"Good night," took the place of "Happy New Year," the ladies fluttered off to their couches to snatch a few hours' sleep before tomorrow; the gentlemen shook hands with my lord and wished him all manner of good things for the coming year, and Isabel, holding his hand, followed him out to the steps where his sleigh stood.

"Good night, my darling," he murmured, as he took her in his arms at parting. "Kiss me and say, 'I love you, Lionel.' I want those to be the last words I hear."

She put up her lips and kissed him tenderly. "Good night," she said, sweetly. "I love you, Lionel—I always shall."

He put her from him gently and ran down the snowy steps. A moment more and the silver sleigh-bells went tinkling off through the white vista of distance, and Isabel going up the staircase to her own room with perfect peace shining out of her lovely eyes wondered how there could be sin and sorrow and suffering in a world where Lionel Beresford lived.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Send 20 cents for one year's subscription, and read the next chapter when the reflected glory of the sunrise on their wedding day, shows a sorrow of gold on the silvery ice and trouble and sorrow are predicted.

Comfort Sisters' Corner Tested Recipes from Comfort Sisters

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11.)

place a bit of light board under each bottle. I use old fruit boxes. Put on the stove and fill with cold water a little more than half way up the jars. Let boil about twenty minutes for berries, and a half an hour or so for apricots, apples or pears. Set on the back of the stove and when cool tighten the tops and stand bottom side up until the next morning.

Tc Can Pie Plant

Take as much water as you will need, bring to a boil and set away to cool. Take pie plant and wash, cut into small pieces, drain and dry; then pack it in jars. Pour over it enough of the boiled cooled water to fill the jar. Screw the lid on making sure that it is air tight and set it away for future use. The early spring plant is usually most tender and the sooner it is put up after it is gathered the better.

Mrs. S. B. Hess.

Catsup

Eighteen large ripe tomatoes, three ripe peppers, one onion, one cup of sugar, two and one half cups of vinegar, one spoonful of several kinds of spice, one large spoonful of salt. Cook, strain and bottle. This is fine on fresh meat.

L. B. ALLEN.

A Model Birthday Cake

Cream half a cup of butter, gradually add one cup of sugar the well-beaten yolks of three eggs, then half a cup of milk. Sift one and three quarters cups of flour with two and one half teaspoonfuls of baking powder, stir that into the mixture, and last of all cut in the whites of two eggs beaten stiff and dry, also three fourths of a cup of walnut meats broken in pieces and lightly coated with flour. Bake in a loaf.

Icing for Same

One and one half cups of confectioner's sugar sifted, then take two and one half tablespoonfuls of cream in which a mere touch of red fruit coloring has been stirred. The icing turned a delicate pink, flavor with almond extract and beat until the right consistency, then pour on cold cake, smoothed with a broad knife, which should be occasionally dipped in ice water.

Always Luck "Fudge"

Take two cups sugar and three tablespoonfuls

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of water, put on stove and let boil until it hairs from spoon if held over dish and blown until cold. Have ready one half cup bitter chocolate scraped fine, take the boiled sugar from stove, add chocolate and beat vigorously until smooth and begins to harden, then add one teaspoonful vanilla flavor; walnuts, hickory nuts, coconut or butternuts can be added, pour on buttered dish, cut in squares and leave to cool.

E. A. A.

Comfort Postal Requests

How to Get a Lot of Souvenir Postals Free This exchanging of Post Cards has become a great fad all over the world and we are now helping our readers get thousands of postals without cost.

Get up a club of subscribers to COMFORT at 20 cents a year and have your name put in this list free; you will then receive many exchanges in souvenir postals of all kinds, and will be in a position to return the favor to all who see your name in the list and send you cards. The Publishers simply ask the slight service from you of getting up these small clubs. We will send an assortment of twelve cards for clubs of three, or twenty-five for a club of five, in sending in your club, say whether you want them from any particular city or just assorted up. You can start your collection this way and then exchange with others as you see their names in the list.

The following persons wish to receive Souvenir Postals and agree to return all favors. Positively requests will not be inserted here, unless a club of at least three subscribers is sent with the name. The publisher will then send you an assortment of Postals free, per offer above.

Miss Gertrude Rice, Malone, N. Y. Miss Anna L. Tichata, Box 30, Dodge, R. D. 1, Nebr. Mr. Elymas Williams, West 9th St., Owensboro, Ky. Mrs. Maude Shelby, 730 East 2nd St., Okla. City, Okla. Mattie L. Jerred, Browning, R. D. 1, Wis. Jimmie Kilgore, Etta, Miss.

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If you feel a bearing-down sensation, sense of impending evil, pain in the back or bowels, creeping feeling up the spine, a desire to cry frequently, hot flashes, weariness, frequent desire to urinate, or if you have Leucorrhoea (Whites), displacement or falling of the womb, Profuse or Painful Periods, Tumors or Growths, address MRS. M. SUMMERS, NOTRE DAME, IND., U. S. A., for the FREE TREATMENT AND FULL INFORMATION. Thousands besides myself have cured themselves with it. I send it in plain wrappers.

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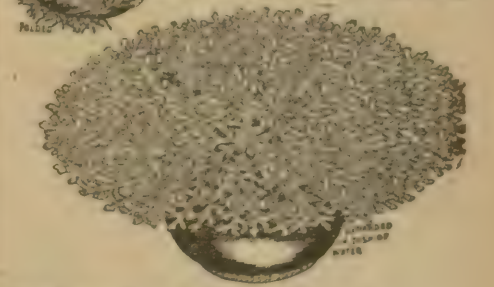
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small cut, the whole plant has resurrected, come to life, flattened out into a plate-like shape and transformed into a lovely, sweet, fragrant rosette of beautiful green, velvety moss, as you will see in the larger picture. It is a nice gift to lovers, anywhere if it is planted in a moist place in the shade, but being nearly or fully matured when gathered, it need not be planted at all, as it will keep anywhere, in a box, or trunk, or any dry place in the house, as they simply dry up and go to sleep. This plant is one of the greatest wonders of the plant kingdom, a rare and beautiful curiosity in the home or conservatory, in the garden, in the store or parlor, in the heat of summer, in the cold of winter, a most interesting and wonderful curiosity at all times. Makes a lasting and appropriate decoration for the graves of our departed loved ones, excellent for window boxes, etc., etc. You will want several of them and we have arranged a very liberal CLUB OFFER for our friends. We will send one of these plants for each club of 2 ten-cent six months' trial subscriptions to COMFORT, or will send a plant for one new yearly subscriber at 25 cents. If 5 cents additional is sent, 25 cents in all. Address COMFORT, 759, Augusta, Maine.

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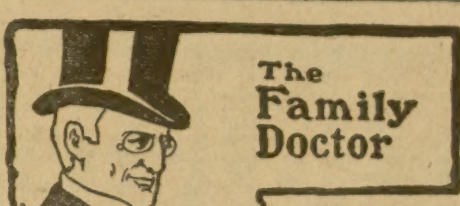
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COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



So many inquiries are received by COMFORT concerning the health of the family that a column will be devoted to answering them. The remedies and advice here given are intended only for simple cases; serious cases should be referred to physicians, not to us. COMFORT readers are advised to read carefully the advertisements in this paper, as they will often find in them what they seek through their questions in this column. They will thus save time, labor and postage. Address The Family Doctor, Comfort, Augusta, Maine.

L. H. New Albany, Ind.—A sprained shoulder is sometimes more difficult to treat satisfactorily than if it were fractured. No treatment is possible except by a physician who can examine it personally, and we can venture no opinion as to whether your mother will entirely recover from it or not. New Albany physicians are quite as capable of handling such a case as any we know of.

A. V. B. Apex, N. C.—Your physician is quite right in recommending that you go to Colorado or Arizona to cure catarrh, hay fever or asthma. However, we have always understood that the highlands of North Carolina were about the healthiest regions in the world.

M. O. G. Rome, Ia.—You have indigestion. Put yourself on a simple diet, thoroughly chew every mouthful of food before you swallow it, stop drinking coffee or tea, and eat very little meat, and that lamb or mutton. Eat thoroughly toasted bread, or gluten bread, and drink plenty of water, but none at meals. A pinch of cooking soda in a glass of water before eating will be of benefit. Also after meals if your food rises. You will never get well unless you eat properly.

Subscriber, Omhalinda, Pa.—The child is suffering from nervous shock and will outgrow it, but you must watch him and keep him as quiet as possible, and away from children and people who frighten him. (2) The only way to do is to keep the baby's hands away from the sore, even though she does cry and wants to scratch it. It will become permanent unless you stop it now.

Mrs. E. F. W. Lincoln, Neb.—We can't make out what kind of a cure you find. Have you tried at a drug store? You will find it in Lincoln if it can be found anywhere.

X. Y. Z. Ft. Wayne, Ind.—You won't walk much, except very lamely if you have your big toes amputated. You should go to an orthopedic institution somewhere near your town and have your feet put in shape by experts. Have you ever tried the City Hospital in Ft. Wayne? The cost in a st of these institutions is according to your means.

Olivette, Adamsville, Ala.—Don't stop in Oklahoma. Go on to Colorado and get work on a farm, or somewhere in the open, and you will cure your catarrh. If it is curable, the symptoms would indicate that it is. We think from what you say, that much of your hawking and spitting is habit. Stop it.

Una Estrella, Honey Grove, Texas.—We think if you would massage your arms for ten minutes night and morning, rubbing them with the hands after putting on a little vaseline, that you would improve the circulation. Don't try any flesh making formulas while taking other medicine. Ask your physician about that.

C. A. T. Newberry, Mich.—Get your mind off of your nerves. They will be all right presently, and will be as good as new. Get a tonic from your physician.

Texas Boy, San Antonio, Texas.—It will cost you about \$250 to have your nose beautified by a nasal specialist, besides traveling expenses and keep while in the specialist's hands. Is it worth it? Wait till some Texas girl refuses you on account of your nose, before spending any money on repairing it.

E. J. R. Flatbush, N. Y.—Put your mind on something else and you won't have the trouble. You will outgrow it. Read bright, good books and find pleasant good company. You have about as much weight as you need. You'll get it as you grow older, if you maintain good habits, eat properly, and get full sleep.

L. C. M. North Platte, Neb.—The smallpox pits on your face will lessen in time and very little else can be done with them but to wait. Somebody must have been careless or you would not have them. Smallpox in such form as to leave very noticeable pits (2) Chloroform liniment will take the stiffness out of the knuckle temporarily. Careful and persistent massage will keep it out, or reduce it. Rub thoroughly and frequently and get the circulation going. Keep the joint moving as much as possible.

500, Abilene, Texas.—As you say, doctors will differ, and we should diagnose your case as chronic indigestion, or dyspepsia. In any event, the trouble was in the beginning. We can give no definite opinion as to what affects your heart now, but organic heart trouble hardly lasts as long as yours has, and indigestion does. Your physicians can better advise you where to go for a further examination than we can, as they know Texas hospitals and institutions better than we do.

Texas Ranger, Oregon City, Ore.—You will have to consult a physician. If he can't handle your case, we cannot.

C. E. G. Luray, Va.—See answers in this column on the subject of catarrh, Colorado and Arizona.

J. S. Waddams Grove, Ill.—You have reached the point where your dyspepsia must be treated by a physician and your entire system brought up to normal. Stomach massage, which is only aiding nature to move its burden by external rubbing, will not do much good now.

A. J. Cadiz, Ill.—A pinch of cooking soda in a glass of water is a good thing to take when you go to bed at night and when you get up in the morning. It is the best of all remedies for sour stomach, but if you eat proper food properly, you will not have sour stomach. Now don't ask us what is proper food, but find out for yourself by eating only what goes to the right spot and gives you no trouble afterwards.

K. W. New Orleans, La.—Try lunar caustic on your warts. Get it at the druggist's. Be careful and don't let it touch the skin around the wart. Apply once or twice a day.

Orphan Girl, St. Louis, Mo.—Go to the City Hospital where it will cost you nothing for advice and find out what is the matter with you. The physician who says you have "chronic appendicitis" evidently doesn't know. We think you are guessing closer to the real trouble than your doctor is.

Subscriber, Hathorne, Mass.—You have bad circulation in your arms with rheumatism back of it, or neuralgia affection. Thorough massaging is good for it. The cure is difficult, though a change of climate might make radical improvement. The trouble with your mother's back is very nearly the same, only in a different location. These neuralgia troubles are very general, even in the finest climates, though a change to a different climate often results in improvement. The family doctor speaks from experience.

A. B. C. Lakota, N. D.—Ask your physicians if you have indigestion, as they do not seem to be able to say what is wrong with you. We can only guess at it, but if your digestion were acting properly, we think much of your trouble would disappear.

E. V. Bethany, Mo.—Since you have tried so many of the usual remedies for ivy poisoning, suppose you try another, to wit, fish brine. Get it out of any kit or keg where mackerel or other fish have been kept and apply it to the part affected. In some parts of the country, this is the sovereign remedy for ivy poisoning. Let us know how it answers in your case.

A. A. T. Baldwin, Ia.—First of all wear shoes that are long enough for your feet and heels that are low enough not to jam your foot forward. Then with a piece of glass scrape the toe nail thin on top, cut the end of the nail in a semi-circle, and slip bits of cotton under the sides next the flesh. If the flesh is sore touch it with a small quantity of perchloride of iron, fluid, which will burn and harden the skin. Let it remain for two or three weeks and then remove by hot water which will soften the skin.

Sufferer, Mt. Vernon, O.—Stop "doctoring" all the time and try Christian Science. For many women and most nervous troubles we do not hesitate to recommend it in preference to the best medical practitioners. Thousands of women and men have been cured by it and you may find in it the relief you seek. In any event no harm will come of your trying it. If

you have no Scientists in your town, you will find them in Cleveland, Columbus, or Cincinnati. Write to "Church of Christ, Scientist," in any of those cities and you will get information. That is the only kind of "doctoring" we can recommend in your case.

Subscriber, Coupland, Texas.—Unless the tonsils are badly swollen don't do anything except to apply liniment externally. If there are indications of tonsillitis see a physician. (2) You can get at any drug store cheaper and better remedies for rough hands, freckles, etc., than you can have compounded. cucumber cream is a very good cosmetic. (3) Treatment for cuts with glass, wire, etc., depends entirely upon the extent of the cut. The best treatment for simple cuts is to wash them thoroughly in cold water, and bring the edges together with court plaster. Nature will do the rest, if proper care is taken not to break the cut open and irritate it.

M. M. P. Ridgeway, Mo.—You are mistaken. The physician can do much more good than the newspaper, for he can see the patient and can watch her symptoms. We advise you to continue with the physician you have, or some other who may diagnose and prescribe differently. Such cases, arising from cold, are ordinarily not difficult to handle. Possibly there is something more than cold. What does the physician say?

L. N. Pinegrove, Mo.—You should not permit the "drawing" as it will produce serious results, if continued to excess. There is a limit to all things.

K. K. Ivyton, Ky.—Under the circumstances and with your complications Christian Science is about the only thing that will do you any good, and maybe that won't. Try it and see. See answer above to "Sufferer."

L. T. G. Suches, Ga.—Your asthma and bronchitis have become chronic and climate is your only hope of relief. Go either to Colorado, or to Arizona or New Mexico. Any part of any one of those states will be much better for you than where you are.

A. M. B. Stockton, Cal.—Very likely after all these years some part of the broken bone has become detached and that is what is making the trouble. You can't cure it by external applications. Have a physician examine it and determine what is making the trouble.

Cecil, Fresno, Cal.—Wash your feet in ammonia water, say ten drops to a basin of water, every morning. When thoroughly dried, sprinkle on your feet a powder compounded as follows: Seven ounces carbonate of ammonia, two ounces powdered caliche alum, seven ounces orris root and half drachm powdered cloves. (2) At any drug store get better hair tonic than you can have made to order.

K. R. O. Skipwith, Va.—We think you are suffering from lack of common sense, a not unusual affliction for boys of fifteen. Go and have a good, fatherly doctor tell you something about yourself.

B. H. Cook's Chapel, Texas.—The excessive use of snuff will dull all the faculties and the memory go with the rest. The only way to restore it is to stop the snuff and set yourself to try remembering things, as for example, memorizing a line or a stanza of poetry every day, repeating each day what you memorized the days before. If you have no poetry books, Bible lines and verses will be quite as good.

I. O. L. Worcester, Mass.—You have indigestion, that is all, and it is plenty. Tobacco is bad for it if used excessively. Stop either the chewing or smoking, preferably the chewing, and smoke only once or twice a day, but don't quit it all at once. Eat simple food that digests easy, drink no coffee, keep the bowels open, and before meals, and night and morning, take a pinch of cooking soda dissolved in a glass of hot water.

L. O. Lincoln, Tenn.—As your sister says, you think too much about yourself. You are only a half grown girl now and there is no reason why you should not be in the best of health. Curb your temper, eat simple food, only lean meats, no sweets and pastry, drink no coffee, stop the snuff, and take plenty of exercise, walking as long at a time as you can. You must turn your surplus fat and weakness into muscle and strength. The muscle is all right if you don't practice more than an hour or so a day.

M. E. Burkoutz, La Moille, Ill.—writes to say that our diagnosis of his case as indigestion was endorsed by his home physicians and that he was told he should seek a different climate. However, he tried Christian Science and reports that he is now completely cured. We would advise those of our patients to whom we have recommended C. S. to write to Mr. B. for further information. Enclose stamp.

A. W. L. Farwell, Neb.—You will have to have a physician examine your throat and see if the trouble is in the muscles there. The weakness of your voice may result from other causes, but personal examination is the only way to find out.

Purple Dress, Lima, O.—Yours is the kind of a case that Christian Science will do more for than all the medicine, or even change of climate will do. You are all gone to nerves and medicine can't get at them. See above "M. E. Burkoutz, La Moille, Ill."

B. V. Whiteville, N. C.—At his age (18) the breaking of the bone in his leg if properly set and looked after should not cause permanent injury, and the broken leg should become as useful as the other. He ought to be out in a couple of months, very nearly as good as ever. A broken leg to an eighteen-year-old healthy boy is merely an incident.

C. R. K. Far, W. Va.—Consult a physician and ask him about your head. If it is all right, as it probably is, begin to practice deep breathing. In the morning, without clothes, stand before an open window and draw into your lungs all the air you can. Keep it there as long as you can and let it out through the mouth, taking in by the nose. Do this two or three times at first and increase it gradually till you get up to twenty or more times. You will find that it will improve your general health also. During the day you may stop anywhere in the open and draw in a few big breaths in the same way much to your benefit.

V. A. W. Pangburn, Ark.—Vaucaler's remedy is very generally recommended. It is made as follows: Liquid extract ginseng (goat's rue), ten grams; lactophosphate of lime, ten grams; tincture fennel, ten grams; simple-syrup, four hundred grams. Dose, two tablespoonfuls in water before each meal.

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Virgie's Inheritance

CHAPTER XLII. (CONTINUED.)

"UNCLE WILL," he cried, "I did not know that you were coming here tonight. When did you arrive?"

"Only a few moments ago," returned Sir William Heath, regarding his ward affectionately.

"I did not expect that I should be able to accept Lady Dunforth's invitation; in fact, I told Miriam I could not, but I managed to get through my business somewhat earlier than usual, and so concluded to drop in here for a little relaxation."

"I am glad you did; you are working too hard, Uncle Will, and need more recreation. But come, I have a friend here whom I want you to know," Rupert concluded, and leading him toward Virgie who was examining an elaborate piece of embroidery on the opposite side of the room.

"Ah! a young lady!" remarked Sir William, archly as his glance fell upon the pretty figure; her face he could not see, for it was turned from him.

Rupert colored slightly at his tone, but he said nothing until he reached the side of his betrothed, then he remarked:

"Miss Alexander, I want to introduce you to the best friend I have in the world, my guardian, Sir William Heath."

Virgie turned, a smile of pleasure on her lips, for she had longed to meet Rupert's guardian, and something in the fair face which she lifted to him, in that delicate profile, in those refined features, in the glancing of her eye, and in the very movement she made, as she stepped forward to greet him, suddenly smote the baronet with the strangest sensation that he ever experienced, yet he never dreamed that he was looking into the face of his own daughter!

For a moment he hardly knew whether he was in the body or out; a mist obscured his sight, a mighty ringing was in his ears, dulling every other sound, while the very earth seemed quaking beneath his feet.

"Uncle Will, you are ill?" was the startled remark that recalled him to himself, and made him suddenly realize that he was conducting himself very strangely.

"No, my boy, it is only a sudden dizziness; it will pass in a moment; it is gone even now, and I beg pardon for alarming you and your friend," the baronet replied, as his vision began to clear and he met the beautiful dark eyes of the young girl fixed upon him with a look of deep concern.

He put out a hand to steady himself, even as he spoke, and she took a step forward, drawn toward him by a power of attraction she could not understand.

"Pray sit down, Sir William; have this rocker," she said, as she drew forward a light but roomy chair for him.

"Thanks," he returned; "let us all sit; we can chat a few moments more comfortably so," and he gladly sank into the rocker, still feeling as if the floor was slipping from under him.

Rupert drew another chair for Virgie, and then went to get a glass of water for his guardian, for his pallor alarmed him greatly.

But he was soon entirely himself again, making light of his sudden attack, and they sat and talked some time about the curiosities around them.

But the baronet watched every movement of the fair young stranger with an eager, wistful eye. Her grace charmed him more and more; even the tones of her voice thrilled him with a painfully sweet sensation, and whenever she addressed him the tears would almost start into his eyes.

"Are you a stranger in London?" he asked, after a little pause in their conversation.

"Yes, sir! but I have not been allowed to remember the fact since coming here—everyone is so kind," she said, smiling.

"Where is your home?" he inquired.

"In New York city, on the other side of the Atlantic."

"Indeed! Then you have come hither recently?"

"It is scarcely three weeks since my arrival in London," Virgie returned.

Sir William turned a questioning look upon Rupert.

"I met Miss Alexander during my trip, Uncle Will," he said, quietly, but coloring beneath his glance.

"Alexander?" repeated the baronet, with a sudden start.

"I do not quite catch the name before. Is New York your parents' native place?"

"No, sir. My father's early home was in the West, and my mother—oh! what have I done?"

In her nervousness, caused by speaking of her father, Virgie had swept something from the table, by which she was sitting, with a motion of her arm, and it had fallen with a crash to the floor.

"No harm," Rupert returned, as he stooped to pick it up, "it is only a metallic paper knife and could not break. It is, however, a curiously carved affair; had you noticed it?" and he passed it to her to examine, for he observed that she was disturbed and excited by the mention of her father.

Virgie took it, glad of an excuse for changing the subject, and then they all fell to discussing the skill and ingenuity of the Japanese.

While they sat thus, a face suddenly looked in upon them from the hall.

It was the face of Lady Linton.

She had heard voices there, while passing, and stepped to the doorway, impelled by an unusual curiosity.

She took in the situation instantly.

Her brother-in-law told her that he could not attend Lady Dunforth's reception that evening, and ever since her encounter with Mrs. Alexander, she had been congratulating herself that he had been detained, while now she had found him here, sitting face to face with his own daughter, and perhaps upon the very verge of discovering relationship to him.

Had she sacrificed truth and honor for years, to fall now—to have the woman whom she had hated all her life triumph over her at last?

No! She would fight it out to the bitter end; if there was any power on earth that could keep them apart they should never meet, and she must begin now—this instant, by breaking up this interesting group.

"William!" she cried, in a strangely altered voice, "you here?"

Sir William started up at the words, turned and saw his sister standing upon the threshold with a face of ghastly whiteness.

"Yes. What is the matter, Miriam?" and he sprang forward and caught her in his arms, just as she was falling to the floor in a well-feigned swoon.

CHAPTER XLIII.

SOME STARTLING DISCOVERIES.

Of course the attention of all centered at once upon Lady Linton, and Sir William's interest in his beautiful but unknown daughter was, for the time, merged in his anxiety for his sister.

As it happened, there was no one else in the room just then, and Rupert and his guardian laid the apparently unconscious woman upon a lounge that was standing near, and immediately exerted themselves for her recovery.

Virgie, too, was very helpful, and when the woman began to show signs of recovery and opened her eyes, she found herself looking directly into the face of the lovely girl whose presence there had caused her so much concern.

"Where is my brother?" she demanded, jerking her head away from the gentle hand that was ministering so tenderly to her.

"I am here, Miriam," said Sir William, bending over her. "What shall I do for you?"

"Take me home," she replied, with a shiver, as she glanced darkly at Virgie, who had drawn back and was standing beside Rupert.

"I will, as soon as you are able," her brother replied.

"I am able now," and she sat up with surprising energy for one who but a few moments before had appeared so seriously ill.

"Very well; I will attend you immediately," Sir William responded; "but," he added, as he regarded her anxiously, "what could have caused this sudden attack? I never knew you to faint before."

A guilty stain shot for a moment into Lady Linton's cheeks.

"I imagine the rooms are overheated, and I have not been quite myself this evening," she said, which was true enough for there had been a deadly sinking at her heart ever since her encounter with her brother's former wife.

She glanced uneasily toward the door as she spoke, for she was in mortal terror lest she should chance to make her appearance there in search of her daughter, and she felt that she would rather drop dead, there at her brother's feet, than to have those two, so long parted by her plotting, meet and become reconciled.

Her purpose now was to get him out of that house and away from London as soon as possible, and she resolved to stop at nothing to accomplish her object. It was a terrible blow to her to find that woman there. So many years had elapsed, during which she had kept silence, that she had grown to feel very secure in her position as mistress of her brother's home, and she had fully expected that she would retain it as long as she should live, and had come to regard the threats which the injured wife had made in the past as so many idle words.

Life of late had looked brighter to her than at any previous time since her marriage. Percy had recently become engaged to a beautiful girl—one, who, when she became his wife, would bring with her a noble dowry; indeed, her father was so much pleased with his prospective son-in-law that he had himself proposed to relieve Linton Grange of all incumbrances, and thus all the burden entailed by his father's profligacy would be lifted from the young lord's shoulders.

Lillian's debut in society had been very brilliant; she was greatly admired and much sought after; so the mother's cup of pride and joy in her children seemed to be full to the brim.

The only bitter drop in it was Lillian's unrequited affection for Rupert, and Lady Linton had never relinquished the hope of succeeding in accomplishing even this marriage until after the young man's return from America.

His treatment of Lillian was courteous and respectful but not calculated to inspire anyone with the belief that he regarded her with feelings of more than ordinary friendship, and thus Lady Linton had begun to fear that her favorite and his magnificent fortune were likely to slip from her grasp and become the prey of some more fortunate beauty and belle.

She had not, however, had a suspicion of who was to be the favored maiden, until she came so suddenly upon that group in the Japanese parlor, when she had taken in at a glance the mortifying and exasperating truth, and immediately she was wrought almost into a frenzy between anger and fear, and ready to adopt the most daring measures to protect herself from exposure.

But to return to the Japanese parlor.

Lady Linton arose as she replied to her brother's question, and signified her readiness to leave immediately.

"Wait a moment here," he said, "while I go to make our excuses to Lady Dunforth and tell Lillian that we are going."

"No—oh, do not leave me, William!" pleaded Lady Linton, growing frightfully pale again and trembling visibly; she would not trust him one moment in that drawing-room, lest he should meet Virginia Alexander. "I am afraid I shall have another fainting turn. Let Rupert see her ladyship. Will you?" she asked, turning to him.

"Certainly," he answered, readily.

"Thank you. And now, William, if you will please ring for a servant to bring my wraps here. I do not feel equal to the effort for them."

Sir William did as she requested, wondering to see her so unnerved. Nothing had ever seemed to unsettle her like this before.

"And Rupert," she continued, "won't you be so good as to look after Lillian for the rest of the evening, and see that she gets home safely?"

"I will do anything you wish," the young man returned, although he was not very well pleased with this latter commission, for he had anticipated a pleasant drive and chat with Virgie, as it had been his intention to attend her home.

"I do particularly wish this," Lady Linton said with decision. "It would not be proper for Lillian to come by herself. Ah! here come my wraps," she concluded, with a sigh of relief, as a servant appeared with them.

She put them on with nervous haste, and then turning to her brother, said, almost peremptorily:

"Come, William, I am ready."

"In one moment, Miriam."

He had stepped back and was standing before Virgie, who, keenly sensitive regarding Lady Linton's evident aversion to her, had withdrawn herself from her immediate presence.

He held out his hand to her, saying, as he smiled almost tenderly down on her upturned face:

"It has been a great pleasure to me to meet you. I trust we shall see each other again soon."

"I think you will, Uncle Will," Rupert interposed, in a tone that made his guardian turn and regard him searchingly, while he said to himself:

"I do believe the young scamp is a love with her. I would not wish a more charming little wife for him, but I am afraid it will be rather hard on Lillian."

"Thank you, Sir William," Virgie returned, and there was a slight tremor in her voice, for the presence of this man thrilled her strangely. "I am sure the pleasure has been mutual, and I should feel very sorry if I thought I should not meet you again."

"William!" interrupted his sister, impatiently; and giving the soft hand he was holding a last, lingering pressure, the baronet turned away, with a sigh, and attended his sister to her carriage, while Rupert took Virgie to the drawing-room, where he sought Lillian to inform her of her mother's sudden indisposition and departure.

An hour later Mrs. Alexander and Virgie retired, for the former was not strong yet, and therefore unequal to very much dissipation.

Rupert attended them to their carriage, but just as they were about to enter it an elegant coupe drew up beside it, and Mrs. Alexander's attention was instantly attracted by a device that was emblazoned upon one of its panels.

She stopped with her foot upon the step, and turned for a nearer view.

A startled, surprised look came into her face. The coat-of-arms represented a patriarchal cross, while underneath it there were stamped the words, "Droit et Loyal."

"Whose carriage is that?" Mrs. Alexander asked of Rupert.

"That is Lady Linton's," he replied; "she has sent it back for Lillian."

"Lady Linton's?" repeated Mrs. Alexander, with a start, while she thought it a little strange that he should speak so familiarly.

"Yes; Sir William Heath, her brother, presented both carriage and horses to her for her individual use one Christmas," Rupert explained.

"And what is that device upon the panel of the carriage-door?"

"It is the Linton coat-of-arms."

"The Linton coat-of-arms! You seem to know the family well, Mr. Hamilton."

"And why should I not?" Rupert returned, smiling. "I have made my home with them during the last ten or twelve years. William Heath is my guardian."

"What?" cried his listener, sharply.

"Have I not told you before?" Rupert asked, looking up in surprise at her tone. "You must pardon me, Mrs. Alexander, for being so negligent; but surely, I thought I had informed you of fact."

Mrs. Alexander clutched at the carriage door for support.

Rupert Hamilton Sir William Heath's ward!

It was a strange fate that had decreed that her daughter and his should become the fiancées of the young man he had reared.

She was aghast; her brain reeled and she stumbled into the carriage and sank weakly upon the seat, anxious to be gone, to be alone, and think it all out by herself.

Her face was deathly in its paleness, and Rupert feared that she was displeased with him for his negligence.

"Am I forgiven?" he asked, smilingly, as he leaned in to tuck the robes about them.

His question brought the stricken woman somewhat to herself, and she replied:

"There is nothing to forgive, Mr. Hamilton. Of course, it was an oversight, your not mentioning that Sir William Heath was your guardian. Did Virgie know?"

"Yes, mamma. Rupert introduced me to him tonight as his best friend; but he had told me before, and I thought you knew," said the young girl, marveling at her mother's strange emotion.

"Introduced him to you tonight! Was he here?" cried the woman, with a gasp and a sense of suffocation.

"Yes. But, mamma, how strangely you act! Are you ill?" Virgie inquired, noticing, with increasing alarm, her mother's pale face and uncontrollable agitation.

"No—yes. Let me get home as soon as we can—I believe I am not well," and she sank weakly back among the cushions, almost panting for breath.

"Shall I come, too? Will you need me?" Rupert asked, anxiously.

"No, thank you," Mrs. Alexander answered, with a great effort. "It is not far—we shall soon be there—good-night!"

The young man would gladly have gone, but her tone was decisive, and he turned back into the mansion as the carriage drove away, greatly puzzled by her strange manner, and at the way she had spoken of his guardian.

Mrs. Alexander scarcely spoke all the way home, and insisted upon going directly to her home, although Virgie begged to be allowed to do something for her—to stay with her during the night.

"All that I need is rest and quiet," she said. "Good-night my darling!"

She kissed her tenderly, wondering, with a terrible heart pang, how she could ever tell her that her lover's guardian was her own father—the man who had so cruelly wronged his wife and child more than eighteen years ago.

Once in her room, without even stopping to remove her wraps, she went to her writing-desk, drew forth a package from a drawer in it, and took it to the light for examination.

It was the mysterious package which her uncle, Mark Alexander, had confided to her on his death-bed, charging her to return it to the owner should she ever discover who it person was.

She had discovered that night to whom it belonged.

She held the seal close to the candle, and gazed upon it with darkening eyes and sternly compressed lips. It was stamped with a shield bearing a patriarchal cross, and under it was the motto, "Droit et Loyal."

"How strange!" she murmured. "It belongs to his sister—to that woman who mocked and scorned me; whom I saved from a dreadful death, and nursed through a critical illness! She must have been one of those women whom Uncle Mark heard conversing together that day in the hotel parlor here in London. How wonderful that anything belonging to her should have fallen into my hands! How wonderful everything is—Virgie's betrothal to Rupert—her meeting with him tonight! How will it all end? To think that he was there in the same house with me, this evening; I am really curious to know what this contains," she continued, turning the package over and over, and regarding it with troubled eyes, while her thoughts were busy with the past.

"Well," she concluded, after musing for several minutes, "it must be returned to its owner, I suppose. I promised, and I must fulfill my word. Yes," lifting her head resolutely, "she shall have it on the day that my daughter stands within ancestral halls the acknowledged heiress of Heathdale, not before."

TO BE CONTINUED.



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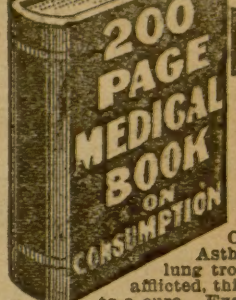
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Write at once to the Yonkerman Consumption Remedy Co., 2524 Water Street, Kalamazoo, Mich., and they will gladly send you the book by return mail free and also a generous supply of the New Treatment, absolutely free, for they want every sufferer to have this wonderful cure before it is too late. Don't wait—write today. It may mean the saving of your life.

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The Best, the Cheapest, and the Speediest Treatment on the Market. Our method is simple, soothing and convenient and does its work while you attend to your regular duties. Write for free trial today and be convinced.

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in each county to sell "Family Memorials." Good profits, steady work. Ad. Campbell & Co., 10 "A" St., Elgin Ill.

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Everyone now Wants a Set of Battleship Post Cards

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HERE IS A SET OF POST CARDS You Will Surely Want. You Can Get These Twelve BEAUTIFUL COLORED POST CARDS FREE.

This series comprise twelve specially prepared highly colored cards from photos taken when ships were in motion, representing various classes of naval destroyers, Battleships, Cruisers and Torpedo Boat Destroyers of different countries.

Our own American navy is well represented by the principal Battleships, Cruisers, Torpedo Boat Destroyers, etc., etc. Germany, Japan and England also are represented with types of their modern navies, giving size and speed of ship, etc.

Each card is splendidly arranged to show the ships in best possible manner, their peculiar style of design is



clearly shown in their true colors, and in corner of each card appears an exact reproduction of the U. S. A. (the Stars and Stripes), the German, Japanese or English flag, appropriate to each country's vessel.

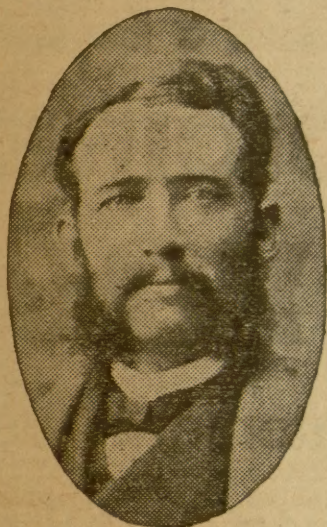
There is always an interest in our navy, more intense when it is under special Department orders, which just now refers to the approaching visit and mobilization of the Atlantic fleets on the Pacific Coast with Admiral Robt. D. Evans, in command on board his flagship, the Connecticut (one of our series cards) a 14,000 mile dash round the Horn making visits to various South American countries enroute.

You will want one complete set of our Battleship cards for yourself, and as you are interested, so will be your friends, and from now until after the fleet arrive at their journey's end there is sure to be an active interest and demand, and such cards cannot be had elsewhere. We have had them gotten up especially for our exclusive series for our subscribers and will give a set of the entire twelve Cards for a club of only two subscribers to COMFORT at 20 cents per year. If you will get up a club of five yearly subscribers at 20 cents per year each, we will send you three sets so you can have some to sell to your friends if you like.

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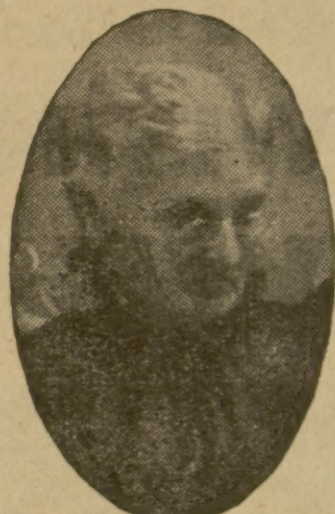


ONE OF OUR SUCCESSFUL
MONEY MAKERS.

For Over Twenty Years We Have Been Helping

MEN AND WOMEN

To Make Money at Home.



OLD AND YOUNG MAKE MONEY
WITH US.

How to make money without a large capital has always troubled men and women, and never more than in these days. We have helped thousands of people to do this, who are not able to do hard work. And thousands of widows, through us, have been able to care for their families and educate their children. One woman writes us:

"I was left a widow with house mortgaged. For three years I have worked for you. I have paid off the mortgage, have \$1,100.00 in the bank, and have paid all the expenses of one child at a boarding school, and cared for the others at home." A man who lost his position writes us:

"It was a god-send to me when I took up your work. I was almost down to my last dollar and my family was suffering. Since taking up your work, I have far more money than I ever had before, and my family has known some of the comforts of life. I have found you in every way honorable and your word as good as a bond." We have hundreds of letters like these.

**Don't Be
Fooled by
Big Talk**

We do not say you can make 25 or 50 dollars a day as some do. You know that is foolish talk, and those who promise such things insult your intelligence, and talk nonsense, but, we do say that any man or woman can make a good salary if they will take up our work. Some of those with us have been doing this for 5, 10, 15 and more years. You can do the same be you man or woman. The work we offer is easy and agreeable and can be done from your own home. Thousands of women who have worked for us during the past twenty years have earned as much as their husbands. A few days ago, a woman wrote: "My husband had been earning only a small salary, and four years ago I took up your work to help him—during those four years I have averaged over \$1,200.00 salary each year, and now my husband is giving up his position, and he also will work for you."

It would be easy for us to say you can make from \$50.00 to \$100.00 a day, but it would not be true. And we believe it is always better to stick to the truth, both because it is right and also because only fools are caught by such foolish talk.

We will assure you a good comfortable income in our work and if you work steadily, even more than that.

IF YOU WANT A GOOD CHANCE TO WORK AND GET GOOD PAY FOR IT, YOU WILL FIND IT TO YOUR INTEREST TO READ THIS PAGE THROUGH CAREFULLY.

The articles we have for you to sell are a big line of Forks, Spoons, Knives, &c., made of a new metal called Brazil Silver.

We will describe these, then you can judge for yourself whether we are offering you a good chance to make money or not.

**Brazil Silver
Warranted for
Twenty-five
Years**

Brazil Silver is believed to be the very best metal in existence for the manufacture of forks and spoons; it has all the luster and brilliancy of burnished coin silver, and is much harder and more durable, in fact, it is impossible to wear it out. It is absolutely indestructible. The goods made of this metal are the same all the way through; there being no plating to wear off, they will remain as good as new for any length of time. For all practical purposes, in the manufacture of table ware this Brazil Silver is superior to coin silver. It is as lustrous and pure as coin silver, and being much harder it will wear even longer than silver; in fact, it is absolutely impossible to wear it out. It will wear forever. As there is no plating to wear off, the metal being the same all the way through, it stands to reason that you can't wear it out. Our confidence in the metal is so great that we guarantee it to wear twenty-five years. We give a guarantee signed by the company warranting the goods to wear and to give perfect satisfaction for twenty-five years. We are an old, strong and thoroughly established firm, with ample capital to carry on our business and make our guarantee as good as the Bank of England. In selling these goods an agent can recommend them with the greatest of confidence, for they are just as represented, absolutely indestructible. And, furthermore, our guarantee warranting the goods to give satisfaction for twenty-five years clears the agent from all responsibility in the matter, for if any article fails to give perfect satisfaction, no matter how long it has been in use, we hold ourselves ready to refund the money paid for the article. These goods are the same metal all the way through; they will never wear out. They always wear white and bright. We give a guarantee signed by the company, warranting every piece of Brazil Silver to wear twenty-five years. You can sell these goods to your best friends with perfect confidence, for every sale is as much a benefit to your customer as to yourself.

Working with goods that are warranted to wear and give satisfaction for so long a time as twenty-five years, and by a company, too, whose capital is sufficiently large to make their guarantee good for almost any amount, is an advantage which no other firm is prepared to offer. If you want to make money fast, now is the time to do it. If you think that five-dollar bills are good things to have, now is the time to get them. Never in the history of the agency business have agents had as good a chance to make money rapidly, and it is reasonably sure that they will never have another chance like it.

**All Marked With
Initial Letters,
Without Any Extra
Cost**

Among all classes there has always been a strong desire to have their table ware marked with their initial letter, but on account of the heavy expense of having it marked only a very few have been able to afford it. Heretofore the cost of artistically marking table ware has been even greater than the cost of the goods; now, by our new methods, we are able to offer these elegant Brazil Silver goods, all marked with any initial letter desired in the very highest style of the art, without any extra cost for marking. These Brazil Silver goods, even if unmarked, would be the greatest bargain ever offered the public in table ware, but with the additional and highly desirable feature of

being all marked with beautiful and artistic initial letters, these goods are not only great bargains in table ware, but are the greatest bargains that have ever been offered to the public through agents or in any other way.

The people are always ready enough to buy what they want when it is presented to them in the form of a genuine bargain. Well, here is absolutely the greatest bargain ever offered, and the agent who works with it will find that what he has is earnestly desired at nearly every house he visits—it is easy to get orders when you can offer great bargains that the people really want and can afford.

**Solid Silver
Knives That Last
A Lifetime**

For fifteen years we experimented to make knives that would last a lifetime, and about seven years ago we succeeded. Every one knows that Silver plated Knives cause trouble by the plating wearing off. How to make a solid Silver knife that had spring like a steel knife, the beauty of a silver one, and yet be solid silver with no plating to wear off and that would last a lifetime, took years of experimenting and thousands of dollars, to solve. But a few years ago, we finally succeeded in making this knife. This is the greatest discovery made in 50 years, in cutlery. Today we are using these Knives by the car-load. For those selling our goods, these Knives have proved a gold mine, and those who use them will never use any others. Think of it—Solid Silver Knives that never wear out, at no higher price than ordinary knives.

For those who are attached to plated Knives, we can furnish the finest tempered cutlery steel Knives plated with 12dwt of pure silver, hand burnished. Not cheap, shoddy plated Knives, but the best that can be made warranted for ten years.

But the solid Brazil Silver Knives that last a lifetime at price of ordinary Knives are the thing. When people see them, they will have no others.

We are not only selling at greatly reduced prices, but also guarantee every article just as represented, and give perfect satisfaction to the purchaser or MONEY REFUNDED.

**The First Thing
To Do**

If you decide to accept the agency, the first thing to do is to send to us for the agent's case of samples, which is the most complete and perfect case of samples that has ever been prepared for the convenience of agents. Our complete and perfect case of samples is not to be compared with anything that has ever been sent to agents before. It contains the very best and most salable articles in the world. There is nothing in the market that agents can sell as fast and sell as easily and make as much money out of as they can the goods contained in this splendid case of samples, and everything is arranged and explained so that any agent can't fail to understand just how to work and make a great success of the business. As soon as you receive the case of samples you are ready for business. And if you are willing to work you are just as sure to make a good income as the sun is to rise. Take the case of samples and canvass your territory according to the directions sent with the samples, until you have taken orders for the amount of goods you are prepared to send for. Then order the goods from us and fill your orders, and so continue.

The Magnificent Case of Samples Which We Furnish to Agents.

The case of samples which we furnish to agents contains the following articles:

One Sample Table Knife, retail price \$2.10	
per set of six	35 cents each
One Sample Dessert Knife, retail price \$1.95	
per set of six	32 1-2 cents each
One Sample Table Fork, retail price \$1.95	
per set of six	32 1-2 cents each
One Sample Table Spoon, retail price \$1.95	
per set of six	32 1-2 cents each
One Sample Dessert Fork, retail price \$1.80	
per set of six	30 cents each
One Sample Dessert Spoon, retail price, \$1.80	
per set of six	30 cents each
One Sample Tea Spoon, retail price 95 cents	
per set of six	15 5-6 cents each
One Sugar Shell	25 cents each
One Butter Shell	25 cents each
One Salt or Pepper Shaker	25 cents each
Total retail value of samples	\$2.83 1-3 cents

We also send you with the case of samples a large and very beautiful catalogue, illustrating a full line of plated ware, such as Casters, Pickle Cruets, Butter Dishes, Tea Sets, Napkin Rings, etc., etc.

Reckoning the above samples at our lowest retail prices they amount to \$2.83 1-3. We furnish them to agents nicely put up in an elegant sample case or roll, for only \$1.00, which is \$1.83 1-3 less than they amount to at our regular retail prices. This is less than one-half of the retail value of the samples, and much less than they cost us. The sample case or roll, which the samples are put up in, costs us nearly as much as we require you to send for the samples, case and all.

Watches and Jewelry.

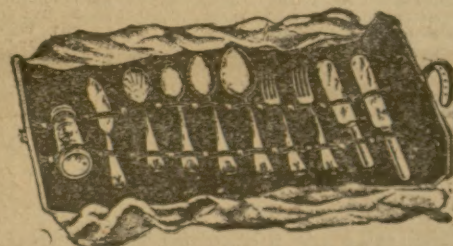
We also furnish a fine line of Watches and Jewelry of all kinds. First class goods at low prices—great sellers. We send Jewelry Catalogue with outfit.

Wholesale Prices.

Wholesale or agents' prices and all necessary information for carrying on the business will be furnished with the outfit. Remember we make everything plain to you about wholesale prices, methods, etc., when we send you the Outfit.

Very Important.

The Outfit we furnish our agents is exactly as we represent it, and is always sent the same day the order is received, just as agreed. We have tried to state these facts so they could and would be believed, and still we are constantly receiving letters from parties who would like to engage in the business and would do so if they felt sure we were telling the truth and would do as we agree. Many of these doubters have been cheated and are not altogether to blame for doubting; the most of them say they think we are honest, they say we talk honest, but as they have already been swindled they don't feel like risking even one dollar, and so, although our business is in every respect just as represented and we always do just as we promise, we lose the services of a great many agents and they lose the benefits they might derive from the business because they are afraid we may not be telling the truth. Now, to overcome this spirit of doubt, we have decided to send Samples to all who wish us to do so, C. O. D., with privilege of examination at the express office. It costs us from twenty-five to forty cents more to send the samples this way, as we have to pay that amount for return charges on the money, but we are willing to do it and so prove to all that are interested that the Outfit and our goods are just what we claim. If after reading this notice you think you would like to give the business a trial, but wish to see the Sample Case before you pay the one dollar, cut out the following printed form, fill it out and send it to us, and we will send the Outfit to your express office prepaid, and give the express agent instructions to let you thoroughly examine the Outfit; then if you are satisfied that we have told the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, and are also satisfied that you can make money selling our goods, you can pay the express agent one dollar and take the Outfit. If you are not satisfied, you can refuse to take it, and the agent will return it to us.



This cut shows the Sample Case or Roll, and how the samples appear put up ready for business. The Roll is made of highly finished waterproof canvas, and lined with soft flannel goods. The samples are held in place by strong straps. The whole rolls up and fastens with a leather strap which is firmly fastened to the back of the Roll. This is the most practical arrangement for carrying the samples that could be thought of. When rolled up the Case is compact and easy to carry. When opened the samples show to the best possible advantage, making a good impression at first sight. This Sample Roll gives a business-like appearance; it is substantial and handsome, and invariably gives the impression that there is something valuable inside. All are anxious to see what it is you are carrying around with such care. This is of importance, as it secures attention and interest at the start. The fact is, in the agency business, as in every other business, you must have things fixed up just right if you expect to succeed. Our Brazil Silver goods are the best that have ever been offered for the price, or anywhere near it. The new feature of being marked with beautiful and artistic initial letters, free of cost, is the greatest popular hit of the times, and the Sample Roll is arranged so as to show the goods off to the best possible advantage. Furthermore, we carefully teach every agent just how to take advantage of all these splendid qualities and popular features. Is it any wonder that our agents succeed better than those who are working for other firms?

We Prepay all Express Charges on Everything.

Royal Manufacturing Co.,

Box 1920. DETROIT, MICH.

Form to be Cut Out and Signed by those who wish us to send the Outfit C. O. D. with Privilege of Examination.

ROYAL MANUFACTURING CO., DETROIT, MICH., BOX 1920.

GENTLEMEN:—Send the Outfit by Express C. O. D., with privilege of examination. If I find the Outfit just as you say, I will pay the one dollar required and give the business a fair trial, but if I am not satisfied that the Outfit is as good as you recommend it to be, I shall refuse to receive it. Now, remember, the understanding is that I am not to take the Outfit unless I, myself, am satisfied that it is all right. It must all depend on my own judgment. If I am satisfied, I will take the Outfit; if I am not satisfied, I shall not take it and shall not pay the one dollar. If you want to send the Outfit with this understanding, send it along C. O. D., with privilege of examination.

Name _____
Postoffice _____
County _____ State _____
Express Station _____

HON. HAZEN S. PINGREE, Michigan's Famous Governor, says we are worthy of your confidence.

To Whom It May Concern: In answer to all inquiries I have received concerning the standing of the Royal Manufacturing Co., of Detroit, Mich., I have invariably replied that the Company is in every way worthy of the confidence of all. In regard to its financial standing and the trustworthiness of the gentlemen connected with it, the reading public may rely upon them implicitly.

HAZEN S. PINGREE.

DISEASE CAN BE CURED WITHOUT THE USE OF MEDICINE WE PROVE IT TO YOU



The cut shows how the Magnetic waves from the VEST, which is one of the most powerful shields we manufacture, envelop the entire trunk of the body and saturate the patient with powerful magnetic vibrations. The vest contains over 800 powerful Magnetic storage batteries constantly radiating over 800 streams of Magnetic energy into the vital organs and nerve centers, keeping the patient continually bathed in a stream of this revitalizing force. We make shields for every part of the body, all described in our new book, "A Plain Road to Health." Free to all who send descriptions of their cases.

We prove every statement we make. We do not ask you to take our word as final evidence.

When we say disease can be cured without the use of medicine, we mean every word we say. Every word of it is true. We prove it by living witnesses. Not only in one case, nor a hundred cases, but in thousands of cases, where the patients state in joyful satisfaction that they have been cured after their cases had been considered incurable.

We are constantly on the lookout for other diseases to prove it on. We prove it to anybody—in fact, we want to prove it to everybody. We do not care what the disease is, nor how severe it is, nor how many other diseases are complicated with it. We can show you parallel cases that have been cured by the famous Thacher Magnetic Shields, and these cases are sound and well today as living monuments to the grand revitalizing power of Magnetism.

These Magnetic Shields keep the body bathed in a constant stream of Magnetism, which floods the system with its life and energy.

Patients are often told that they have incurable diseases. We want to tell you right here that nearly all of these cases can be cured, and we can prove it to you. More than 75 per cent of all the patients that we have cured were first given up as beyond all hope of cure, and they have been made sound and well by applying Magnetism according to scientific instructions.

All we ask of you is to send us a full statement of your case so that we may give it careful study, and we will advise you fully by letter just what can be done for you, and how it can be done.

We will agree to tell you all about it and prove to you, by evidence that cannot be denied, that all we say is true.

We will point you to cases of paralysis, consumption, diabetes, Bright's disease, locomotor ataxia, dyspepsia, rheumatism, tumors, nervous prostration, obesity and a hundred and one other diseases that are called incurable. We can show you the most incontestable proof that we have cured them.

We have cured these cases after they had been given up to die.

When you write don't be afraid that we are going to try to sell you something. We know that if we can prove to your satisfaction all we say, you will want the Thacher Magnetic Shield without any urging from us, because we prove that they will do just what we say they will do. There is nothing else on earth to take their place, and do as much as they can. Read these letters from grateful patrons who have been cured.

READ THIS POSITIVE INDISPUTABLE EVIDENCE.

"GOD BLESS DR. THACHER"—CURED OF PARALYSIS OF LOWER HALF OF BODY OF SIXTEEN YEARS' STANDING.

THACHER MAGNETIC SHIELD CO., CHICAGO, ILL.

Dear Sirs:—It would take a large amount of space to give a history of my case from start to finish, but for the sake of suffering humanity I will give a few words to help along, if possible, the great work you are doing for the afflicted. In 1883 I was taken with malarial fever of typhoid form, causing complete muscular paralysis. By the aid of the best medical skill in the East, I became, after several years, able to sit up and use my arms, but my lower limbs remained paralyzed until after I put on the Magnetic Shields, in 1899, sixteen years afterward. My case is a noted one in York State, and all the medical fraternity decided I would never be able to walk again. Dr. C. I. Thacher said I could and would walk again, and he was right and all the rest were wrong. It is needless to say that I spent money freely all these years without receiving results, until I found the Magnetic Shields. We who have been restored by its wonderful power begin to realize the great work being accomplished by Dr. Thacher, and we would be unjust to our Creator and to our fellow beings, as well as being very ungrateful, if we did not use all our efforts and powers in spreading the grand truth, bringing greatest joy and hope to the chronic invalid, deliverance from disaster, transition from the old life to the new. I am one of the thousands who, with all my heart, can say fervently, "God bless Dr. Thacher and his great work." All personal letters, enclosing stamp for reply, will be promptly answered for those wishing minute data of my case. Yours truly,

CLARENCE D. SMITH, R. F. D. No. 6, Rome, N. Y.

CATARRH OF STOMACH AND BOWELS AND BORDERING ON PARALYSIS COMPLETELY CURED AFTER ALL HOPE OF CURE HAD BEEN GIVEN UP.

For the benefit of the sick and suffering, I wish to make the following statement: I had been afflicted with catarrh of the stomach and bowels and general disability, bordering on par-

alysis, for the past fifteen years. For two years I lived altogether on fresh fish and dry bread and milk. After a while I had to quit fish, and for three months I lived on toasted bread and milk, and kept getting worse until I had to quit work, having no strength left. Myself and friends thought that my time in this world was short, having all this time been in the hands of at least twelve doctors, some noted specialists, and the doctors all diagnosed my case as catarrh of the bowels and stomach. After I had given up all hope of getting well again, a friend of mine who had taken Dr. Thacher's treatment advised me to consult the doctor. I wrote him, and he advised me he would greatly benefit me. I made up my mind to make one more effort and give him a trial, and the result was that today I am as well and sound as ever I was, and am attending to my business, which requires from sixteen to twenty hours a day. I eat anything that is set before me, having perfect digestion, and I think Dr. Thacher's treatment is a blessing to suffering humanity, and would advise persons with chronic diseases to consult him, as I honestly believe he can do for others what he has done for me. Very truly,

J. Y. KECK,
17 E. Third St., Pottstown, Pa.

A WONDERFUL CURE OF SPINAL DISEASE—HELPLESS FOR MANY YEARS—NOW COMPLETELY RESTORED.

Dear Doctor Thacher:—My experience has convinced me that there is no other healing agent like Magnetic Shields.

I used them for spinal trouble, and the Shields did the work of lifting me from a chronic invalid to a well and busy woman, at the same time reducing my weight from 250 to 150 pounds.

Obey Nature's laws, wear Dr. Thacher's Shields, and you do not need to be sick. May the light of truth dawn on the intelligent minds and teach them the way to be healthy and happy. May God's blessings rest on your good work. Very truly yours,

ADA DICKINSON, Farmdale, Ohio.

We have thousands of just such letters. They come unsolicited in every mail every day in the year. People write to us from Maine to California, stating they have been cured of diseases that had been considered incurable. Do not be discouraged. Do not give up hope—no matter if you have been told your trouble could not be cured. Investigate our claims. It is a duty you owe yourself. All we ask is for you to write us a full and complete description of your case and let us PROVE TO YOU THAT WE CAN CURE YOU. We will send you free of charge our new book, "A PLAIN ROAD TO HEALTH," by C. I. Thacher, M. D., containing most valuable information on the subject, and we will advise you just what application of MAGNETISM will be required to cure your case. Write us fully today and we will take the same careful pains to advise you as if you could call at the office and see us in person.

WARM FEET

The greatest comfort and luxury of modern days; magnetic fire under your feet, the greatest life protector known. Your feet keep warm all the time, even if standing in water, snow and ice. A pair of Foot-Batteries, the smallest shields we make, worn in the shoes, will convince the most doubting skeptic of the curative value of Magnetism. One dollar per pair, or three pairs for \$2.00 for single power; \$2.00 per pair, or three pairs for \$4.00, for double power. Send size of shoe when ordering Foot-Batteries.

THACHER MAGNETIC SHIELD CO., INC. SUITE 244, 169 Wabash Avenue,
CHICAGO, ILL.